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WASHINGTON'S EARLY DAYS.

THERE may, perhaps, be among our readers, especially the younger portion of them, some who are not as conversant as they would desire, with every particular of the early life and character of him whom it is our pride and happiness to call the Father of our Country. For the benefit of such we propose to give one or two papers about his boyhood, thinking that the little that is known of a life so interesting and important to us and to the world, can never be brought before the public in too many forms. With no ambitious but rather a patriotic aim we do this. It is a character we love to contemplate, to dwell upon; one that we think Americans of the rising race might profitably study more closely than they do. We find many intelligent persons who have only a very vague notion of the Washington; they admire; they take for granted his perfections, but put off the examination into him to some other time, or perhaps lack courage to attack the large volumes in which authentic lives of him are mostly shrouded. But our Monthly travels as on the wings of the wind; and modest and unassuming as it is, wins easy way into parlors and workshops, ships and factories, wherever our tongue is spoken. Let it then be the bearer of a few words about our country's hero, words so few that every body will find time to read them, just to give a zest to real, full, satisfactory histories now existing or soon to be. We shall make use of all the authorities within our reach, not even rejecting tradition, which is often the vehicle of important truth where character is to be estimated. We dare not promise any thing new, but we shall try

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to omit nothing that is interesting or illustrative; and if, on this modest plan, as may well happen, we fail to be "graphic," we shall be provided with what will more than supply the deficiency, in the aid of Mr. Darley's unfailing pencil, which is to accompany our sketches with such lifelike presentation of striking points and incidents as our readers will know how to value.

Fortunately for us, Washington needs no embellishment from his biographer, nor invention in his illustrator. A simple recital of facts best shows the distinction between him and common men. It may be said that this difference is not discernible in his youth; that he was a boy among boys, and that an idea of his early excellence is merely a romantic deduction from the eminence of his virtue in after life. But even the few simple records that remain, plainly show that he was marked from the beginning; and the theory that his youth gave no promise of his future, seems to us as little sustained by wisdom and experience as the wildest notions of a precocious virtue would be. It is only to be regretted that the discernment of those about him should not have sufficed to make them treasure up every fact of his conduct and every particular of his conversation, that we might at least have tried to train up other boys to be the Washingtons of our days of peace and prosperity.

Washington was born in the State of Virginia, county of Westmoreland, at a place called Pope's Creek, near the banks of the Potomac, that happy river, whose every tree and wave seems now to be glorified by close association with his memory. The dwelling was humble.

looking, no doubt, on that 22d of February, 1732, for it was a very ordinary Virginia farm-house of that time; so ordinary that the family, who soon removed from it, did not think it worth preserving, but allowed it to perish; and

at the present day only a slab of freestone, placed there by the pious care of Mr. Custis, shows the site of an event whose importance can hardly be fully appreciated. The form of the dwelling is, however, known by Mr. Custis and others,



Site of Washington's Birthplace.

who describe it as a plain, four-roomed farm-house, with a chimney at each end, which chimney was carried all the way up on the outside, as is the case with many a building of the same date still standing. The surrounding landscape has few features of interest, being graced with little natural variety or careful cultivation. Its trees are very ordinary trees—wild figs, pines and hemlocks;—the land has no extraordinary fertility, but shows plainly enough the effect of imperfect tillage and *laissez aller* habits in the people, who make one suspect that the energy and determination which might have served the entire region was absorbed by George Washington, model as he was of promptness and thoroughness in all things, from the greatest to the least. But what a charm hovers over the whole! What other spot on earth makes the soul thrill like this? A vine-leaf—a sprig of cedar—a pebble, from that hallowed ground, is a possession, not only to the American but to every noble heart. The poet's words, so true to nature, rise unbidden to the memory as we pace those silent fields and

woods. We do not wrest them from their highest meaning when we apply them to the place consecrated by the memory of Washington.

Call it not vain—they do not err
Who say that when the Hero dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say that hill and forest lone
For the departed Chief make moan;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh
And oaks in deeper groan reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

One needs little stretch of Fancy to hear the name of Washington whispered in every breeze that ruffles the bosom of the Potomac he loved so dearly.

He always lived near it when he could. It was ever in his eye at home, and in his heart when he was absent. All his dreams of quiet happiness—and he cherished such through life—were connected with its banks. It doubtless influenced his character, as every great feature of nature must influence those who study and delight in her as Washington did. His father re-

moved soon after his birth to another plain farm-house, situated on the Rappahannock River, not far from Fredericksburgh, and not very far from the attractive Potomac. This house, too, has been destroyed, but a drawing of it exists, showing it to have been not exactly what a gentleman farmer of the present day would be satisfied with; plain even to homeliness, and scarcely affording what we think decent accommodation for a large family. Mr. Augustine Washington was twice married; he had by the first marriage four children, and by the second six, of which last George was the eldest. Two of the first family died in infancy, and two sons, Lawrence and Augustine, remained. Of the brothers and sisters of George Washington, "Betty" became Mrs. Fielding Lewis; Samuel was five times married; John Augustine married the daughter of Colonel John Bushrod; Charles married Mildred Thornton, daughter of Colonel Francis Thornton, of Spotsylvania County; and all left families, which intermarried in every direction, and spread the connection all over the country, so that one would think Virginia must be well inoculated from this excellent stock.

The ancestors of the Washington family came from Northamptonshire, in England, about 1657, during Cromwell's time. The name of Washington appears as early as the twelfth century. The family name was originally Hertburn, but William de Hertburn, about the latter part of the thirteenth century, assumed the name of his property, the manor of Wessington, afterwards written Washington. Deeds and monumental inscriptions still extant show the wealth and importance of the original stock at that early day. In 1692, Joseph Washington, an eminent lawyer, translated from the Latin one of Milton's political works, a fact which must be accepted as an indication of his political sentiments. Another of the family, Sir Henry Washington, is renowned in English annals, as having defended the city of Worcester against the Parliamentary forces, in 1646, so there seems to have been at least a balance of conservatism among them. The mother of this gentleman was half-sister to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

In 1539, the manor of Sulgrave, near Northampton, was granted to Laurence Washington, to whose memory and that of his wife, is found in the parish church there, a monument with an inscription, and "effigies in brass of four sons and seven daughters." The manor of Sulgrave continued long in the family, and

came to be called Washington's Manor. If the first proprietor of the manor had eleven children, his eldest son was yet more fortunate, having been blest with sixteen, and *his* eldest son, again, was the father of fourteen,—seven sons and seven daughters. The second and fourth of these sons were John and Laurence Washington, who came to Virginia about 1657. This John Washington was the great-grandfather of the greatest of the family. He was employed as general against the Indians in Maryland, and the parish in which he lived was called after him.

General Washington himself took but little interest in his pedigree. When he had become famous, Sir Isaac Heard, then Garter King at Arms in London, took some pains to trace back his ancestry, and wrote to him for such particulars as might be in his possession. In the answer, Washington observes, "This is a subject to which I confess I have paid very little attention. My time has been so much occupied in the busy and active scenes of life from an early period of it, that but a small portion could have been devoted to researches of this nature, even if my inclination or particular circumstances should have prompted to the inquiry." When family affection and kindness were in question, he seems to have been active in tracing relationships; but we can discover no research inspired by pride or ambition. Perhaps the occupations and services which make every little item of his history so important to us, preserved him against unbecoming solicitude about reflected honors. He had neither time nor inclination to turn aside to visit the tomb of any superfluous Jupiter Ammon of the old world. We should have been surprised to find him opening a correspondence with the King of the Heralds.

The first wife of Augustine Washington was Jane Butler, the second, Mary Ball, characterized on her tomb and known to history as "Mary, the mother of Washington," a sufficient distinction. She seems to have been a woman of strong understanding and decided will; kind and gentle through principle rather than feminine instinct; and noted for judgment and self-command. Her husband, a man of large landed estate, dying at forty-nine, left her in full control of his property, which she managed for her children till they successively came of age. All that is known of her, including Washington's life-long respect and duty towards her, speaks well of her, but that all is little to what we could desire to be told. She declined in her latter

days becoming a resident of her son George's family, saying that her wants were few and that she preferred being independent; and when her son-in-law, Mr. Lewis, offered to take charge of her business, as she was failing in health, she told him he might keep her accounts, because his eyes were better than hers, but she chose to manage her own affairs. Tradition says she used to be consulted by the neighbors on the management of their farms and other business, and also that she mingled but little in society, finding her pleasures as well as her occupations within her own doors.

Mr. Weems says, she was a beauty in her youth, and, making due allowance for his somewhat luxuriant imagination, we find little difficulty in supposing the report to be correct, since her eldest son, at least, was a symmetrical being, in all respects; having a face full of expression, a rich complexion, a clear blue eye, a winning smile, and a fine, erect, athletic figure. His sister, Mrs. Lewis, can hardly have been as handsome, for a woman; for we are told that she was so like her brother, that, with his military hat and cloak on, she might have claimed the usual honors from the sentinels in his stead. Yet there was in Washington's face, especially as he grew older, an expression of modesty and even of tenderness, which might well become that of a woman, though we can never know whether that was derived from his mother. He honored her, however, and perhaps the formality which appears in what we know of their intercourse may be due, in part, at least, to the manners of the time. It is recorded that at their last parting he wept and trembled, while his mother maintained, so far as we are told, her usual self-command.

Besides the inestimable blessing of a good and reasonable mother, we have various reasons for believing that Washington had a man of sense and virtue for his father. So deep-laid and well-built a foundation of right-mindedness as was evinced in the life we are considering could hardly be accounted for else; so we may accept the result as in some measure confirming the tradition, even though the tradition be suspected of having been modified by the result. Tradition loves the marvellous, and therefore might as easily have presented Washington as the miraculously excellent product of bad antecedents, like Eugene Sue's heroes and heroines. As good authority as we have for the famous story of the hatchet which brought to light a love of truth well

known to have characterized Washington in every conjuncture, gives us one or two anecdotes, not quite so threadbare, which go to show that Augustine Washington, the worthy descendant of a long line of English country gentlemen, was not one of those parents who leave to chance the prompting of good thoughts in the minds of their children. An occurrence mentioned by good Mr. Weems,—“formerly Rector of Mount Vernon parish,”—who professes to have gathered his materials from the lips of people familiar with the Washington family, we shall quote here, since it seems characteristic and is certainly picturesque:

“On a fine morning in the fall of 1737, Mr. Washington, having little George by the hand, came to the door”—(an old lady is the narrator)—“and asked my cousin Washington and myself to walk with him into the orchard, promising he would show us a fine sight. On arriving at the orchard, we were presented with a fine sight indeed. The whole earth, as far as we could see, was strewn with fruit, and yet the trees were bending under the weight of apples, which hung in clusters like grapes. . . . ‘Now George,’ said his father, ‘look here, my son! Don’t you remember, when that good cousin of yours brought you that fine large apple last spring, how hardly I could prevail on you to divide with your brothers and sisters, though I promised you that if you would but do it, God would give you plenty of apples this fall?’ Poor George couldn’t say a word, but hanging down his head, looked quite confused, while with his little naked toes he scratched in the soft ground. ‘Now look up, my son,’ continued the father, ‘look up, George! and see there how richly the blessed God has made good my promise to you. Wherever you turn your eyes, you see the trees loaded with fine fruit, many of them, indeed, breaking down, while the ground is covered with mellow apples, more than you could eat in all your lifetime.’ George looked in silence on the wide wilderness of fruit, and lifting his eyes, filled with shining moisture, to his father, he softly said—‘Well, Pa, only forgive me this time, and see if I ever be so stingy any more!’”

We must allow Mr. Weems the praise of a good narrator, and his generous enthusiasm makes him an inspiring one. As to his facts, we must accept them as honestly believed by a gentleman and a clergyman; and many of them can claim the benefit of internal evidence. If not literally true, *‘Ils méritent bien de l'être.’* Take an-



Washington with his Father in the Garden.

other, which might have been written by Jean Paul or a Flemish painter: it describes a little scheme of the father to suggest to the future guide of millions the first and most important of all truths.

"One day he went into the garden and prepared a little bed of finely pulverized earth, on which he wrote George's name in full. Then strewing in plenty of cabbage seed, he covered them up and smoothed all over nicely with the roller. This bed he purposely prepared close alongside of a gooseberry walk, which, happening at this time to be well hung with ripe fruit, he knew would be honored with George's visits pretty regularly every day. Not many mornings passed away before in came George, with eyes wild rolling, and his little cheeks ready to

burst with great news—'O Pa! come here—come here!'

"'What's the matter, my son, what's the matter?'

"'O come here, I tell you, Pa! come here, and I'll show you such a sight as you never saw in all your lifetime.'

"The old gentleman suspecting what George would be at, gave him his hand, which he seized with great eagerness, and tugging him along through the garden, led him point blank to the bed whereon was inscribed, in large letters, and in all the freshness of newly sprung plants, the full name of

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"'There, Pa!' said George, quite in an ecstasy of astonishment; 'did you ever see such a sight in all your lifetime?'

"Why, it seems like a curious affair, sure enough, George."

"But, Pa, who did make it there—who did make it?"

"It grew there by chance, I suppose, my son."

"By chance, Pa! O no, no! it never did grow there by chance. Indeed, *that* it never did!"

"Heigh! why not, my son?"

"Why, Pa, did you ever see any body's name in a plant bed before?"

"Well but, George, such a thing might happen, though you never saw it before."

"Yes, Pa, but I did never see the little plants grow up so as to make one single letter of my name before; now, how could they grow up so as to make *all* the letters of my name, so exactly! and all so neat and even too, at top and bottom. O Pa! you must not say that chance did this! Indeed somebody did it, and I dare say, now, Pa, you did it, just to scare me, because I am your little boy."

"His father smiled and said, 'Well, George, you have guessed right. I indeed did it, but not to "scare" you, my son, but to learn you a great thing which I wish you to understand.'

"But, Pa, where is God Almighty? I did never see him yet."

"True, my son, but though you never saw him, he is always with you. You did not see me when ten days ago I made this little plant bed, where you see your name in such beautiful green letters; but though you did not see me here, yet you know that I was here."

"Yes, Pa; that I do know, that you was here."

"Well, and as my son could not believe that chance had made and put together so exactly the letters of his name (though only sixteen), then how can he believe that chance could have made and put together all those millions and millions of things that are now so exactly fitted to his good? That my son may look at every thing around him, see what fine eyes he has got! and a little pug nose to smell the sweet flowers, and pretty ears to hear sweet sounds, and a lovely mouth for his bread and butter, and O the little ivory teeth to cut it for him! And precious little hands and fingers to hold his playthings, and beautiful little feet for him to run about upon. And when my little rogue of a son is tired with running about, then the still night comes for him to lie down, and his mother sings, and the little crickets chirp him to sleep; and as soon as he has slept enough, and

jumps up as fresh and strong as a little buck, there the sweet, golden light is ready for him! When he looks down in the water, there he sees the beautiful, silver fishes for him, and up in the trees, there are the apples and peaches, and thousands of sweet fruits for him; and all around him, wherever my dear boy looks, he sees every thing just to his wants and wishes; the bubbling springs, with cool, sweet water for him to drink; and the wood to make him sparkling fires when he is cold; and beautiful horses for him to ride, and strong oxen to work for him, and good cows to give him milk, and bees to make sweet honey for his sweeter mouth, and the little lambs, with snowy wool, for beautiful clothes for him! Now these and all the ten thousand other good things more than my son can even think of, and all so exactly fitted for his use and delight, how could chance ever have done all this for my little son?"

We need not carry our extract further, since George's full assent to the conclusion his father wished him to draw from this beautiful picture of God's doings may easily be taken for granted. It is not difficult to recognize the warm poetic fancy of the narrator in this sketch, but we are quite willing to accept it, even as an "Imaginary Conversation" of old times, wishing it were modernized, in some shape, in every family of intelligent children.

This good father was cut off by a sudden illness, before he had reached his fiftieth year, and George, with a large family of brothers and sisters, was left to the care of his mother, who was his father's second wife. Each child had an estate, for the father was rich in lands; but the proceeds of all were placed wholly within the widow's control during the minority of the children—a circumstance which speaks plainly enough the husband's confidence in her judgment and kindness. Two sons of the first marriage were young men at the time of the father's decease, but Mrs. Washington had five children of her own, of whom George, at that time about eleven, was the oldest. He was absent, Mr. Weems says, when his father was so suddenly summoned, and arrived at home only to find him speechless, and to witness his final departure. The family seems to have been very much united, and George and his half-brothers were ever firm friends. After his father's death he lived for a while with the younger of them, Augustine, in Westmoreland, the place of his nativity, which had been bequeathed to the second son. Here he went to school, to a Mr. Williams, who, Mr.

Weems says, "knew as little of Latin, perhaps, as Balaam's ass," but who was able to give him the elements of common school knowledge, which were happily enough in this case. We need not doubt the report that he was very soon the natural head of the school, not so particularly by means of scholarship as through certain other qualities, so amply exhibited in after life. He was the umpire in all little school quarrels, the boys having implicit faith in his justice; he was easily the leader in all athletic sports, through life his delight; and by some strange, prophetic instinct—prophecy often works its own fulfilment—it was his pride to form his schoolmates into military companies, with corn-stalks for muskets and calabashes for drums, and those he drilled and exercised, as well as commanded, and led to mimic battle. He is said to have been famous for hindering quarrels however, and perhaps his early developed taste for military manoeuvres was only an accidental form of that love of mathematical combination, and extreme regularity and order of every kind, which characterized him through life. But there was a political bias, too; for the boy-army was arrayed in two bands, one of them personating the French, always an antagonistic idea to the English, and at that time obnoxious in the colonies,—and the other the English; the former commanded by a lad named William Bustle, the latter always by George Washington. It is rather remarkable, that so exciting a sport did not end in quarrels, if not in lasting enmity; for the temperament of Washington was impetuous, and his passions were fiery, though we are little accustomed to think so, from our habit of contemplating only his after life, so marked by self-control. He was, nevertheless, known as a peacemaker, even thus early, and we have every reason to believe that peace continued to be his darling idea, through all the struggles which duty led him to engage in.

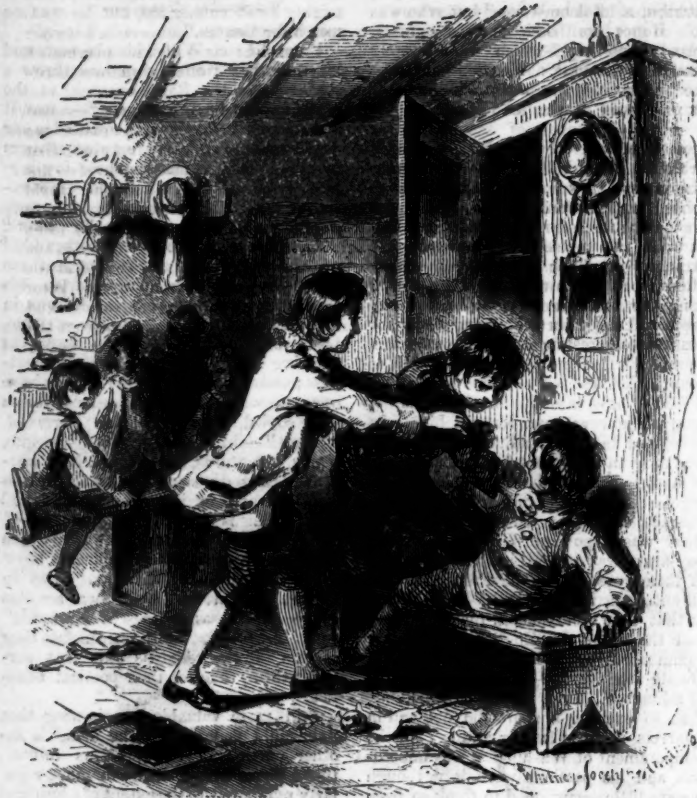
He was also noted for running and wrestling, pitching the bar, and leaping with a pole. Whatever stirred his blood and brought into exercise the stalwart limbs and muscles with which nature had endowed him, was his delight. His young lady cousins complained that George cared nothing for their company, but would always be out of doors. And an old gentleman, a neighbor, is quoted as saying—"Egad! he ran wonderfully! We had nobody, hereabouts, that could come near him. There was young Langhorne Dade, of Westmoreland, a confounded

clean made, tight young fellow, and a mighty swift runner too, but he was no match for George."

Colonel Lewis Willis, his playmate and kinsman, had "often seen him throw a stone across the Rappahannock, at the lower ferry of Fredericksburg,"—a feat, it seems, not very likely to be equalled in our degenerate days. This great strength was inherited from his father, whose fowling-piece—still extant, it is believed,—is of extraordinary weight, confirming the tradition of the old planter's muscular powers.

But there are proofs of another kind of interest felt by the schoolboy in those early days;—books, dating from his thirteenth year, in which his lessons in arithmetic and geometry are written, treasured by his mother no doubt, as showing her boy's application and neatness; and of an earlier period still we have one, into which the driest business-forms were copied, under the title "Forms of writing"—bills of exchange, receipts, bonds, indentures, bills of sale, land-warrants, leases, deeds and wills, all written carefully and in imitation of lawyers' style. This is doubtless a monument of Mr. Williams's teaching, for we have seen similar books written as exercises in boys' schools long since that day. But in George Washington's book there are also copies of verses, "more remarkable" says Mr. Sparks, "for the sentiments they contain and the religious tone that pervades them, than for their poetical beauties."

Still more valuable, as showing that "the child is father of the man," is another portion of this precious volume, thirty pages in which are maxims, regularly numbered, to the extent of a hundred and ten, under the title of "Rules of Behaviour in Company and Conversation." The import and value of these rules are various, ranging from a caution against drumming on the table, to a recommendation of reverence when the Highest Name is mentioned. It is evident from his after history that these very rules, copied and conned at thirteen, were inwoven into Washington's habits of thought and action; and that, having once secured the assent of his taste, reason, and conscience, they continued effective throughout his life, and seemed to guard him against instinctive selfishness and the assaults of his own passions, as well as against any encroachment on the rights or feelings of others. When we reflect how striking was ever the courtesy and appropriateness of his behavior under the most difficult circumstances, it becomes most inter-



Washington as Peacemaker

esting to read, in the stiff, boyish hand of that early time, such rules as these:

"Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive. It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom in no sort we ought to begin. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place. Being to advise or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time, in what terms to do it; and in reproving show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness. Take all admonitions thankfully,

in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time and place convenient to let him know it that gave them. Mock not nor jest at any thing of importance; break no jests that are sharp-biting, and if you deliver any thing witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself. Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself, for example is more prevalent than precepts. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all cases of passion, admit reason to govern. Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor maketh one dish of meat

at a feast. When you speak of God or his attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents though they be poor. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called Conscience."

From what repertory these and all the other maxims in the collection were drawn, we know not; they wear the air of having been culled from various sources. Their having been copied fairly into a book would not of itself be worthy of remark, since such things are often dictated to children by their teachers; but the striking correspondence between these precepts and the after life of the writer, makes them interesting as proving him.

Entitled

With sanctity of reason—

to keep unbroken that connection between convictions and conduct, the severing of which causes half the crime and wretchedness of the world.

That his efforts to live up to his own notions of right began very early, we must conclude from the interest that he inspired in his half-brothers,—not the most likely persons, as the world goes, to overrate him,—and they seem to have been ever his warmest friends. The eldest brother had been an officer in the war against the French, and served at the siege of Carthage, and in the West Indies, under General Wentworth and Admiral Vernon. He was residing on the property left him by his father,—that



Washington Drilling his School-fellows.

farm for ever famous, which he had called Mount Vernon, in compliment to the gallant Admiral; and here George went to live with him, soon after leaving school.

This was in his sixteenth year. Before this time he had shown a decided predilection for geometry, trigonometry, and surveying, which, as the profession of a surveyor was at that time particularly profitable, his friends had encouraged, and he had pursued the requisite studies with characteristic earnestness. The last two years of his school-life were chiefly given to the theory and practice of the art which laid the foundation of his fortune, not only by the opportunity it gave him of purchasing new lands advantageously, but by the habits he then acquired of calculation, accuracy, and neatness, so conspicuously useful to him through all the important affairs which devolved upon him in after life. When by way of practice he surveyed the little domain around the school-house, the plots and measurements were entered in his book with all the care and precision of the most important business; and if an erasion was required, it was done with a pen-knife, and

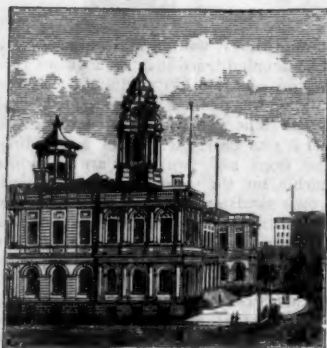
with such care that scarce a trace of the error can be perceived.

"Nor was his skill," says Mr. Sparks, "confined to the more simple processes of the art. He used logarithms, and proved the accuracy of his work by different methods. The manuscripts fill several quires of paper, and are remarkable for the care with which they were kept, the neatness and uniformity of the handwriting, the beauty of the diagrams, and a precise method and arrangement in copying out tables and columns of figures. These particulars will not be thought too trivial to be mentioned, when it is known that he retained similar habits through life. His business papers, day-books, ledgers, and letter-books, in which, before the Revolution, no one wrote but himself, exhibit specimens of the same studious care and exactness. Every fact occupies a clear and distinct place. * * * * *

The constructing of tables, diagrams, and other figures relating to numbers or classification was an exercise in which he seems at all times to have taken much delight."

(To be continued.)

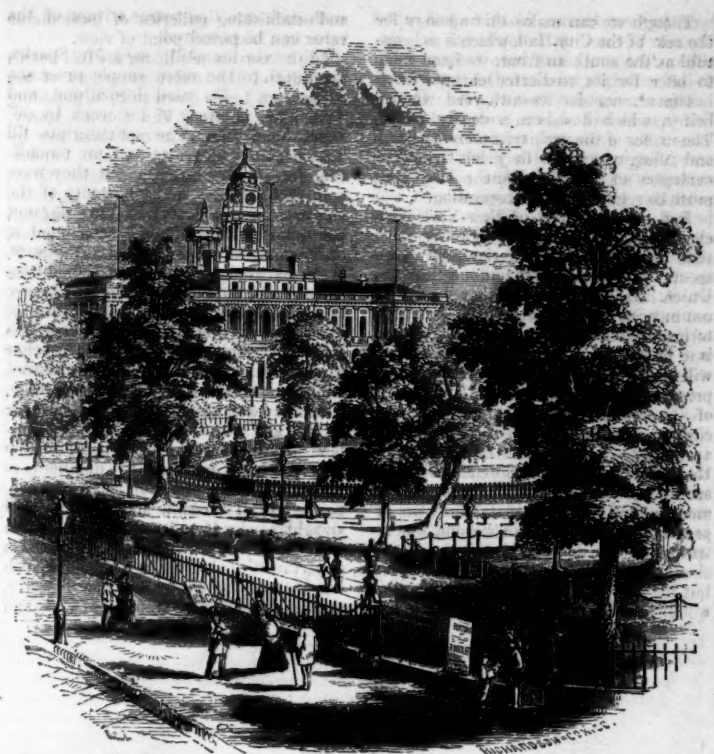
PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF NEW-YORK.



End View of City Hall.

NEW-YORK has not much to boast of in the splendor of its public buildings, numerous and extensive as they are, with the exception of the City Hall, which is an architectural wonder; not intrinsi-

cally, but relatively, standing as it has, until within a few years past, a marble oasis surrounded by a desert of bricks and mortar. The marvel of it is that such a building could have been built at all in the infancy and poverty of the city, and that it should have stood nearly fifty years without exerting the slightest influence upon the tastes of our people who were continually building and rebuilding. It was only another proof that education in taste, as in morals and science, must be progressive, and that a community must learn their alphabet in art, as well as in letters, before they can learn to read and understand the productions of enlightened minds. We know when the City Hall was built, and by whom, but how it was, why there should have been such an outbreak of taste and public liberality just then, so disproportioned to the exigencies of the times, without antecedents or followers, has always been to us a subject of especial marvel. Even at the present day, when the wealth and popula-



City Hall.

tion of the city have increased ten-fold, the new public buildings are comparatively mean and barbarous. There stands the beautiful City Hall, with an offspring of hideous Egyptian, Greek, and Gothic structures, without a lineament of the graceful features or elegant form of their progenitor. It is marvellous that the city fathers should have passed in and out of the City Hall day by day for half a century, and never have been imbued with a feeling of love for the beautiful edifice which was their official home, nor have imparted something of its grace and elegance to the new structures which they erected for municipal uses. But such, unfortunately, is the fact; and the City Hall remains a splendid exception to the tasteless and uninformed character of the other civic buildings of the metropolis of the New World. But, something of the wonder which the existence of such a building as the City Hall excites, subsides when

we find that it was during the mayoralty of such enlightened men as Edward Livingston and De Witt Clinton, that the building was planned and completed. The corner stone was laid in September 1803, and it was nearly ten years in building. The front and two ends are of white marble, but the rear is of a very fine dark brown sandstone, not used, as has been ignorantly supposed, because its back was to the then rural districts, for the builders of the City Hall were not so cramped in their ideas as to imagine that New-York would never extend itself higher up than the Park; but for the same reason that Cologne Cathedral is unornamented on its northern side, because it lies always in shadow, and the warm tint of the stone is more suitable to its aspect than the cold glitter of white marble would be. Let any one look at the City Hall with this thought in his mind, and the brown stone of the rear will no longer look incongruous or improper.

Though we can make this apology for the rear of the City Hall, which is as beautiful as the southern front, we have none to offer for its rusticated, brown stone basement, nor for its awkward wooden belfry, which has been recently added. The names of the architects were Macomb and Mangin, and as they left no other evidences of their genius, the City Hall must be regarded as an inspiration.

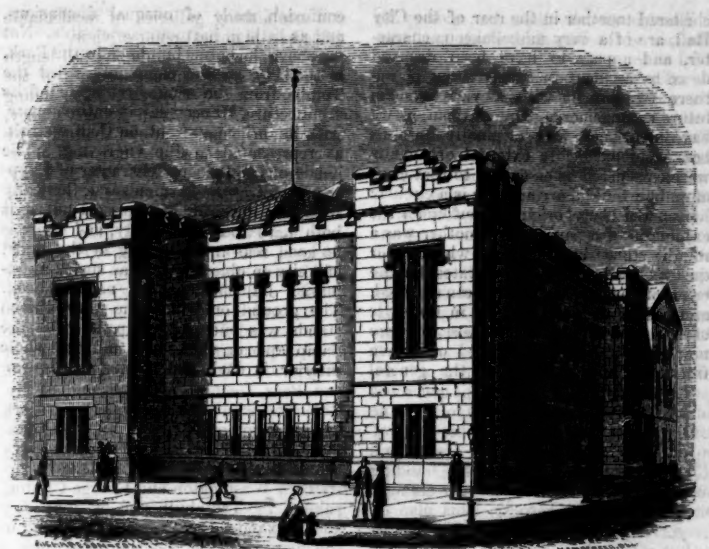
But, the City Hall of New-York is an exceptional institution in more respects than its architectural exterior, and as respects all other public buildings in the Union. It is in this Hall that has been commenced a permanent gallery of historical art, which, even at the present time is of great value; but, to our posterity, it will prove a precious treasure; in it are preserved the portraits of all the governors of the State, and of the mayors of the city; they are hung in the noble suite of apartments known as the Governor's Room, and in other parts of the building are the portraits of many of our eminent men and military heroes. This plan of preserving the portraits of the chief magistrates of the State and city, is one which should be imitated, not only by the nation, but by each of the States and cities; it would be a cheap way of encouraging art,

and establishing galleries of incalculable value in a historical point of view.

In the Governor's Room are full length portraits of the twelve governors of the State, from Lewis down to Fish, including Tompkins, Clinton, Van Buren, Marcy, Seward and Young; two of them are by Trumbull, and the rest by Catlin, Vanderlyn, Inman, Weir, Page, Elliott, Gray, and Hicks; there are, also, the portraits, *en buste*, of twenty-two mayors, and full lengths of Presidents Washington, Monroe, Jackson, and Taylor; Lafayette by S. F. B. Morse, General Monckton by the same artist; and Generals McComb, Brown, Scott, and Swift; Commodores Perry, Decatur, and Bainbridge; there are also original portraits of Columbus, Governor Stuyvesant, Bolivar, Hendrick Hudson, and Paez, General Williams, and of Mr. Valentine, who has been many years clerk of the Common Council. In the Chamber of the Board of Aldermen, a very beautiful apartment, are full length portraits of Washington and George Clinton, painted by Trumbull, and of John Jay and Alexander Hamilton, by Weimar; in the chamber of the Assistant Aldermen, a department of the city government which has been abolished by the new Charter, are full lengths of Commodores Hull and



City Prison.



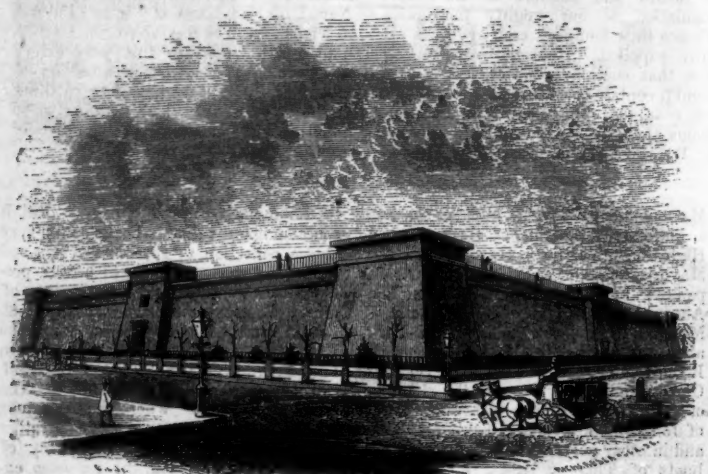
Lower Arsenal.

McDonough by Jarvis; in room No. 8 is a half-length portrait of the renowned High-Constable, Jacob Hays, and, in the Mayor's Office is a half-length portrait, painted by Mooney, of Achmet Ben Ahmed, the captain of the Imaum of Muscat's frigate, which visited New-York about ten years since. In the Governor's Room there are marble busts of De Witt Clinton and Henry Clay, in the chamber of the Board of Aldermen there are busts of John Jay and Chief Justice Marshall, and in other parts of the Hall there are busts of Thomas Addis Emmet, and Chancellor Kent, and marble tablets in honor of several distinguished members of the New-York bar. Until within a few years past there was a noble banqueting room in the City Hall, where the city feasts used to be held on occasions of high public festivals, such as the Fourth of July, when the Mayor presided at the feasts surrounded by the Aldermen and their distinguished guests, and mighty bowls of punch were quaffed, and enormous tureens of turtle soup eaten for the good of the city. But these civic feasts have fallen into disuse, and the magnificent apartment, with its crimson curtains, has been made into two mean-looking court rooms, by a dingy partition. In one of the rooms is kept the City Library, the mere existence of which is hardly known

to the majority of our citizens. But it contains many valuable books, and a very choice collection of rare engravings and interesting works of art, which were presented to the city through the agency of Mons. Vattemare by Louis Philippe of France, and other foreign rulers. The Law Library of the New-York bar is in one of the lower apartments of the Hall, but it is only accessible to members. The famous "tea-room," where the Aldermen used to feast at the public cost, is a rather dingy apartment in the occupancy of the keeper of the Hall, the tea-room expenses having been denied by law. The tea-room was so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for the potations most indulged in, in that convivial apartment, were mostly champagne and brandy. The City Hall was sufficiently spacious to afford offices for all the municipal business of the city, besides rooms for the United States Courts, but it is now insufficient for the accommodation of the municipal offices alone, and, besides appropriating the entire extent of the old Alms House in the rear, a spacious Hall has been erected in which the newly organized Council under the reformed charter will hold its sessions; at the east end of the Hall is the Hall of Records, the old debtor's prison modernized with porches and columns. The buildings used for municipal offices, which are

clustered together in the rear of the City Hall, are of a very miscellaneous character, and appear to have been dropped down by accident, or to have been placed there temporarily with a view to some future arrangement. One of them, as we have mentioned, was, originally, an alms house, erected before external ornaments were considered as essentials to that class of public buildings; another is a circular house, which was originally put up for the exhibition of a panorama; another was a rough stone building, in which poor debtors used to be incarcerated for the crime of poverty, but it has been stuccoed, and pedimented, and pillared in the style of a Greek temple, while there are two new edifices, both constructed of brown freestone, but, to keep up the general

confusion, made of unequal dimensions, and as little in harmony as possible. Not far above the public buildings in the Park, is the City Prison, commonly called the Tombs, from the sepulchral style of its architecture. It occupies an entire square, with its principal front on Centre-street, as represented in the engraving. The ponderous and gloomy character of Egyptian architecture harmonizes esthetically with the purposes of a prison, but it is both barbarous and costly, and there is no good reason for erecting in the midst of a city an object which has such a nightmarish influence on its neighborhood. The ground on which the City Prison stands was once a swamp, its cells are damp and unwholesome, and the whole interior is dark and dismal; it is con-



City Prison, 43d Street.

structed of huge blocks of granite, which are oppressive to look upon, and must have a chilling effect upon the nervous system of passengers through Centre-street, who have within them undivulged crimes; in it is held the Court of Sessions, and all public executions take place in one of its courts.

In the immediate neighborhood of the Egyptian Tombs is another building equally gloomy in appearance, but of a different style of architecture, if such a word can be applied to a building that is devoid of style.

The New Armory, or down-town Arsenal, stands on the corner of White and Elm streets, with a frontage of one hundred and thirty-one feet, by eighty-four feet. It is built of a dark blue granite,

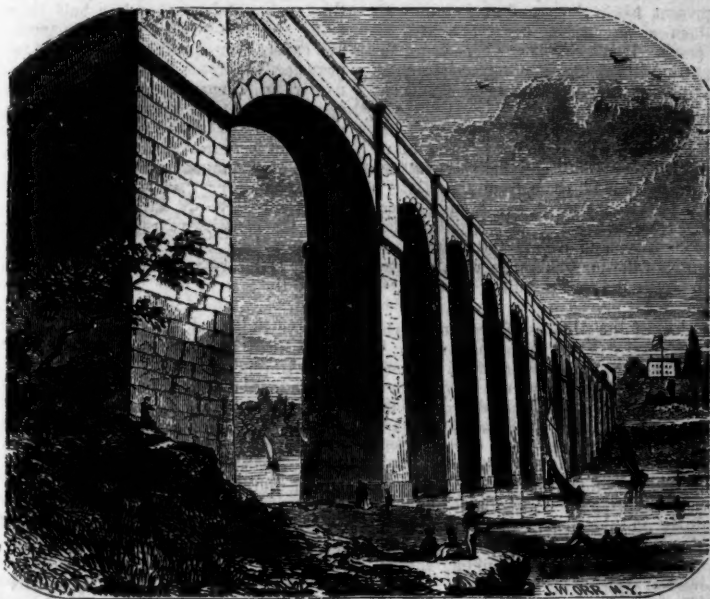
with square-headed, narrow windows, a battlemented parapet, and flanked by square towers. It is employed as a receptacle for the ordnance of the first division of the State Artillery, the lower story being appropriated for a gun room, and the second floor for a drill room. It is wholly devoid of ornament, but is substantial, and, if it should ever be needed as a place of refuge it could resist a very strong force. But, we imagine that its capacity as a fortress will never be tested by a siege. On the roof is a telegraph pole intended to communicate by signals with the State arsenal further up town.

But the greater number of the buildings belonging to the city are not to be found in the streets and avenues; the hospitals, prisons, alms-houses, and nurseries, are

built upon the beautiful little islands in the East River, whose green slopes rise from the rapid current, near Hell Gate. On Blackwell's Island, the largest of the group, are the Penitentiary, the Lunatic Asylum and the City Alms Houses; on Ward's Island are the extensive hospitals for diseased immigrants; and on Randall's Island the nurseries for the city orphans.

One of the most prominent of the structures belonging to the city is the Croton Reservoir, between 40th and 42d streets, which is sufficiently familiar to all the visitors to the Crystal Palace. This immense granite structure, built as solidly and likely to endure as long as the pyramids, is the beaker out of which a population not much below a million drink their daily draughts; it is the great fountain of health and comfort to the entire population of our mighty metropolis, whence their fountains and hydrants are daily supplied. It seems scarcely possible that such a reservoir, vast as it is, should contain a sufficient quantity of water to feed the almost innumerable drains that are constantly running from it. But this Egyptian reservoir on Murray

Hill, which looks so vast, holds but twenty millions of gallons of water; a mere punch bowl, compared with the receiving reservoir lying between 79th and 86th streets, covering an area of thirty-five acres, and containing one hundred and fifty millions of gallons, while this, again, is but a wine cooler in comparison with the first reservoir at the Croton River, forty miles distant, among the breezy hills of Westchester, which is five miles long. These immense reservoirs are trifling when compared with the whole aqueduct, which is forty miles in length, and, by the side of which all aqueducts of ancient and modern times are dwarfed. The most impressive and majestic of the visible parts of this splendid work is the High Bridge across the Harlem River. This aqueduct bridge is the most magnificent structure which New-York can boast of; it is 1450 feet in length, and 114 feet above the level of high water; through this lofty artery flows the daily life of nearly a million of inhabitants, and it is appalling to think of the consequences of an accident to so important an agent in supplying the daily needs of so vast a population.



High Bridge.

THE NATIONAL INVENTORY.

A COLUMN of figures is said to be, and undoubtedly is, dry,—as dry as an old logarithm—and yet, there are circumstances in which one may get from it a deal of succulent nutriment. The merchant, no doubt, who finds his long array of numerals with a balance on the right side of his ledger, thinks these more interesting than the best romance of Dickens or a poem by Longfellow. He relishes them, revels in them, rubs his hands over them, reads them several times, and is a happy man. A political candidate, too, the morning after an election peruses the endless lines of decimals, in his daily paper, with the intensest zest, forgetting the startling news on the next page, and quite unconscious, shame upon him, of the fine moral disquisitions of the editor in the very next paragraph. On the sum of these figures, perhaps, hangs his life or death, the success of his long-cherished and splendid schemes of ambition, or the extinction of his hopes for ever.

Figures, therefore, are not always as fleshless as skeletons. They have a very present life in them, and may carry with them a fascination beyond figures of speech. It is a simple work, perhaps, the putting them together, but once rightly arranged, they hold the most significant meanings.

Our census, it must be confessed, has been a long while coming. It was taken in the year 1850, and has just, at the opening of 1854, come from the printer's hands. Doubtless it has been a severe and laborious task to bring it into order, to compute and collate the separate returns of the marshals who were deputed to gather the facts; but severe and laborious as it must have been, we are forced to believe that there has been no adequate occasion for the delay. We ought to have been in possession of it, at least one year ago; and we would have been, if the business of the bureaux at Washington were conducted with the economy of time and the rapidity of action, which characterize the business of individuals. Alas! public employments are the rewards of servicable partisans, and not the duties of competent men; every kind of official service is turned into a job; and the interest of the functionary in maintaining his place soon supersedes his interest in public business. Mr. De Bow, the superintendent of the department, we suppose, and his predecessor before him, Mr.

Kennedy, have been as industrious as they could be, under the circumstances: we say nothing against them; but, whatever the cause of this protracted gestation, we complain of it, with the loudest emphasis.

The United States is the last country in the world, where such dilatory movement ought to be allowed; because it is precisely the country where changes and advances of all kinds are effected with such celerity, that a census four years old would be almost as much out of date as a four years old almanac. A story is told of a gentleman of Chicago, who spent two years in travelling in Europe; that when he returned, he was compelled to hire a porter to conduct him to the street he lived in, and the next day he confessed that he knew less of his own town than any he had seen in the whole course of his travels. Thus, our cities and their populations, and industries, grow out of our remembrance in the course of a few circles of the sun, and unless the inventories of them are published as soon as they are ascertained, they lose half their value, and pretty nearly all their truth. We expect, consequently, to hear the representatives of the West declaim indignantly, in Congress, during the present session, against the injustice that has been done by the false and inadequate statement, put forth in regard to their districts and the numbers of their constituents.

Let the reader, then, bear in mind, that in all the facts we shall present them, from the census, we refer to the year 1850,—a long while ago, if we reckon by the speed with which we move, and not to the present year, when we must be considerably ahead of the conditions of that remote period.

We must, however, now that we have vented our feelings of disappointment as to the delay which has taken place in its preparation, do Mr. De Bow, or the persons concerned with him, the justice to say, that they have presented us a most valuable statistical work,—the best clearly that has yet been prepared under the auspices of the Government. It contains some twelve hundred crowded pages, every one of which has some table or calculation that supplies indispensable information to that part of the public who would know the real facts of our national condition and prospects. The original plan, as it was sent to the marshals, em-

braced inquiries on the following heads:

1. The population in all its relations of wealth, age, sex, nativity, color, and employments; 2. Industry, in all its relations to produce, implements, machinery, capital vested, and persons employed; 3. Social statistics, embracing property, real and personal, colleges and schools, libraries, newspapers, paupers, criminals, religious worship; 4. Vital statistics, such as the rate and number of deaths in each locality, diseases, births, marriages, longevity, &c.; and, 5. Miscellaneous statistics relating to taxes, wages, valuations of estates, &c. It will be seen, therefore, that the inquiries covered sufficient ground; but in the returns made, there appear to have been many deficiencies. Whatever relates to population, agricultural industry, and certain social statistics, is tolerably complete; but the exhibition of our manufacturing industry was so imperfect, that Congress would not authorize it to be included in the printed syllabus, while the greater part of the vital statistics, though published, is either so carelessly or so inadequately rendered, that it is comparatively worthless. Mr. De Bow, however, promises to rectify the manufacturing returns,

in another year, and to furnish the public with the results. He has already, in his remarks on the various tables, and in the several appendices, entered upon many important and useful generalizations, and gathered from remote sources instructive illustrations and comparisons. Statistics, though perfectly correct in themselves, are often of little use for the want of these comparisons and remarks, and Mr. De Bow is therefore entitled to our special thanks for his laborious services in these respects. We should like to lay before our readers copious extracts from his deductions, but as we have a thought or two of our own to present, we must content ourselves with simply referring to the seventh, which, we presume, will be within reach of our readers almost as soon as this number of our Magazine.

In spite of the delay we have spoken of above, of one thing we may be quite certain, viz., that the United States have not increased materially in extent, since 1850, unless the Sandwich Islands should have been annexed while this paper is going through the press. Colonel Abert, of the topographical engineers, has stated the territorial extent, in this wise:

	Square Miles.
Area of the Pacific slope of the region watered by rivers falling into the Pacific	778,966
Area of the Mississippi valley, or of the region watered by the Mississippi, Missouri, and their tributaries	1,387,311
Area of the Atlantic slope proper	687,100
Area of the Atlantic slope, including only the waters falling into the Gulf of Mexico <i>west</i> of the Mississippi	188,046
Area of the Atlantic slope, including only the waters falling into the Gulf of Mexico <i>east</i> of the Mississippi	145,830
Total of the Atlantic slope of the regions whose waters fall into the Atlantic	967,576
Total area of the United States and their Territories in 1853	2,971,138

But an examination of the various official reports of the General Land Office, Congress, and the State Department, shows that this calculation is behind the truth, and the aggregate statement of the census is 3,220,572 square miles. The territorial extent of the republic, then, as Mr. De Bow remarks, is nearly ten times as large as that of Great Britain and France combined; three times as large as France, Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark together; one and a half times as large as the Russian empire in Europe; one sixth less only than the area covered by the fifty-nine or sixty empires, states, and republics of Europe; and of equal extent with the Roman empire, or that of Alexander, neither of which is said to have exceeded 3,000,000 square miles; while it ought to gratify the propensities of the most rapacious *filibuster*, to know, that more than one million miles of this territory have been acquired within the last ten years, *i. e.*, since 1840.

VOL. III.—2

Now, size is not a quality of much importance in itself, as every body knows, who has read Dr. Watts' verses which end with declaring "the mind the standard of the man," and *a fortiori* of nations. The little states of Greece might have been rolled up in one corner of some of our own States, yet their immortal arts illuminate the entire track of the last two thousand years. Rome was not bigger, in her early and more vigorous days, than an average Virginia cornfield,—yet Rome arrested the course of the world by her arms, and impressed her laws so deeply upon human civilization, that at this hour, at this distance of time, they are still operative in all the leading nations. The island of Great Britain may be walked over in less than a month, but Great Britain has made all other nations tributaries to her wealth, upborne by a magnificent practical energy, and adorned by a glorious literature. Size, then, is not an indispensable condition of greatness; on the other hand, it may be a

source of weakness to a nation, as it unquestionably was to the later Rome, or is now to some of the South American states.

It is, doubtless, pleasant for an American to feel that he has room to turn round in, that he possesses space enough to expatiate over, in the indefinite future, but the character of his territorial dominions which ought to excite his hopes or his pride, is not its extent,—not the fact that it reaches without a barrier from the northern snows to the tropics, and from the tempestuous Atlantic to the golden gates of the Pacific,—but the other fact that it is so peculiarly adapted by its physical features, to the residence and growth of a united people. The vast chains of the Himalayas in Asia separate its inhabitants into hostile tribes, who stagnate in their isolation—unconquerable and unconquering, alike they leave no history. The Alps or Pyrenees interposed in Europe, “make enemies of nations,” or if not enemies, divided races without true community of life or a general mutual intercourse. But in this new world, the physical structure of the entire continent is different. Vast fertile plains, numberless navigable rivers, great chains of lakes extending from the ocean far into the interior, afford prodigious facilities of communication unimpeded by obstacles, and evidently designed for the seat of a homogeneous civilization. Add to these a climate not rigorous, like that of the poles, where man engages in a hopeless struggle against a niggardly nature; nor luxurious, like that of the tropics, where the energy of the body relaxes, and the very soul festers with over-ripeness, but temperate and bracing, the true golden mean, demanding and admitting a healthful activity, inciting to constant exertion, but seldom to desperate battle, and encouraging free life, but never despondency or a fatal leisure,—add, we say, climate to the physical arrangement,—if you would acquire a just conception of the real grounds of our territorial eminence. Politicians may rant about the dangers of disunion, but we think that nature has wisely provided against any possible failures on that score.

Well, it is into this simply-organized, permeable, and ocean-washed inclosure that a motley mass from the Old World, representing every variety and degree of civilization, has been pouring for some two hundred years, and one of the most interesting studies that can be imagined, relates to the laws of its increase and interfusion, the methods of its industry, its modes of life, its systems of physical

refinement, and its means of intellectual and moral culture. It is our signal fortune that we are permitted to see the progress of human growth in its beginnings as well as in its results,—to be present at the birth of nations, to rock the cradle of their infancy, and to see them well put forward in the career of life. Every day almost we may see some little germ of a future manhood deposited in its sustaining bed, where it gathers accretions of nutriment from all sides, unfolds gradually into an organized vitality, and finally expands into full-blown strength and bloom. The older nations were begun in the far-off ages, they grew by a scarcely appreciable increase, and all their habits and life-methods having been formed for them, they are now quite unconscious of change.

The whole number of inhabitants in the United States, on the 1st of June, 1850, was 23,263,488, which may be classified in this wise. Whites, 19,630,738; free-colored, 428,661; slaves, 3,204,089. But of the free inhabitants, 17,737,505 are natives, and 2,210,828 were born abroad, viz.: 961,719 in Ireland, 573,225 in Germany, 278,675 in England, 147,700 in British America, 70,550 in Scotland, 54,069 in France, 29,868 in Wales, and 95,022 in all other countries. It is noticeable, too, in respect to the distribution of foreigners, that 1,965,518 reside in what are termed the free States, and only 245,310 in the slaveholding States. Of the entire population, 2,728,106 are in the New England States, which are six in number; 8,553,713 are in the middle States, also six in number; 3,557,872 are in the six slave States on the coast; 5,167,276 are in the six central slave States; and 2,734,945 are in the five northwestern States.

As to the ratio of increase, which is an important point between these several classes and localities, we deduce the following results. The greatest increase in our total population has been in the decade since 1840, when 6,194,035 people have been added to us, or an increase of 36.28 per cent. Of this gain, the whites were 5,434,933, showing an increase of 38.28 per cent. The free-colored have increased 42,360, or only 10.96 per cent. The slave have increased 697,733, or 28.05 per cent. In respect to foreigners, the rate of increase is not satisfactorily made out; but it appears that the proportion in which the several countries contribute to the total foreign immigration is this: Ireland, 43.04 per cent.; Germany, 25.09; England, 12.06; British America, 6.68; Scotland, 3.17; France, 2.44; Wales, 1.34;

and others, 4·47. But, during the last two or three years, according to the Custom-House returns at New-York, the Germans have been rapidly increasing

upon the Irish, and will soon constitute the largest class of immigrants.

The following table exhibits the above results at a glance:—

CLASSES.	1850.	1810.	1830.	1840.	1850.	1860.
Whites,	4,804,489	5,862,004	7,861,967	10,637,878	14,106,695	19,258,068
Free Colored,	108,395	186,446	238,534	319,599	386,308	484,495
Slaves,	898,041	1,191,364	1,588,088	2,000,043	2,487,455	3,304,313
Total free,	4,412,884	6,048,450	8,195,461	10,956,977	14,581,999	19,867,563
Total colored,	1,001,486	1,877,810	1,771,529	2,325,643	2,873,758	3,688,808

It may be interesting now to compare with these results the similar results obtained in Great Britain by the census of 1851. The number of people in Great Britain and the small adjacent islands, in 1851, was 20,959,477; and the men in the army, navy, and merchant service, and East India Company's service, abroad, on the passage out, or round the coasts, belonging to Great Britain, amounted, on the same day, to 162,490. The population of Great Britain may, therefore, be set down at twenty-one millions, one hundred and twenty-one thousand, nine hundred and sixty-seven (21,121,967.)

The annexed table exhibits the distribution of the people:—

	Males.	Females.	Total.
England,	8,981,734	8,640,154	16,931,888
Scotland,	1,875,479	1,513,263	3,388,742
Wales,	499,491	506,280	1,005,771
Islands in the British Seas,	66,854	73,272	140,126
Army, Navy, and merchant seamen, at sea or abroad,	162,490	..	162,490
Total,	10,886,048	10,735,919	21,121,967

The population of Ireland, as enumerated by another department was 6,533,357. The following table gives the population of Great Britain and the Islands of the British seas, exclusive of Ireland, and including the army, navy, and merchant seamen, as enumerated at each census from 1801:—

Years.	Males.	Females.	Total.
1801	5,568,704	5,543,720	10,912,423
1811	6,111,361	6,812,859	12,424,120
1821	7,096,058	7,306,590	14,402,648
1831	8,183,446	8,430,692	16,564,138
1841	9,322,419	9,581,968	18,813,786
1851	10,886,048	10,735,919	21,121,967

It will be seen by the foregoing table, that the population of Great Britain has nearly doubled since the commencement

of the present century, notwithstanding the great number that have annually left the country, and settled in the United States, in the colonies of North America, Australia, and South Africa. The increase in the last fifty years has been 93·47 per cent., or at the rate of 1·329 per cent. annually, the increase of each sex being about equal.

The annual rate of increase has varied in each decennial period; thus, in 1841-51, the population has increased, but the rate of increase has declined, chiefly from accelerated emigration.

The emigration from the United Kingdom in the ten years 1821-31 was 274,317; in the ten years 1831-41 it amounted to 717,913; and in the ten years 1841-51 it had increased to 1,693,516.

What a roving set we are! In the older countries it is not uncommon to meet with many persons who have never been beyond the town or commune in which they were born; Londoners, for instance, who never saw the green fields, except of the parks; Parisians, who never saw Versailles; rural people every where, who think the hill which bounds their little village homes the *ultima thule* of space; but of our 17,736,792 free inhabitants, 4,112,433 are settled in States in which they were not born. About 26 per cent. of the whole population of Virginia has migrated; South Carolina has sent forth 36 per cent.; and North Carolina, 31 per cent.; yet the New Englanders, particularly of Vermont and Connecticut, are the most discursive. They are in fact every where—at the south, the west, in the territories, on the Pacific—wherever there is space for a blade of grass to grow, or a spindle to turn, or a shop to be opened, or a railroad to be built—in short, wherever an honest penny is to be picked up, by any kind of industry or ingenuity. There are, for instance, 18,763 Massachusetts men in Ohio, 9,230 in Missouri, 55,773 in New-York, 4,760 in California,

and 350 in Utah. There are 133,756 New-Yorkers in Michigan, 67,180 in Illinois, 58,835 in Pennsylvania, and 101 in New Mexico. Virginia has sent 85,702 of her people to Ohio, 41,819 to Indiana, and 10,387 to Alabama. Thus, a perpetual interchange of inhabitants is maintained between the different States, which has a grand moral effect in fusing their separate prejudices, in producing a common sentiment, in interweaving bonds of affec-

tion and amity, and in rendering the improvements and advances of each locality a stimulus to the exertions of all the rest. A common language, and common political institutions, are incitements to unity; but the reciprocal influences of trade and intercourse are the life-blood of our nationality.

Striking results are given by the table below, which shows the increase per cent. of each class of inhabitants for the last sixty

CLASSES.	1790 to 1800.	1800 to 1810.	1810 to 1820.	1820 to 1830.	1830 to 1840.	1840 to 1850.
Whites,	35.7	36.3	34.19	33.95	34.7	33.23
Free Colored,	32.9	72.3	25.25	36.55	20.9	10.96
Slaves,	27.9	33.4	29.10	30.61	23.8	33.61
Total,	35.1	36.45	33.12	33.48	33.67	36.23

years. We see by it that the white inhabitants are growing nearly 10 per cent. faster than the slaves, and that the free colored are dwindling out. The increase of the whites, per cent., in the slave States, we should add, is 34.56, and in the free States, 37.67. Thus, the total increase in the United States is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, while in the most favored countries of Europe it is only $1\frac{1}{2}$, and in the less favored, a fraction of 1, per cent. No wonder that those old monarchies make big eyes when they read of the prolific doings of the young republican giant: no wonder that they get so apprehensive about the future, and the least whisper of a possible descent some of these days upon their shore from this side the Atlantic.

We are rather used to these enormous strides; but when we take a look into the future, we confess ourselves a little awe-struck at the prospect of what the thing is coming to. We discover the reason, too, why Providence has provided such a magnificent domain for us beforehand, and why the instincts of the people, always in the long run wiser than the deductions of philosophers, begin to inquire whether there be any room outside—whether Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, and perhaps Japan, are likely to furnish the necessary accommodations.

Old John Adams was not, so far as we know, a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but simply a sagacious and discerning statesman, and yet he wrote, on the 12th October 1755, that "our people will, in another century, become more numerous than England itself,"—it wants but two years of the time, and we now know his prediction will be fulfilled. We have

now 2,000,000 more white people than England and Wales, and as many as England, Wales, and Scotland together, while before the two years of John Adams's century are expired, we shall nearly equal them, with Ireland thrown in. According to our past progress, too, it will only take forty years to enable us to surpass England, France, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Switzerland combined. The close of the existing century will swell our numbers to one hundred millions—not, however, of such miserable, degraded wretches as are crowded together in China, or as were packed down in some of the ancient cities, but, as we shall prove in the sequel, of free, educated, industrious, refined, man-loving, and God-fearing men. If it were not so, the contemplation of our future would be terrible; as it is, under the agencies and instrumentalities at work, in the heart of our society, we have every reason to look forward with confidence and deep joy.

One curious study suggested by the census is, that relating to the relative rank of the several States, as determined by their total population. In 1770 for instance, the order in which they stood was this: 1. Virginia; 2. Massachusetts; 3. Pennsylvania; 4. North Carolina; 5. New-York; 6. Maryland; 7. South Carolina; 8. Connecticut; 9. New Jersey; 10. New Hampshire, &c. But twenty years afterwards, 1810, the following was the order: 1. Virginia; 2. New-York; 3. Pennsylvania; 4. Massachusetts; 5. North Carolina; 6. South Carolina; 7. Kentucky, (the 13th in 1790); 8. Maryland; 9. Connecticut; 10. Tennessee (not formed in 1770). Twenty years afterwards again, 1830, the relative position was still more changed,

and stood thus:—1. New-York; 2. Pennsylvania; 3. Virginia; 4. Indiana (which was the 20th in 1810); 5. North Carolina; 6. Kentucky; 7. Tennessee; 8. Massachusetts; 9. South Carolina; 10. Georgia. Finally, at the time the census was taken, 1850, the arrangement was this:—1. New-York; 2. Pennsylvania; 3. Ohio (which was the 17th in 1800); 4. Virginia; 5. Tennessee; 6. Massachusetts; 7. Indiana; 8. Kentucky; 9. Georgia; 10. North Carolina. It will be seen then, that the States which have grown the most rapidly in rank are New-York, Ohio, Georgia, and Tennessee. In respect to the absolute increase of the whites of the different States during the last ten years, it appears to have been in the following order and percentage: Wisconsin, 89-11; Iowa, 347-02; Arkansas, 110-16; Michigan, 86-74; Missouri, 82-78; Florida, 68-92; Mississippi, 65-13; Louisiana, 61-23, &c; while the increase of some of the older States has been only: New-York, 28-14; Pennsylvania, 34-72; South Carolina, 5-97; Vermont, 7-61; Connecticut, 0-28. At the same time the slave population has increased, for the last ten years, in Arkansas, 136-26 per cent.; Mississippi, 58-74; Florida, 52-85; Missouri, 50-01; Louisiana, 45-32; South Carolina, 17-71; Virginia, 5-21; Maryland, 0-7; while in Delaware it has decreased 12-09 per cent.; in the District of Columbia, 21-45, and in New Jersey, 64-98. The slowest increase appears to be in those States bordering on the northern middle States, or Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky.

It would seem that the people of this country are variously occupied, although agriculture is thus far their chief employment. At the time the census was taken, there were some 4,000,000 engaged in cultivating the land; 1,050,000 in manufactures; 400,000 in commerce; 100,000 in mining; 60,000 in fisheries; and 50,000 in the forests. The total annual product arising from agriculture is set down by Mr. Andrews, in his report on the Lake Trade, at \$1,752,583,042; that from manufactures, in the census, is \$1,020,300,000; that from commerce may be estimated at \$225,000,000; that from the forest at \$50,000; and that from the fisheries at \$10,000,000. The grand total of production in the United States is therefore immense.

We possess 118,457,622 acres of improved farms, and 184,621,348 of unimproved, the cash value of which is 3,270,733,092 dollars. The farming implements and machinery on these lands are worth 151,569,675 dollars. We raise from them 100,503,899 bushels of wheat,

592,326,612 bushels of Indian corn, 146,567,879 bushels of oats, 14,188,639 bushels of rye, 215,312,710 bushels of rice, 199,752,646 pounds of tobacco, 2,468,624 bales of cotton at 400 pounds each, 65,796,793 bushels of Irish potatoes, 38,259,190 bushels of sweet potatoes, 5,167,016 bushels of barley, 9,219,975 bushels of peas and beans, 8,956,916 bushels of buckwheat, 313,266,962 pounds of butter, 105,535,219 pounds of cheese, 221,240 gallons of wine, \$5,269,930 in garden stuffs, and \$7,723,362 in orchard products, to say nothing of the hay, hemp, flax, hops, clover, silk, and grasses, and nothing of the cattle, sheep, and horses they feed. Our real and personal estate is worth \$7,135,780,228.

We possess also over 100,000 manufacturing establishments, over the annual value of \$500, consuming raw material to the value of \$550,000,000, paying out for labor \$240,000,000, and using a vested capital of \$530,000,000. Including, in that statement, all varieties of labor leading to valuable results, the aggregate production of this species of industry would amount to \$2,932,762,642. This amount divided by the number of inhabitants, free and slave, gives \$126 as the average annual production of each person, or, taking the proportion of adult males as one to four, the annual production of each is shown to be \$504.

For the circulation of these products we have 1390 steamboats, measuring 417,326 tons; some 3000 miles of canals, of which those in New-York State alone carry annually 3,582,733 tons; 13,315 miles of railway completed, whose commerce is valued at \$1,081,500,000, besides 12,681 miles in progress. Our total lake, river, coasting, canal, and railroad trade is valued, for 1852, at \$5,588,539,372. Add to this the value of products and manufactures exported, \$154,930,947, and that of foreign merchandise imported, \$252,613,282, and we shall get some idea of the enormous internal and foreign commerce of the United States. Our whole inward and outward tonnage is 10,591,045 tons, of which 4,200,000 tons is owned at home—the largest tonnage owned by any nation of the globe except Great Britain, whose marine supremacy, at the present rates of increase, we shall soon surpass.

It might be inferred—as not a few foreign tourists in America, indeed, have inferred, from the exhibition of the immense industrial activity of our people, that they are wholly absorbed in the process of creating wealth. Yet such an inference would do them considerable injustice.

They are devoted to the dollar, it is true, but they are apt also to spend the dollar in a liberal manner. Their activity in the various spheres of intellectual and benevolent enterprise is not a whit less remarkable than their physical activity. They take care of their unfortunate brothers, of the insane, the idiotic, the mute, the criminal, and the poor (of the latter of whom they have happily fewer than any other nation) with as sedulous a care, and as generous a provision, as the most advanced people in Christendom; they print and read an incredible number of books, and fifty-fold more journals and magazines than any other people; while in respect to education and religion, their efforts, because they are voluntary, put to shame those of other people. Take a few statistics in regard to the latter points. They show that a large proportion of the children of the United States of a suitable age are in attendance upon schools. The whole number is 4,089,507—of which 4,063,046 are whites—26,461 free colored—3,942,681 are natives—147,426 are foreigners. The number of males is 2,146,432, and of females 1,916,614. Of the whole, New-York is set down for 692,321. Ohio comes next with 514,309. Pennsylvania follows with 509,610.

The total number of Colleges in the United States is 234. Number of teachers 1,651; pupils, 27,159. Annual income \$1,916,628. The total number of Academies and Seminaries in the United States is 6,032. Number of teachers 12,207; pupils 261,362. Annual income \$4,663,842. Besides these, there are 80,991 Public Schools, which are attended by 3,354,173 scholars.

The whole number of periodicals in the world are distributed in this proportion. Asia 34, Africa 14, Europe 1094, America 3000, of which 2800 are printed in the United States, and have an annual circulation of 422,600,000 copies, or, taking the account of the leading states and empires only, the numbers stand: Austria 10, Spain 24, Portugal 20, Belgium 65, France 269, Switzerland 39, Denmark 85, Russia and Poland 90, the German States 320, Great Britain and Ireland 519, the New England States 424, Middle States 876, Southern States 716, and the Western States 784. It will thus be seen that the newspapers are a pretty good comparative index of civilization, for just in the degree in which we average from the more despotic and stationary conditions of society, we find these means of intellectual intercourse and entertainment increasing in number,—the United States and Great

Britain standing first on the list, and Austria and Russia the last.

Then, again, as to churches, it appears that there are 36,221, exclusive of the territories and California, or one church for every 557 free inhabitants, or one for every 646 of the entire population, with a total value of Church property to the amount of \$86,416,639. We might append as appropriate here, the returns of the libraries, the lyceums, the scientific associations, and the various charitable and religious societies, but that we feel that our readers have had a sufficiency of figures.

Now, all these results are highly gratifying; but why are they so? Is it because we Americans have a silly schoolboy vanity, as it is sometimes charged, in the magnitude of our wealth and power? Not at all,—if we understand the spirit of those who rejoice with us,—not at all! We have other and better motives; we exult, because these facts confirm, by an irrefragable and resistless demonstration, the political theories to which we are devoted; because they prove the great and vital truth of the necessary connection between a democratic constitution of society and the welfare of the whole people. A controversy is now going forward, among the nations of Christendom, as to the respective merits of a liberal and despotic system of government, and we throw our experience, with all its grand results, into the liberal scale. We say to the absolutist who distrusts the people, who fancies that governments were made to rule one class of men with a rod of iron, and to support another in luxurious authority, "come and see!" Behold a people who govern themselves, making Justice and Freedom the ends of their institutions, allowing to all the choice of what they shall do and think; and behold, too, the beneficent effects! The facts are before you, and judge for yourselves; but do not suppose that in making the exhibit we are moved by an inordinate and foolish pride."

The secret of the prosperity and growth of the United States, it cannot be too often repeated, is in its social and political constitution. By ordaining justice as the single object of its government, and securing to the masses the most unlimited freedom of action, they have unsealed the fountains of human progress, they have solved that problem of social destiny, which has puzzled philosophers so long, and revealed to mankind, the momentous but simple truth, that just in the degree in which you reduce to practical applica-

tion, the golden rule of Christian equity, "Do unto others as you would be done by," you win from Heaven all its richest temporal and spiritual blessings.

The operation of the law is this; that, in restricting the political power to its legitimate function of maintaining justice among men, you generate in each individual, a perfect sense of the security of his person and property; he is made certain of the reward of his labor, and he applies himself in the most effective manner to multiply his necessities and comforts; he enriches the community by enriching himself; his accumulations become the seed of future accumulations; while, being thrown upon his own resources, not only for his maintenance, but his position in life, he exerts his every faculty to the highest degree, to improve his state. He tasks his ingenuity to increase production;—to invent machines, to facilitate processes to economize time, in short, to make the most, both of himself and his opportunities. An English gentleman, one of the Commissioners to the Crystal Palace, observed to a friend of ours, that the fact which had impressed him most strongly, in reference to the industry of the Americans, was not its activity so much as its indescribable knowingness, its ability to meet all emergencies, its readiness under difficulties, its quick facility in applying means to ends. "You have a thousand little convenient contrivances, in all departments of arts, and even in all the appliances of living, that we know nothing about, and should never have devised." In other words, we may say that the *quality* of our labor is better than that of the people with whom government or society perpetually interferes, and consequently more effective. It realizes more than any other labor from the same expenditure of means. The Greeks and Romans we are told valued the labor of a slave at half that of a freeman, and we know the reason of it; for as Homer himself sings,

"The day,

That makes man slave, takes half his worth away."

But there is another effect of that security and freedom of labor, that springs from just government,—pointed out by Mr. Carey,—which, in our opinion, is the most important truth contributed to Political Economy since the days of Adam Smith. It is this, that where the industry of society is left to its own development, while the gross product of it is increased, a larger proportion of it goes to the laborer, and a diminished proportion to the capitalist; whereby the value of the laborer constantly rises, the number of the unpro-

ductive classes grows smaller, a greater equality of conditions is produced, and all men are stimulated through hope, to the improvement of their intellectual and social condition. The misery of the older nations is that the earnings of industry are distributed, by means of the innumerable interferences of laws and institutions, with the most flagrant want of justice. The working class, which is the most effective of all the agencies concerned in the production of it gets the least part, while the capitalist, and the official functionaries take the rest. Thus, the stimulus to active industry is so far forth withdrawn, overgrown fortunes concentrate in particular families, and an excessive expenditure, going to support large classes in idleness or sinecureships, debauches the action of government.

In the United States, on the contrary, the share of the laborer in every joint product, increases relatively; he is enabled to rise in his condition, to take one step upward, and, with every generation, to devote a larger portion of his time and means to the improvement of his mind, and the refinement of his tastes. The consequence is, that society, as a whole, is levelled upwards; the few are not pulled down, but the many are elevated; the circle of intelligence and culture widens, and the disposition as well as the means, for patronizing art and promoting charity, become the common privileges of larger and larger numbers, instead of being the prerogatives of a favored minority. Moralists, therefore, are short-sighted, who lament what they esteem to be the excessive devotion of our people to practical life; for, it is a precursor of their general enlightenment and elevation. It is preparing the masses, in spite of all the apparent materialism and worldliness of the process, for a higher civilization. It is multiplying their wants and their methods of satisfying them, which are both elements of a larger and better life. Consider the demand for books, and generally the best books,—for music, and the best music,—for lectures, and the best lectures,—in short, for all kinds of intellectual and moral incitation,—how it is diffusing itself through all classes of our people, in the midst of the tremendous bustle of work and trade! Where is there a nation in which the masses of the community have a more living and growing interest in whatever gives dignity and grace to human relations? Have the towns of New England a parallel, for intellectual activity and moral integrity, in Europe? Yet the towns in New England are

more and more imitated in the Middle States, at the West, and even under a different social system of the South. Cherish no fears, then, oh apprehensive friends! for you may rest assured, that democracy is spreading the noblest influences of art, knowledge, and religion along with an unprecedented material development. "The house that is a building," quoth Carlyle, "is not the house that is built," and a wise man beholds through the smut and rubbish that encumber the scaffolding the fair proportions of the finished edifice.

But the most striking fact of our growth is its tendency to a more beneficent and harmonious social union. The physical aspects of the Continent, as we have already seen, point the way to this end,—the mobile and enterprising character of our people looks in the same direction; the prodigious multiplication of the mere mechanical means of intercourse promote it; the common legislation of the central

government cherishes a common national spirit, while the general sentiment of the popular heart, in spite of political prejudices or local estrangements, which are few and temporary, is melting the entire nation into a close and fraternal unity. Every day, in the face of that powerful expansive movement which carries us over the broad territories of the West, and to the unoccupied or misused lands of the South, we are getting nearer to each other in space, and drawing nearer to each other in mutual respect and affection. We are thus exemplifying that process which is the distinguishing mark of the highest civilization, viz., the growth of a more and more complex association among men; and we are also reaching forward towards the ideal of a true Christian life, according to that beautiful image of the Scriptures drawn from the harmonious workings of the natural body, which represents mankind as "members one of another," in a spirit of universal fellowship and peace.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE PLAINS.

"For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth stray."

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*.

ON the 20th of May, A. D., 1852, I was pursuing my slow and somewhat devious course across the unbroken wilderness which lies between our Western frontier and California. Who I am is of no particular consequence, as this *I* is a very vague, commonplace, generic sort of character, in the commencement of a story, that may even feel flattered if he has succeeded in throwing around himself any individual interest at its conclusion. As the motives, however, which impel a man to such a journey, and the objects he has in view, seem to come more within the range of a natural curiosity, and may serve to give a coloring to the incidents of his story, it will perhaps be expected that I admit the reader to my confidence in this respect.

First, then, negatively, I was on no tour of exploration or scientific discovery. I had not sold, or—what is the same thing—mortgaged a good farm in the settled States to purchase a square rod of claim in the El Dorado. I had not set out with the "sink or swim, live or die" determination of making a fortune. I can only

plead guilty, in this particular, to the indistinct vision of a "pile," which every one who turns his face towards the land of golden hills and auriferous streams has floating before his imagination. In the second place, positively, if I can bring out of the haze of memory what was then not very distinct in my consciousness, the only motives which I can specify—though it is not a very satisfactory account to give of myself—were curiosity and the love of adventure. I should, perhaps, add an unsettled state of mind caused by domestic circumstances, with which you, dear reader, have no concern, and which I *now* wonder had then such power to move me.

I had already, in my short life, twice been to California—once by the way of the Isthmus, and, years before its golden mines were discovered, I had visited the then unimportant town of San Francisco—but I had never travelled in the deep solitude of vast prairies and rugged mountains, thousands of miles from the haunts of civilization. I had never been in the lodge of the Pawnee, the Sioux, the Oma-

haw, the Cheyenne, the "Digger," and the Lord only knows how many more tribes of Indians, nor held a pow-wow with these unsophisticated aboriginals; and my long cherished purpose to do this must be gratified. Besides, I wished to shake hands with my friend Brigham Young, and get a peep into his Harem—not knowing but the sight of the sacred plates, or of some Mormon beauty, might convert me to the latter revelations, and *salt* me down on the borders of the great lake of that name.

But, whatever brought me there—there I was, on the aforesaid 20th, in the desert, about a day's journey from New Fort Kearney, on the military route to Oregon, and about three hundred miles from my starting point on the Missouri River. I was well equipped for such a journey. A light carriage, drawn by two thoroughbreds, which as yet had shown no diminution of mettle or bottom, led the way. This was a regular *multum in parvo*, constructed after a plan of my own, at considerable expense, and was provided with appliances of comfort, means of defence, and sources of amusement, that would make the uninitiated wonder. Not a square inch of its interior but was hung with munitions of war, fishing tackle, books, &c. &c., not omitting all the essentials to a dear lover of the weed—alas! all destined, with the exception of my splendid meerschau—now hanging in triumph over the mantel,—vehicle, and all, to lie scattered in fragmentary confusion along the route. A large, four horse caravan-looking wagon, filled with provender for man and beast, cooking utensils, bedding, &c., followed. Besides these I had some spare animals for the saddle, and to supply the places of any which might give out. My companions were three active and hardy sons of the West, whom I had engaged to go with me for "aid and comfort."

The day had been cold and disagreeable; and warned by the black and lowering sky, and the gathering clouds, which portended a coming storm, I concluded to stop some time before the approach of evening. My tent was therefore pitched, and every thing made secure for the night, the horses turned out, and our hearty meal of bacon and hard bread concluded. It was not yet dark, when an infatuated desire of "passing an evening out" began to possess me. The monotony of the journey had become somewhat oppressive; my internal resources had begun to fail; Shakespeare did not seem quite so original as usual; and no one, who has

any more impressibility than a Turk, can smoke all the time. My restlessness was undoubtedly increased by the knowledge of the fact that there were other encampments, in my immediate vicinity, of fellow-travellers wending their way California-ward, on the same graceless errand with myself, who had also been admonished to secure quarters for the night before the storm broke upon them. I had formed the acquaintance of some of them, in the excursions which I was accustomed to make from my own party, on horseback, in search of amusement, and of the "variety which is the spice of life," especially on such a journey. The previous day I had thus fallen in with a Dr. C—e, of St. Louis, and his amiable and accomplished lady, who were braving the fatigues of a journey "across lots" to San Francisco, where I trust he is now reaping a rich harvest of professional success. His tent I supposed to be about a mile from my own, and I pined for the society I had found so congenial. So, encasing myself in an India Rubber suit, and paying no heed to the warnings of my companions, or the still, small voice of presentiment in my own breast, I set out on foot for the Doctor's. The ground over which I had to pass was undulating and broken, and meeting several ravines filled with stagnant water, I was compelled to make quite a detour in order to reach his camp. I found my friends "at home," and was received with a most cordial welcome and graceful hospitality.

The evening passed away rapidly, in familiar and pleasant talk about home and friends, our mutual adventures and future prospects, and afforded a social enjoyment of which civilized balls, routs and reunions can give but a faint idea. The increasing storm, however, which made itself heard above our cheerful voices, and which shook with violence our frail canopy, admonished me that it was time to return to my own camp, if I designed to go at all that night. My friends urged me to stay; but, as a person occupies more space lying down than sitting up, I doubted the feasibility of the project, as there was no peg to hang on, or post to lean against. So I said, "no, I thank you," with a most determined tone, though not without some little faintness of heart, and sallied forth upon the invisible expanse. Oh, and such a night! It was darker than Erebus and Egypt together. The wind was blowing in fierce and fitful gusts, the rain pouring down in torrents. Altogether, it was as fearful a storm and as uncomfortable a night as had ever fallen within the

range of my experience in different quarters of the globe. Few pedestrians would willingly encounter the fury of such a storm even in the streets of a great city.

On first emerging from the shelter of a good tent, I was saluted by a blast of wind and rain that actually staggered me, and drove me temporarily back. My hospitable friends then absolutely insisted upon it that I should pass the night with them. It would be a suicidal tempting of Providence, they said, to think of reaching my camp, and I would certainly lose my way. But a foolish feeling of pride would not allow me to listen to their pressing entreaties or warning remonstrances. I was an old sailor, I told them, and my nautical experience would enable me to find my way, especially as I had carefully noted the direction of the wind as I came along. Besides, I thought it was not altogether improbable that a stampede of my own animals might take place on so tempestuous a night—in which case I should be sorry to be absent. Alas! how little I dreamed of the suffering and anguish which my reckless self-confidence and foolish conceit of my own skill were to cause me!

"Let him who wanders by a devious way,
Look to his reckoning—or wide astray
His barque may veer on peril's fatal track."

The Doctor, finding that I would not be persuaded, held a lantern for me at the entrance of his tent, that I might occasionally look back and take my "departure" from it. So I wrapped yet closer my *poncho* about me, and set forth on my perilous journey with a stout heart and a cheerful "good night." I designed to keep the wind about "two points on the starboard quarter" of my nose, but I was obliged to deviate from a straight line to avoid the *gulches* of which I have before spoken, which soon caused me to lose sight of the cheering and guiding light behind, and I had no other resource than to keep on to the best of my judgment, though I could not help the growing feeling that I was decidedly "in for it." As I was walking along at as rapid a gait as was consistent with proper caution, I suddenly felt the earth crumbling beneath my feet, and, before I could recover myself, was precipitated some fifteen feet down a ravine, and landed in a ditch, the water of which was nearly to my waist when standing up, which was not exactly my position when I touched bottom. I came down with a perfect facility—but to scramble up the steep and slippery bank, like the ascent from a more classic region—*hic labor, hoc opus fuit*.

After several ineffectual attempts, which resulted in a mortifying failure, and which considerably damped my courage and pantaloons, I at length succeeded in reaching *terra firma*; and there I was—lost consciously, as I had been before in reality—my pride all gone—and my courage oozing, with the water, out of my dripping garments. Need I be ashamed to own it? I bellowed most lustily for assistance; ringing reiterated changes upon help! fire! murder! and all the similar exclamations which have been canonized in the use of respectable distressed persons since the invention of our mother tongue.

I knew that there were camps not very far distant, and had a slight hope that the occupants of some one of them might hear me. But the hope was vain. Though I called—nay, even howled—"they answered not again." At length, to my inexpressible relief I heard, as I supposed, the whining of a dog. Was it indeed this? or did my ears deceive me? No—in the lull of the storm, I heard it yet more distinctly. In such a place, on such a night, the bark of "mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me," would have seemed friendly, and I followed the sound. As I advanced, however, it appeared to recede, until a growl that I well understood filled me with consternation. The audible *ignis fatuus* that I had been pursuing was a prairie wolf. I knew well that this animal seldom, if ever, made an attack upon a man, except when rendered desperate by hunger; but still, to a lost traveller, in the midst of Egyptian darkness, and in such a lonely and strange spot, wolf-tones are calculated to create any thing but agreeable sensations, especially when he is familiar with veracious accounts of their chasing Russian sledgedrivers and tasting their quality.

There was no hope of rescue for the night, and the only thing that remained to me was to make myself as comfortable as I could, where I was, until morning. I sat down, made a sort of *marquée* tent of my *poncho*, by drawing it over my head and putting my arms a-kimbo, pulled out from the capacious pockets of my large vest, made expressly for this journey, the inseparable companion of all my excursions, mine incomparable *meerscham* (I had it "jury-rigged" at such times, as the long, *Wechsel* stem was inconvenient to carry), some tobacco, and a bunch of matches which were well protected from the water, and soon surrounded myself with the comforts of an Irish cabin, the pleasant volume rolling

up, as if intimating the speechless gratitude of the smoker.

Fitz-Boodle in enumerating the various times when a good cigar is most consoling—"after a hard day's sport, or a day spent indoors, or after a good dinner, or a bad one, or at night when you are tired, or in the morning when you are fresh, or of a cold winter's day, or of a scorching summer's afternoon, or—at any other moment you choose to fix upon"—never passed such a night as I did, amid the wild waste of such a wilderness, or his "confessions" on this subject would have been more specific.

After sitting till my limbs were chilled and stiff, I would get up and walk about, in as near a geometrical circle as I could describe, so as not to wander far from my position, and then sit down again, light my pipe afresh, and with the aid of the same match (for a prophetic economy was stealing over me) look to my watch, in utter astonishment that the long hours I supposed had passed were hardly a short half one. Sages are supposed to see charms in the face of solitude; but they would have found it very difficult to see any if they had been in my place, and they certainly would have preferred "the alarms" of any habitable part of the globe to the "rain in that horrible place." Men have been known to moralize under the gallows—my peril, though without shame, was little less—and I moralized. I thought to myself what a devout charlatan in *sentiment* Cowper was, and wondered whether he would have been willing to be "shut out from all noise and rumors of the world," in the same manner that I was.

The wearisome night at length wore away. The violence of the storm had abated, but there was a drizzling rain and a thick fog, and I dared not move from my tracks. I waited as patiently as I could for several hours, but as the fog did not light up any, I again attempted to find the camp, though without success.

I must have wandered far from my right course during the night, in my perambulations to keep warm, as I could discover no trace of the road or the camp, and no answer came back to my repeated shouts. I then began to feel seriously uneasy. I knew my own men would not wait for me. My positive instructions to them were always to harness up in the morning and "move on," if I did not make my appearance at breakfast, as I was sometimes absent from the camp over night, and I knew that the different companies must have all passed on. I then

endeavored to find the road by pursuing a zigzag, Virginia rail-fence sort of a course; going two or three miles in one direction, and then striking off from it, at a greater or less angle, in another. I walked in this way several hours, but all to no purpose. During the whole time I had been observing carefully the ground, if perchance I might discover the imprint of a hoof, a broken twig, or any sign of the grass having been fed—but not a solitary vestige could I perceive of living thing.

Then it was, for the very first time, that the thought flashed like lightning across my mind, in all its terrible distinctness and significance, that I *might* fail to find the road, and perish from hunger. Great God! what mental agony this caused me! I had a full sense of the danger of my situation, and felt that I must summon all my energies for a desperate effort to save myself. My clothes were heavy; so I took off my coat, trowsers, boots, which were very thick, and stockings, and threw them away. I could not afford to be encumbered and have my progress impeded by superfluous weight, for was I not running a race against time, and was not dear life the stake!

I would have thrown away my money belt, containing a few hundred dollars in gold, merely to be relieved of its weight; but my experience, even among New Zealand cannibals, had taught me that gold has a magic charm for the savage as well as the white man, and that it is awkward to find one's self minus, not only in the heart of a great city, but even in the midst of the desert of Sahara. I accelerated my pace almost to a run, and giving up as futile all attempts to find the road, I started anew, with the determination to proceed to the Platte River, and follow up its windings to the Fort. The sun all this time "disdained to shine," and my only guide was the wind, which I judged from its keenness to be blowing from the North—though I learned by subsequent inquiry, from the Surgeon of the Fort, who kept meteorological tables, that the wind had been East, which at that season of the year is colder than one coming from the North. I had a general idea of the geography of the country, and of the relative course of the river and the road, and hoped—though it was but a hope—that I might be able to reach the former.

I had not gone far before I came to a deep valley, a most wild and sequestered spot—probably never before trodden by the foot of a white man. It was, as near as I could judge, about five miles in diameter, and

environed by high bluffs. This was literally covered with buffalo bones through its whole extent, and was evidently a spot where these animals were in the habit of gathering in the fall, before their usual period for migrating to the South, and where, tempted by the late grass and sheltering hills which shut out the bleak winds, they had been hemmed in by thousands, until the severity of the winter warned them to leave; when the deep snows in the passes prevented their egress, and they must have perished from hunger and cold—leaving their bones to whiten there in the sun and rain.

"A ghastly place of sepulchre—where yet no human head
Perchance had pillowed."

No language can give any idea of the fearful desolation of the place. It filled my heart with a nameless dread. I could think of nothing but the valley seen in prophetic vision, and I almost expected to hear the awful voice breaking upon the solitude—"Can these dry bones live?" My course lay directly across the valley, and hardly looking around me, I ran at full speed, without stopping, till I had passed it, which I must have done in an almost incredibly short space of time. I continued my way, walking and running, as fast as I could, guided only by the wind, which must have actually veered all round the compass; for, after travelling what seemed to me about twenty miles, to my inexpressible horror, there lay before me the valley of bones, and what was worse, I found that I had come back again to within a hundred yards of the spot whence I had started, which I readily identified by a singular collection of bones I had stopped to examine when speculating upon the anatomy of the buffalo in the morning.

My fatiguing journey of hours had been lost. My heart now fairly sank within me, despair stared me in the face, and I threw myself upon the ground in a bitterness of soul too deep for tears. Here, then, thought I, is to be my final resting-place! In this great charnel house of the wilderness, my bones are destined to moulder without sepulture! Oh, if I could but perish in some fierce encounter with man or beast, or in some desperate struggle with the elements, it would be some relief! If a savage Indian would rise up before me, tomahawk in hand and yelling his startling war-whoop, how grateful would be the sight, and how gladly would I grapple with him in the death struggle! But to die like a dog—a lingering death of exhaustion and star-

vation—alone, without the presence even of an enemy to connect me with my race—the thought was insupportable! I tried to banish it, but in vain! The ghost which my excited fancy had conjured up would not down at my bidding. In a paroxysm of despair, without thought, without settled purpose, hardly knowing what I did, I grasped my pistol, cocked it, put the muzzle to my head and pulled the trigger; but it had been filled with water, and I was saved from an act abhorrent to my principles and feelings, and upon which—though almost involuntary—I cannot look back without a shudder of remorse. I could not but regard it as an interposition of Providence in my behalf, and feelings of gratitude and submission filled my heart. Thoughts of loved ones at home came stealing over me, and I breathed an earnest prayer for their happiness. The bitterness of anguish was gone, and a delicious feeling of calm and resignation succeeded. The touching monody of the poet kept vibrating in my memory and even rising to my lips.

"I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

But the ground was very damp, the rain was pelting, and the air quite cold, and I soon awoke again to the full consciousness of the fearful dangers which environed me, and the necessity and duty of making one last, resolute effort for self-preservation. So I arose, took out my ivory tablets, pencilled a few lines of kind remembrance and farewell to my family, in the faint hope that if exhausted nature should fail, and I should perish on the way, perchance some stranger might find my mouldering remains; and then addressed myself anew, if not with hope yet with a stern courage, to my toilsome journey. I found myself, however, exceedingly lame—my feet were blistered, and full of briars and the thorns of the prickly pear over which I had been walking all day, and I could not make great progress. Night soon overtook me, but it was of no use to stop, and I kept on—on—on—like the Wandering Jew, through the long and dreary hours of that memorable night, watching the heavens, with the utmost intentness, for a single star to send a ray of light through the gloomy and funeral pall that overhung me, to guide me on my way.

I have kept some wearisome watches in my life—one of four hours at midnight off the pitch of Cape Horn, on the lee yard

arm, trying to furl a frozen and refractory sail, with the driving sleet cutting my face and hands till the blood came—and another, I well remember, of a long day in a shattered boat on the desolate coast of Kamschatka, our ship hull down to leeward, when three of my companions perished, one after another, of cold and exhaustion, before we were picked up—but never a watch like that of this fearful night! Eternities of thought seemed to crowd into the space of its few brief hours.

Morning, though long delayed, at length came; and still rain, rain, fog, fog—there was no “lodge in this vast wilderness,” but what “a boundless contiguity of shade!” enough to have satisfied the most ardent aspirations of any poet of solitude. Every thing was dreary and desolate, and gave no hope of better weather. Still the light of day, though dim, was pleasant and my courage somewhat revived. As I trudged along I tried to relieve the tedium by calling to mind passages from my favorite authors, especially those applicable to my condition. “Never say die,” was often on my lips. I recollected, too, that “while there’s life there’s hope,” and I blessed the memory of Pope for the sentiment, “hope springs eternal in the human breast”—but then the striking passage “hope deferred maketh the heart sick,” would obtrude itself on my thoughts. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that the quotations were three to one in my favor, and accepted it as an omen of my chances.

I had not, as yet, eaten any thing except a few mushrooms, and a sort of wild pea-pod I had gathered as I walked along, and those not to satisfy my hunger; for, strange to say, I felt no craving for food; but because I knew that nature needed sustenance, and that my strength could not hold out without it. I did not know whether the pea-pods were poisonous or not; and to tell the truth, at first I did not much care, and rather hoped they were, preferring a death by poison to one of starvation. I afterwards ascertained that they were perfectly harmless and not without nutriment. The water I greedily drank from stagnant pools was sweeter to my taste than the clearest spring, or the most delicious drinks, which the ingenuity of man has concocted, ever were to me before. During this day I saw an elk, a few antelopes, some score of wolves, to say nothing of plover and small game; one of the antelopes came within half a pistol shot of me, but I had no weapon to molest him. The timid animal seemed

aware of the fact, for he gazed at me with an air of wonder, and, on my nearer approach, snuffed the air quite unconcernedly, and moved off very much at his leisure.

The agitation of my mind and the excitement of my situation not only rendered me insensible to hunger, but also to pain and almost to fatigue. I felt the strength of a giant, and longed for some occasion to exercise it. At one time, in my reckless and defiant mood, I gave chase to a gaunt wolf which crossed my path, and followed him to his hole, at the entrance of which I waited for some time, in the hope that he would come forth, and that I might grapple him with my naked hands. I could have torn him limb from limb, and drank up his warm life-blood with a savage joy. With the fear of starvation and the prospect of a lingering death before me, I should have been endowed with superhuman strength for the conflict. The instinct of the brute, perhaps, taught him that I was an enemy not to be trifled with, and acting on the principle that discretion is the better part of valor, he refused to come out; after giving him a reasonable opportunity to do so, I “moved on.”

The day passed without any incident worthy of mention. The face of the country through which I passed was very striking, and exceedingly lonesome. It somewhat resembled a vast rolling prairie, though the elevations were more distinct and irregular—rising in fact into high bluffs, bleak and bare, which seemed to hem me in on every side. There were no wooded spots, and not even a solitary tree appeared to relieve the eye or break the monotony of the scene. When I had toiled up one ascent in the hope of gaining a more extended prospect from the summit, perhaps of seeing the termination of the prairie, still another bluff, seemingly higher than the one I stood upon, rose up before me, and so on in an apparently endless succession. I walked with great rapidity, making only the short delays I have mentioned, alternating between hope and anxiety, though on the whole I kept up as stout a heart as could be expected under the circumstances, and this enabled me to make a progress which, doubtless, was the means of my ultimate salvation.

As the day declined, the heavy clouds began to roll away and the sky became lighter. At length the disc of the sun faintly showed itself, for a moment, through the intervening cloud and mist, just above the edge of the horizon, and

never did Persian devotee gaze upon it with a more fond idolatry, or shipwrecked mariner look up to it from amid the surging waves of ocean, with a more exultant heart, than did I at this time. It was to me an omen of safety—the pledge of a providential guidance—the benignant face of love—for the casual glimpse I caught of it assured me that I was not mistaken in my course, and that I was travelling in the right direction to come to the river. "Now came still evening on," and the sober shades of night slowly gathered o'er earth and sky. The cloud had mostly passed away, and Venus, bright evening "star of hope," shone out, with its cheering and animated ray, from the tranquil heavens.

"A beam of comfort, * * * * *
Glide the black horror, and directs my way."

And surely never was its guiding light more grateful to the benighted, lost traveller, than it was to me on this third night of my wretched wanderings. I travelled with hardly a moment's rest, till morning, and when the sun rose, which it did in all its refulgence, my straining and delighted vision caught the reflection of its beams in the placid waters of the majestic Platte. I had been quite hopeful all night—had hummed snatches from familiar operas, and repeated all the passages I could remember from favorite authors, and even enjoyed, in anticipation, the comforts and pleasures which awaited me when I again should reach the haunts of men—but when the glad sight met my eye, and the conviction burst upon me that I was saved—saved from perils nameless and fearful, which had almost frozen my life's blood with terror—saved from a death of agony, unsoothed, unpitied, unwept, my remains uncoffined and unblest, and no stone to tell where, in the pathless wilderness, they should lie—no one, unless he has passed through a similar scene, can conceive of the strange tumult of my feelings, in which an overpowering joy was predominant.

I was wild with exultation and excitement. The excess of happiness actually bordered on pain, and I could find no way to give vent to my struggling and pent up sensibilities. I laughed and cried by turns, shouted, danced, and committed all sorts of extravagances. After a while, becoming more collected, I started on a full run for the river, at a rate that would have done credit to an Indian, and did not slacken speed till I found myself near its banks. I have looked on many scenes of surpassing beauty and wild magnificence in our own and other lands, but not

one of them ever swelled my heart with half the rapture I felt as I gazed upon the clear and placid waters of that silver stream, and cast my eye along its winding and wooded banks. It was not distance, but association, which lent enchantment to *that* view. I was disappointed in not having crossed the old Fort Kearney road, and was about to plunge into the river and swim to the opposite shore, where I knew there was another route to the Fort, when I discovered the road running along the very edge of the bank, within a few feet of me, and, what was more, there were the fresh imprints of hoofs and human feet upon it, and the prospect of rescue was changed to its certainty. I was near to—I should soon see again my fellow-men! The excitement, the revulsion of my feelings, perhaps the unconscious fatigue I had endured, were too much for me, and I sank fainting upon the ground. How long I lay there, without consciousness, I know not—probably not a great length of time, so far as I could judge by the height of the sun. When I recovered and found the use of my limbs, I commenced to drag myself along the road, wearily and with the sense of exhaustion, in the direction of the Fort. I had gone but a little distance before I caught sight of a camp about a mile ahead. I quickened my pace and soon was in its midst. My first thought was food. The pangs of hunger, which I had hardly felt before, became now perfectly uncontrollable. I rushed up to a man who was cooking something over a fire kindled on the ground, kicked off the hot cover of a baker with my naked foot, and snatching the half-baked bread it contained, began to devour it with the eagerness of a famished wolf. The man, upon recovering from his surprise, not exactly comprehending, in my case, the necessity which knows no law, and perhaps thinking the loss of his meal a rather serious joke, attempted to interfere; but, exhausted as I was by abstinence and fatigue, I threw him from me as easily as if he had been a child, and kept on eating, trying to intimate to him, between the mouthfuls, that I might prove an ugly customer if molested—that I had been lost, and that my funds (pointing to my money belt) were at his service. The whole encampment, men, women and children, were soon around me, with wonder, suspicion, amusement and alarm, depicted on their faces; and well might my sudden apparition have startled them, as they afterwards confessed it did not a little. My wan and haggard looks—my un-

kempt and dishevelled hair—my apparel, approaching the simplicity of primitive times, if not in character yet certainly in quantity, consisting only of my vest and a torn and dirty shirt—my limbs lacerated by briars and covered with blood, and my feet swollen to an unusual size from treading on thorns and sharp stones—must have made them hesitate whether to set me down as flesh and blood or “goblin damned”—I certainly had come to them in a most “questionable shape.” However, when I was able to tell my story, I experienced from them the most kind and hospitable treatment. They were a company of Oregon emigrants, who were “laying over” the Sabbath, to recruit themselves and animals. My feet were carefully dressed, my hunger was allayed—it could not be satisfied—though I wonder I did not kill myself with gormandizing; but thanks to a good digestion, and the absence of any of the faculty, I experienced no inconvenience from the quantities of bread and bacon which I had eaten. I was provided with a pair of nether integuments, somewhat the worse for wear, it is true, but affording, at any rate, a relief to my distressed modesty.

After luxuriating awhile in the comfort of being found, and answering an indefinite number of questions about my sensations while I was lost, I fell into a train of sleepy reflections, of which I only recollect thinking how many more charms there were in the human face divine, whether clean or dirty, handsome or ugly, old or young, than in the face of solitude—and that there were more things in heaven and earth than Zimmerman had ever dreamed of in his philosophy; from which reflections I was roused by an invitation to retire for the night, or day rather, and soon found oblivion of all my troubles in a good feather bed—taking “mine ease,” if not “in mine own inn,” yet in my host’s wagon. If ever I enjoyed the privileges of that “blessed institution” of sleep, it was then and there, and the way I paid “attention to it” for the next twenty hours, or so, would have astonished old Morpheus himself, if he were living in these days. I was at length awakened by the arrival of a party, headed by one of my own men, who, becoming alarmed at my long absence, had been out searching for me in every direction, and had finally struck upon the river.

I found, upon inquiry, that the distance, in a straight line, from the point where I diverged from the Fort Leavenworth military road, to the place I reached on

the old Fort Kearney road, was not more than thirty-five miles; but the circuitous route I took could not have been less than one hundred and fifty miles—judging by the time I was out and the speed with which I travelled. At any rate it was a comfortable stretch, and I can only recommend any one who is disposed to regard it as a trifle, to make a like excursion under the same circumstances.

Dulcis est memoria præteritorum malorum, says the adage; but with the exception of a slight sketch of the adventure I wrote at the time, I have felt little inclination to indulge in the sweets of its recollection.

Upon reaching the Fort, I found that the news of my having been lost had preceded me, and had excited a general alarm. I was greeted with a most hearty welcome, and found myself an object of no little curiosity and interest. Every one congratulated me upon what was considered an almost miraculous escape from a frightful death. The commandant at the post, Captain Wharton, of the 6th Infantry, as also his estimable lady, were most kind and friendly to me; and their warm sympathies and hearty hospitalities, as they were most grateful in the reception, so they have lost none of their value in the remembrance. They invited me to their house, and in the enjoyment of every comfort—of every luxury I might say—of graceful attention and of most delightful society, I soon almost forgot the perils and sufferings through which I had passed, or learned to look back upon them as a disturbed dream.

I desire here to make grateful mention of the attentions I received from the surgeon and chaplain of the Fort, with whose families I formed a most agreeable acquaintance. Their kindness will not be forgotten.

My health was not in the slightest degree affected by my toils and privations, and after the rest of a few days I was as hearty again as a buck. I should not in gratitude forget to add, that Captain Wharton had a detachment of soldiers and a party of friendly Indians ready to go in quest of me, in case the various companies of emigrants who were seeking me had not succeeded in finding me on the very day they did. I here learned that two other emigrants who had strayed from the road a fortnight before, in pursuit of game, had been lost, and their lifeless remains—they having been starved to death—had been discovered by the Indians. The Pawnees and Cheyennes had also been quite troublesome, and had

committed sundry depredations upon the emigrants—stealing their stock and killing one man—which so recent occurrences did not serve to allay the apprehensions on my account. Indeed Captain W. had been obliged to send a detachment of troops to the principal village of the Pawnees, with orders to lay it waste in case the fullest reparation was not accorded and the offenders brought to justice. I afterward learned that the Indians, when they saw the preparations made against them, were most willing to accede to the terms imposed upon them.

There are hundreds of persons now living in California and Oregon, and numbers who have returned from thence, to whom the adventure I have narrated so imperfectly, and which excited some little interest at the time, will be familiar, and who will readily identify the writer as the "great lost," if these pages should ever meet their eye.

I have often been asked the questions, why I did not do this, and why I did not do that; why I did not go back to the Doctor's camp, why I did not fire off my pistol to give the alarm, &c., &c. To all of which I reply that it is very easy to do this or that, sitting down coolly at home, and quite another thing to meet the actual difficulties which present themselves in such a case. I did try, of course, to find my way back to the Doctor's—I did think of my pistol, but I doubt if it could have been heard beyond the reach of a clear and manly voice; and, as the event afterwards proved, the pistol was useless. All I can say is, I did the best I could, and I do not believe any one would be willing to put himself in a similar condition in the confidence that he could do better. Place any man in an open field, blindfold him, lead him off a few hundred yards, turn him about three or four times to settle his recollections and fix the points of compass in his mind, and then let him try to return to his starting place, and see how far he will diverge from the right direction. My situation was precisely the same as this

when I was first lost, added to which I was not fully aware of my danger, and did not take the precautions I otherwise might.

I make no pretensions to be a Fremont or a Kit Carson, but I very much doubt if their skill and experience would have been of any avail, if they had been lost as I was, in such a country as I have described, without sun, moon or stars, shrub or tree to guide them. In one respect they would have doubtless been more sensible than I was—they would not have got lost at all. At any rate, I succeeded in getting out at last, for which I live to be thankful, and—"that's something."

I have recently related this adventure, with more of detail than would be suitable to the pages of a magazine, to a highly esteemed friend, Captain Marcy, of the U. S. Army, who has been lost and found so often—so often killed and brought to life again, by the newspapers, during his last tour of exploration on the plains (an interesting and valuable report of which is, by order of Congress, in the course of publication), and who is probably one of the best frontier men in the country; and I have his testimony to the exceeding difficulty and peril of my situation, and to the perseverance and courage which resulted in my deliverance.

In concluding the narrative of this personal adventure, let me give the reader, who has been interested enough to follow it to its termination, two words of advice. The first is, that if he should ever have the hardihood to undertake the toilsome and perilous journey to California overland, he should beware of ever leaving his camp or the road, without first pretty well understanding how he is to get back, and without having a compass in his pocket. The second is, not to go by the overland route at all. It will not pay. There is nothing to compensate for the fatigue, exposure, and expense. It is much better to cross the Isthmus, to go by way of Nicaragua, to make the voyage round the Horn—and better than all, to go—in a horn—i. e., STAY AT HOME!

MODERN PROPHETS.

JOAN D'ARC.

THIS age of ours does not seem to be exactly fulfilling the promise of the godfathers who stood foremost at its baptism. The promise was, that the old faiths and enthusiasms were to be done entirely away, and all things were to be made new in the clear light of exact science, and by the strong hand of mechanical art. The French Encyclopedists supposed that they were exhausting human wisdom in their cart-load of quartos, and that after them no sane man would presume to assert any conviction which the five senses could not verify, or the calculus could not prove. The whole problem of the universe was solved into the simple facts of matter and motion; thought was evidently one of the secretions of the brain, fancy a gambol of the blood, and religion a device of priestcraft, in conspiracy with the morbid humors of a dyspeptic stomach. The men of letters in France, who were too sagacious to fall into such bold atheism, were not much above the atheists in their interpretation of the religious history of the race. Voltaire, the keenest of them all, saw nothing but imposture in the leaders of every popular faith; and he who scoffed at the Divine Nazarene could make nothing but a magnificent cheat of Mahomet, and nothing but a crack-brained driveller of Joan d'Arc.

No men of any intellectual mark read the history of the world in this frivolous spirit now. Even the writers more distinguished for their rhetorical brilliancy and keen insight than for any devout enthusiasm, treat religion as one of the great facts of humanity; and when they undertake to expose a superstition, they carefully separate the pernicious error in its composition from the great sentiment of faith with which it has been combined. To say nothing of historians as free as Michelet and Macaulay, we might show that even the most cold and analytical school of art has learned reverence under the guidance of Nature, after the manner of its august master, Goethe, who, in his "Confessions of a Fair Saint," exhibited the devout affections as tenderly as if he had learned them at the feet of Theresa or Zinzendorf. Does not the best thought in recent literature prepare us to accept the position, so well illustrated by all the creative ages and creative minds of the world, that the highest of all power

known by man is that which moves him rather than that which he himself moves? In distinguishing between genius and talent, that sagacious thinker, De Quincey, has defined the former as the state of mind in which the will is passive, under the influence of ideas, whilst talent is defined as the state of mind in which the will deliberately does its work. No honored authority is needed, however, to prove, that he who is possessed by his subject is above him who boasts of possessing it; for any child can tell the difference at once, as soon as he compares the speaker or writer who is all on fire with his subject, with him who deliberately sets it forth as a substance quite foreign to his own soul, however much under his mastery. This fact gives us the key to many a strange problem in history, and must be kept in sight in interpreting our own times. The leading question to be asked concerning a man is not so much "what plans does he set in motion?" as "what are the powers that possess and move him?" If not by genius, certainly by a power practically more efficient, the world has been governed, and is likely still to be governed, through the influence of men who are mastered by commanding ideas, and capable of possessing other men with the enthusiasm which possesses themselves. We believe, that the most noted leaders of mankind have been moved by a power that seemed to them more like a visitation from above than an invention of their own, and that even the history of conspicuous delusions, if correctly written, would serve to illustrate emotional capacities, that were created for benign uses. The prophet, whether true or false, is he who speaks as he is moved—an *out-teller*, as well as claiming to be a *foreteller*; and the history of false prophets should lead us to interpret reverentially the faculty which they pervert, and the function which they desecrate.

We are going on somewhat quietly now, and our civilization seems to rest upon a basis of scientific fact. We build houses and ships, we plant fields and orchards, we plan roads and canals, we think that we have almost reduced social science to an exact law, and the age of passion and enthusiasm is at an end. Yet who will presume to say that there are no deeps yet to be opened in human nature, and that no new facts are to transpire to

baffle the plans of the political economist? Calculation does great things, but not the greatest. It helped Columbus in the discovery of America, but did not give him his commanding motive, nor fill the New World with its master spirits. Statesmen have wished to break down the barrier that has shut China against Christendom; but no diplomacy kindled the fire that is now consuming the Mantchou throne, and bringing religious enthusiasm into combination with the old Chinese nationality, to throw open the gates of that mysterious country to the commerce of the world. The greatest events in human history bring their own letter of introduction, and do not ask men leave to come before they appear. Great follies seem to follow something of the same law. Thirty years ago, who would have supposed it possible that a system so monstrous as Mormonism could prosper in a country whose boast is in its freedom and light, and that it would bring a State into our Union under its own sway? In the view of most persons, mesmerism of all kinds belongs to the same category, and the old school of thinkers stand aghast at the claims of judges and senators to hold communication with disembodied spirits.

Our thoughts have been drawn into this channel by reading a charming and instructive little volume, from the pen of the learned and accomplished Karl Hase, of the University of Jena. It is entitled, "*Modern Prophets*,"* and is made up of a few graphic historical papers, read at reunions of ladies and gentlemen at Jena and Weimar. The fascinating narrative in the text, with the rich learning in the accompanying notes, gives the book great value, alike for what it teaches and for what it suggests. Without being trammelled by his pages, we will take from them some hints that may throw light on certain of the illusions of our own day. It needs no great sagacity to draw from the researches of this profound church historian, proofs that our America, in this nineteenth century, is not wholly different from France, Italy, and Germany in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Let our first illustration be from France, and from the career of that singular being who is usually portrayed more as a creature of romance than as a historical personage—Joan d'Arc. Fascinating, however, as is the garb in which poetry has arrayed the heroic maiden, in the plain

guise of sober history, she wins far more upon our pity and admiration. The story of her condemnation and of her posthumous acquittal, with all the legal documents and historical memorials connected with her career, recently published, for the first time, by Jules Quicherat, in Paris, gives Joanna a far higher moral and philosophical interest, even, than the splendid drama by which Schiller so powerfully vindicated her name from the ribaldry of Voltaire and his school of scoffers.

To find the home of the heroine who was to rescue the nationality of France from the rapacity of England, in the fifteenth century, we look to the little village of Domremy, on the borders of Lorraine. She was born, in 1412, of respectable parents, who won a frugal livelihood, by their own labor, upon a little land with a few cattle. The child was brought up with the other children of the house and the village, and when of sufficient age, she worked in the field in summer, and in winter she sewed and spun. Her playmates often joked her upon her compassionate and devout sensibility; yet, in spite of their jokes, she would often go apart by herself in the pasture, as if to talk with God. Her passion for almsgiving was so great that she sometimes gave away her father's property, and occasionally she resigned her own bed to the poor, and slept upon the hearth. Small was her stock of learning, for she could neither read nor write, and her mother taught her the Lord's prayer, the angelus, and the creed. Nevertheless, she was a most resolute devotee, went every morning to mass, knelt reverently at the vesper bell, and every Saturday she walked up the woody hill above Domremy to the chapel of the holy virgin of Vermont, to whom she lighted a taper, and, when the season allowed, she offered a bunch of flowers. She was thirteen years old when the strange appearances came to her which shaped her destiny. She was walking in her father's garden on a fast day, when she heard a voice coming in the direction of the church, and attended by a great brightness. She was at first alarmed, but afterwards became assured that it was the voice of the archangel Michael. Announced by him, St. Catherine and St. Margaret also appeared, and often returned. These saints told her very simple things, quite in the manner of a child's fancies; she was to go from time to time to confession, and was to be a good girl.

Neue Propheten; Drei historische-politische Kirchenbilder. Von Dr. Karl Hase, Professor an der Universität Jena, &c. Leipzig. pp. ix. 367.

The little devotee clung rapturously to this stolen communion with heaven. She received her celestial guests upon her knees, with clasped hands; she kissed the ground which they touched; she wept at their departure, and crowned their statues in the church. Before, she had taken pleasure in dancing with the villagers, every spring-time, about the old beech tree—the fairy beech near the chapel of the Lady of Vermont; but, after that visitation, she forsook the old sports, and would not sanction an amusement that had grown out of a heathen superstition. No girlish love affair appears ever to have touched her heart, although a subject so much talked of by the village maidens was no stranger to her thoughts, and she kept her virgin freedom only by the most decided refusal of all overtures, maintaining that the two saints had received her vow of virginity, and had promised to lead her to Paradise if she kept the vow. Schiller has departed from the truth of history in ascribing a romantic passion to his heroine, and the Duke of Weimar pleasantly defended this fiction on the ground that those gentlemen, the poets, had a right, like the Creator, to make something out of nothing. Hase well replies that the Creator, who made all things from the beginning, understands also what poetry is, and that the real Maid of Orleans has fought a much severer battle in her own heart than the maiden of the romantic tragedy, and her fate is still more tragic.

Turn from this picture of rural innocence, and look at the fearful strifes that were rending France. The storm that swept over the nation was at last to reach the gentle lily that bloomed unseen in that quiet vale. A constant quarrel between France and England had been kept alive by the fact that the Kings of England, as Dukes of Normandy, were vassals of the French crown, and were constantly tempted to solve the problem of sovereignty by the sword. Driven from the very field of their noted victories, and crowded into a few strongholds on the sea-coast by the rising spirit of French nationality, the English were led to revive all their old hopes, at the beginning of the 15th century, by the incapacity of the king, and the discord of the royal family, of France. At last Paris was occupied by English troops; and before the judgment-seat of the feeble old king the Dauphin was arraigned for the murder of the Duke of Burgundy, and excluded from the throne, which was made over to the King of England, as the rightful heir. The end

of the Empire of the Lilies seemed near, and France to be destined to become English, without any native sovereign. Soon after, the feeble old king died, Henry V. of England was also taken away, and his son, Henry VI., an infant of nine months, was proclaimed Sovereign of France and England, under the regency of his uncle. The north of France, with Paris, the bourgeoisie, and the Burgundian nobility, saw in the dominion of the English the end of strife; but the south, the country people, and a part of the nobility, stood by the lineal heir, Charles VII., and by the old nationality. It was a dark day for France. A single fact is enough to state. The people of Paris broke into the prisons, murdered all the prisoners, to the number of three thousand, and in one winter night the wolves came into the streets of the city and devoured the carcasses.

At this time Joan d'Arc grew up, and shared all the loyalty so characteristic of her village. There was only one villager there who favored the Burgundian faction; and the Maid confessed afterwards that she would have liked to break his head, if it had pleased God. It is not clear at precisely what time she received the call to devote herself to the nation; but there can be no doubt of the remarkable character of the alleged communications which came to her. The archangel told her, she thought, in the most explicit way, that God has great compassion for the French people—that she was to be a good child, and to go to the aid of their king. Her saints also offered to open the way. Weeping, she said: "I am but a poor maiden, and know nothing of riding or of war." The saints replied that she was to go to Vaucouleurs, where she would find a captain of the royal army, who would lead her to the king. She afterwards said that she did not speak of these voices to any one in Domremy, although it was not forbidden her. Enough of what was going on in her mind, however, escaped her lips to alarm her father, and probably to make him dream about her going away with soldiers—an idea which struck the old man with such horror, that he declared to his son, that he would sooner have her drowned. By stratagem she at last succeeded in escaping to Vaucouleurs with her uncle, under the pretence of taking care of his sick wife. The uncle first, however, named her project to the king's captain there, who told him to give the jade a couple of good boxen ears, and send her home to her father. But she was not to be de-

tered; and, following her uncle to the place, in the plain red dress of a peasant girl, she formally demanded of the captain his escort to the king, since the Lord would secure to him the throne. Still repulsed, she remained with a citizen's wife, with whom she went daily to mass. Her devout life and enthusiastic confidence gradually won believers within her little circle. She said—"I must to the Dauphin, although I would much rather sit with my poor mother and spin—for the King of heaven has intrusted me with this mission, and by Mid-Lent I must be with the Dauphin, even if I creep along on my knees." Old legends of the salvation of France by a woman of Lorraine came to strengthen her conviction, and to add to the excitement, which went so far that, somewhat to her amusement, she was thought by some of the people to be a witch. Joanna, however, did not prevail upon the captain to attend her to the Dauphin; and she returned to her uncle, but found no peace. Again she came to Vaucouleurs, and again in vain. She induced her uncle to go with her on foot to the royal camp; but it occurred to her on the way, that she could not be received at court without a letter of recommendation from home, and she went back to Vaucouleurs. The faith in her divine mission so grew, that the Duke of Lorraine sought her aid in a mortal sickness, when she said that nothing was revealed to her upon that point—yet she would pray for his recovery; and she demanded his son and troops to lead her to France. Finally, two noblemen volunteered to conduct her to the king, and the captain consented. "Come what may!" he said as he took his departure. He had given her a sword, and her adherents had provided her with a horse and with the dress of a knight. She kept her calm confidence during the dangerous journey, through a hostile region; wished to stop to hear mass; and on the eleventh day, shortly before reaching the camp, she heard three masses before the image of her saints, and sent word to the king, at Chinon, of her approach. It was doubted whether his Majesty could with propriety receive an adventurer like this girl; but his despair of human help forced him to rely upon preternatural aid; and Joanna, as soon as she reached the Loire, and entered the public street, was preceded by the cry that a young shepherdess, sent by God, had come to free Orleans, and to lead the king to Rheims. After three days' consultation and examination, she was admitted to the castle of Chinon, and knelt before the king. He

had stood aside to test her prophetic gift, and when she knelt before him he pointed to one of the lords in the great hall of audience, and said—"That is the king." She replied—"By my God, noble prince, you are he, and none other." Upon this, the king asked her name. "Noble Dauphin, I am called Joanna the Maiden, and the Lord of heaven bids you, through me, to be crowned in the city of Rheims, and be a lieutenant of the King of heaven, who is the true King of France. God has pity upon you and your people, because Saint Louis and Charles the Great are upon their knees before Him, and pray for you."

Joanna stood bravely, and often answered very smartly the questions of the University, and Parliament of Poitiers, to whom the king referred her claims, and the very dignitaries who had pronounced the whole affair the merest fantasy, said after the interview that she was surely a marvellous creature of God. One eye-witness testifies that she appeared at Court as if born there, whilst another asserts that she seemed as humble as a shepherd girl. Both witnesses agree in the opinion that, respecting her mission, her speech was grand and noble; but otherwise it was that of a poor child of the people. She was eighteen years old at this time, and if we may venture to complete the traits drawn from authentic sources by the less authenticated testimony of an ancient statue, she was rather large for her sex, very strong, yet slender and delicate in shape, countenance pleasant, complexion uniform and very pale, eyes large and almond-shaped, the apple of the eye, light brown, with a greenish tinge, in expression somewhat melancholy, but unspeakably lovely, the forehead of moderate height, the nose straight and a little thin, the lips finely cut and red, the hollow between the lower lip and chin strongly marked, rich chestnut brown hair, put back over the temples, fell upon the white neck, but was cut rounding in the knightly fashion.

Such was the fair creature who went forth in mailed armor to fight the battles of France against an enemy whose hate had grown with centuries, and whose invading force was now strengthened by French factions. At Blois she unfurled her banner, and the great host there assembled were inflamed with new enthusiasm, as they saw upon its pure white folds the figure of the Saviour, two angels kneeling with lilies on each side, and underneath, the inscription, *Jesus Maria*. The way towards Orleans lay by the

banks of the Loire, through that garden of France, in the very bloom of spring; and preceded by chanting priests, and escorting large herds of cattle for virtualing the city, the army had the appearance of a peaceful pilgrimage. What poet could create a scene more expressive of whatever was noblest and fairest in those old ages of chivalry and devotion! It was but the faith of the times incarnated in one whose sex and purity every Ave Maria had taught the people to adore; it was the spirit of the prevalent Mary-worship carried from the sanctuary into the camp, and stirring the fiercest of passions by the gentlest of affections. Need we say that this vision of light must go out in darkness, and that nothing but a perpetual miracle could keep a human creature upon the ethereal height where Joanna stood? The story of her destiny is too familiar to repeat. Soon Orleans called her its deliverer, and there, and in other cities in quick succession, the lilies of France waved loyally from towers so lately insulted by the invader's flag. In spite of all opposition, the Maid insisted upon pushing to Rheims; she stood with her banner by the altar at the coronation of the Dauphin, and was first to kneel at his feet after he received the crown. This was the meridian of her glory. This simple girl of Domremy was now the foremost personage of France, and history itself plays the artist in telling us that her father, and brother, and uncle were witnesses of her honors, contrasting thus by their presence the splendors of the Court with the simplicity of her native home.

As rapidly as her success her downfall came. Who does not know of her rash attack upon Paris, the misgivings that began to question her inspiration, and the series of disasters, ending in her capture at Compiègne, and her execution in 1431. Never did grim inquisitors doom to death a fairer victim by baser arts; and never did a holier light shine out from the crackling fires of a martyr's pile, than when this lily of France was cast into the flames. The attendant priest heard her, as the fire was doing its deadly work, invoke her saints—and her last word was her Saviour's name. The cross afterwards planted upon the place of execution at Rouen was a fitting memorial of her self-sacrifice, and of the penitence of her murderers.

Never more interest was attached to the character of Joan d'Arc, as a philosophical study, than now. It is very easy to call her a half-crazy enthusiast,

and set down her story in the vulgar annals of superstition. But the candor and good sense of our age seeks a worthier solution, and no fair-minded student of history is willing to allow so interesting a chapter to pass by without connecting its lessons with some traits of our common nature. The Maid of Orleans was a human creature like ourselves, and the mind which in her was so strangely moved was essentially the same organ that we possess. That she was an impostor no sane thinker will now assert, for it would be far more remarkable for an ignorant, sensitive girl to carry out such an imposture in the camp and Court, at the altar, and even at the stake, than to have received the supernatural commission which she claimed. Nor do we explain the chief fact in her career when we ascribe her influence over France to the force of religious and martial enthusiasm, so inflamed by her pretensions or her faith. She herself is the great problem, and we cannot settle it without some due recognition of the emotional powers of our nature in connection with religious influences. Nothing can be clearer than that she thought she saw visions and heard voices which moved her to her most conspicuous acts. We do not mean to say that there were external objects corresponding with those vows and visions; but that such impressions as she insisted upon declaring were actually made upon her perceptive organs. Before her inquisitors, when severely threatened, she sometimes wavered in asserting this; but her misgiving at last wholly ceased, and in prison and at the stake she maintained the reality of the communications. Now we do not feel bound to explain all the strange experiences of the soul any more than the strange phenomena of Nature, and we are ready to allow that there are many dark nooks and corners in the human mind, in spite of the doctors and metaphysicians. We may nevertheless connect Joanna's visitations with those of a large class of minds similarly constituted, and who are still to be found. The old devotees thought little of hearing voices and of seeing visions in the open day, and a man of exact science like Swedenborg could be as familiar with the people of his day-dream land as with his acquaintance in the street or social circle, noting down the words of Plato or Luther as readily as his own table-talk. It is very clear that if, in the ordinary state of the system, external objects are needed to act upon the nerves of sight and hearing, there may be an extraordinary state of the system in which internal

convictions or emotions convey external impressions, or affect the organs of sense precisely like external objects. There is no more decided illustration of this fact than the case of the English artist, Blake, who died in 1812. In youth his powers had been severely tasked, and through life his days were given to the most engrossing labor. His ideal faculty, so little exercised by the drudgery of engraving and ordinary painting, would revel in a world of its own, and when the day's work was done, he hurried to the interview with his phantasmal guests, by the sea-shore, as eagerly as a *bon vivant* goes to his boon companions. He met the shades of Pindar, Virgil, Dante, and Milton, and so distinct was the impression upon his senses, that he frequently made sketches of their features,—and in one case he wrote down a poem dictated to him by Milton—a poem not extant in Milton's lifetime, and apparently bearing the same relation to his muse that would be expected by all who are familiar with the recent issue of poetry and prose from the mighty spirits that wait upon the rapping conclave. In another instance he saw the form of the hero Wallace, and while sketching him, he was interrupted by the shade of Edward I., who disappeared too soon to admit of a complete sketch, and allowed him to go on with the Scotch hero's portrait. This artist's experience certainly illustrates a law of the human constitution, of which every day-dreamer has some slight knowledge, and it enables us to explain without miracle Joanna's voices and visions of angels and saints. The thought that so haunted her mind may have projected itself before her senses in the form of the saint nearest her affections. Bred up in one of the strongholds of ancient loyalty, her devotion may have been influenced by the familiar legend that a woman of Lorraine was to be the deliverer of France; and her nerves, so delicate from her habits of fasting, may have readily lent their service to her fancy, like the chemist's silvered plate presented to the play of the solar light. She did not claim preternatural guidance upon all subjects; but only in what concerned her main duty to France, and the salvation of her soul. If in many points her alleged visitants left her in darkness, it must be allowed that some of their predictions and promises were remarkably fulfilled. Let us bear in mind, however, the fact that their communications turned upon one commanding idea, and all the power of her contagious enthusiasm would therefore tend to turn promise into pro-

phesy by securing the result indicated. Hase sagaciously remarks that this angel—this Saint Catherine—is her own high soul unconscious of itself, like the *daemon* of Socrates; hence she was led by her counsels, and she said very naively of her saints—"I am always of their opinion." We are not disposed to deny the many instances of wonderful presentiment which history and biography record. With all our explanation of Joanna's mission upon the ground of known principles, she remains still a wonderful creature of God, and an aureola of mystical light still lingers about her head. We understand enough of her to claim a place for her among the daughters of men, and to discern in her, traits that are acting still upon the destinies of our race. Her career proves how much stronger the emotions are than the calculating understanding, and that still, as of old, "out of the heart are the issues of life." She was not a perfect saint without human temper and foibles. She had her little fits of pettishness, and could sometimes scold, like others of her sex, railing at the English as a set of God-dams, as she usually called them, and threatening to kill the Hussites in a bunch if they did not return to the true faith. It is precisely this natural impulsiveness—this mingling of childish naïveté with heroic inspiration—that gives her the chief hold upon our wonder and admiration.

Our idea would be fitly carried out by adding to this sketch of the Maid of Orleans some description of two characters unlike her, and unlike each other except in the point of their reputation as prophetic leaders. We mean Savonarola, whose majestic presence so long saved Florence from aristocratic oppression and democratic license, and who under his monkish garb bore to the scaffold in 1498 the seeds of religious liberty which Luther afterwards planted broadcast among the nations; and to step forward nearly a half century in time and to descend infinitely in the moral scale, we mean also John of Leyden, the tailor prophet and king of the Anabaptists of Munster, who, amid his seraglio of sixteen wives, mingled a sincere fanaticism with the most monstrous self-indulgence, and like the Apostles of Mormonism, sent out disciples to summon the world to allegiance from a court rivaling the Turk's in licentiousness. But we cannot enter into these subjects now without going beyond our limit, and we have said enough to indicate our purpose and illustrate its main idea.

When we read these and the like pas-

sages of history, we are very apt to congratulate ourselves upon living in these days of common sense, when the rule of reason has set all such hallucinations aside. Let us not be too sure of our exemption; we may have a madness of our own, even in the absorbing passion with which our shrewd schemers pursue what to them is the one thing needful, and we doubt very much if one of our keenest money kings could, when tried by the standard of true wisdom, make out a clearer proof of sanity than any of the mystical dreamers of the old days of superstition. He, certainly, who is so busy with getting a living as never to have time to live, whose imagination is haunted with visions of gold and merchandise which exist merely in his fancy, whose soul is shut out from the great realities that sages have loved, has little right to make merry at his fellow-madmen who have made the noble mistake of losing sight of things present in their dreams of the worlds unseen. If we could catch a good specimen of the Wall-street type of worldly wisdom, who lives among fancies of the financial kind, and have his claims to sanity tried before Rhadamanthus, in comparison with one of the old monks who entertained angels or exorcised devils, we should be little disposed to bet on the Wall-street side. Surely we have our own madness, and Mammon is the god who gives the afflatus to the new divination. We have not seen the end of it yet, nor can any man tell how far the hallucination of the dominant materialism may go until the reaction begins, and perhaps some new age of enthusiasm leads off the future of our race.

One thing is very certain, and with stating it, we end our prosing. He is a

happy man whose mind at the outset of his career is so possessed by a true, brave purpose that it moves him to the last, and beneath all his thoughts and plans, shapes and exalts his whole future. That is the best education which most duly recognizes this truth, and aims to train youth not merely to act truly but to be truly acted upon, by looking as well to the unconscious motive springs as to the conscious and deliberate plans of conduct. A far higher place must be given to the emotions and imagination, those powers that have an almost prophetic function in our destiny, and which can lift us to the heavens or drag us to the dust. Prepossessed by true ideals, the chamber of imagery filled with forms of beauty and wisdom, the affections pervaded by a noble love, and the whole soul trained in true relations with the divine kingdom, our rising youth may unite the fervor of those old centuries with the keen science and the mighty art of our time. Sagacious men may have Savonarola's prophet-like fire without any surrender of their reasonable hope for humanity to wild dreams of the fifth monarchy on earth, and fair women may keep all the sobriety of their judgment and the propriety of their sex without falling short of the high hearted enthusiasm and spiritual receptivity that gave such fascination and power to Joanna of Arc. If the guides of education who hold the future of Christendom in their hands, do not make more account of the ministry of the emotions and the imagination, it may be that the power of these faculties will be illustrated upon a grand scale in a much baser form, and some John of Leyden catching the passions of the age, may mingle war, lust, and avarice into a new fanaticism, of which the Mormon prophet is but the tame precursor.

CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG ARTIST.

IN my childhood I was very intimate with a portrait of a gentleman—my uncle John—which hung in our parlor. This parlor was not often used, for we always sat in the kitchen, unless we had company; but I stole in there every day to gaze upon that interesting countenance. What particularly gratified me was the blueness of the eyes, the very long eyelashes, each one separately painted—just like life—and the way in which the dimple in the chin was shaded; so that it seemed

as if I could put my finger into it. I tried to do so several times, and ran some risk of making a serious hole in the canvas.

In this portrait art first dawned upon me; but to my boyish eyes it seemed to shine in its full glory, when I went one afternoon with my mother to take tea with her friend, Mrs. Brown, and I could scarcely pay any attention to the cakes and preserves placed before me, so bewildered with delight was I by a pic-

ture of Jephthah meeting his daughter, which hung opposite. Jephthah, in a very plummy helmet, starting back on very strong legs, I thought very expressive of a father's feelings. His tall daughter, arrayed in a lilac mantle, and pink dress with a long train, immediately became my ideal of unattainable female beauty. The attendant damsel, with her willowy figure and white dress, I thought extremely pretty also; I knew a slender little girl who wore a white dress and blue sash to church, whom she looked very much like.

The next day I made a fine drawing of this picture on our barn door. Jephthah was drawn in a black tunic, with red chalk legs. The daughter's mantle was stained lilac with iris-petals, her train pink with rose ditto. The maiden was drawn in white chalk with bewitching grace. I could not make Jephthah stand very firmly on his legs, and start back at the same time; but Miss Jephthah's train gave great steadiness and composure to her figure. This spirited sketch was the admiration of all the neighboring boys, and they came every day for me to draw them in warlike positions, to represent Jephthah's army standing around him. One day I made a hasty sketch of my dog, Skyblue, in his favorite attitude, and, stepping back to mark the effect, found he was biting the heels of Jephthah. How the boys laughed! I made a new drawing of the anguished father, and greatly improved upon the hands, spreading them out like Mr. Flamdown's, when he was giving the parting blessing to his congregation, only opening the fingers wider to express consternation.

One day one of the boys brought an artist, who was boarding at his house, to look at my frescoes. He laughed, and told me if I would come to his room, he would paint Jephthah for me. With a feeling approaching awe I watched him conjuring into life the well-known forms. Yet I was not wholly satisfied with the result. I thought Jephthah's figure was not thrown back enough to express his emotion with sufficient force, and that the daughter had lost much of her queenliness with her train. The damsel who followed was no longer white, and did not look in the least like Fanny Ann.

Mr. Ochre went away the next day, but left me a few paints and brushes, and told me if I would come to New-York in the winter, he would teach me something. This now became the height of my ambition; and I tried to devise schemes by which I could earn a little money to pay

my board there. "I could live out at some farmer's, and earn good wages by my labor," I told my mother,—I was just twelve years old.

She smiled, and told me they would only give me my clothes.

"I can draw, and sell my drawings."

She smiled again.

"Well, then, after I have improved a little, I can take portraits, and be paid for them."

She smiled approvingly this time, and I felt that my way lay open before me.

I wished to run directly to Fanny Ann's house—into which I had never yet entered—and ask her to sit to me; but I felt a little timid about it. I might not take a good likeness, and she would laugh at me—girls did laugh so! I had better take private sketches of her at church in the hymn-books, I thought, and practise upon my mother first, who immediately proposed putting on her black silk dress, which she had worn for the last ten years on state occasions; but her everyday short-gown would be more picturesque, I thought. She could not be quite reconciled to this. The villagers were accustomed to the black silk, and she thought it due to them and to me that she should be taken in it. However, the portrait was painted in the short-gown; but the villagers never saw much of it. It was not considered a very good likeness, for somehow I got a dark frown about the eyes, and a very dejected expression about the mouth. My mother never frowned, and looked particularly smiling while I was painting her.

I had a hard time of it that winter: so many brave designs launched forth upon the tide of hope, and run aground upon unknown bars. In the summer Mr. Ochre came again and taught me how to steer my way better. He told me that faces should not appear to be pasted flat to the canvas, and that a dark outline all round them was not perfectly true to nature; that lips were not exactly vermilion, nor cheeks pure lake; and eyes were not made of stone; that shadows were not a distinct feature of the face; and lights did not consist entirely of white paint. I learned a wonderful deal from him in a few weeks; and having painted many portraits of the worthy people about me, which sold for two dollars a piece, and scraped together a little money, I went to New-York in the winter with a bounding heart—perfectly conscious that I was the great American genius.

The first thing I did in New-York, after settling myself in the little attic

room Mr. Ochre had engaged for me, was to find my way to a picture gallery. I neither shouted nor jumped when I entered; but was certainly very much dazzled. It was partly the picture frames, I thought—they were so very bright. I immediately saw the importance of gilt frames, and that without one no painting could be of any value. I wondered how much they cost, and whether I could afford to buy one for my portrait of Fanny Ann, which I had brought to the city with me. I knew at once there was no painting in the gallery equal to that; and walked along with the proud consciousness that I was the creator of that gem, which only needed a fine frame to be instantly brought down from my attic, into the public gaze, for the delight of every one. However, I did pause a moment before one little head—the head of a child with a smile in her eyes, and life upon her lips. I looked into the catalogue to be sure that it was good. It was by Copley. "An old-fashioned painter," I thought. "I shall do better things soon."

Then I came to a young lady in a green dress and black waist, turning her head towards the spectator, and stepping into a brook. "Excellent!" I exclaimed. "That looks a little like Jephthah's daughter, only she is not quite so tall." Then came a very puzzling head: I could not tell to what race it belonged—"Indian, I suppose." It was named, "Portrait of Judge G." He could not have been an Indian; it must be the shadows. What infatuated young artist could have sent that here?" Then came two little girls holding a kitten between them. Sweet little innocents! *That* looked like one of my own pictures, and I looked for the name: "Infancy, by P. Pinkall." "I shall certainly make Mr. Pinkall's acquaintance," I thought. Then came a young lady looking over her shoulder in the loveliest manner. Such golden hair—such blue veins—such a rose-tint on the cheek—such heavenly eyes! Such a transparent creature altogether! I stood enraptured: that *was* better than Fanny Ann. "Fancy head, by T. Sully." I found it to be. "Oh, what a fancy!" I exclaimed, in boyish enthusiasm, "*That* I can never surpass."

A young man was copying it, and I immediately resolved that I would do the same. Mr. Ochre came into the gallery at that moment, and I hastened to meet him. "I have found the most exquisite painting!" I exclaimed, leading him eagerly towards it, "and I know you will approve of my copying it."

"What,—that waxy little thing," he said. "My dear child, do you not know better than that, after all my instructions?" and he took me back to the head by Copley, and told me I might copy that if I could. "But you had better not copy any thing," he added—"draw from nature, my boy. Go on as you have begun, only do not make your faces pink and white, and get Fanny Ann out of your mind as fast as you can." I wondered how he knew that I thought about Fanny Ann; I had never mentioned her name but twice in his presence, and then almost in a whisper.

So I went to Mr. Ochre's studio every day: and Irish boys were hired from the street to sit for me and the other pupils. Very unfit subjects for my brush I thought them, until I chanced to see a picture of a beggar boy by Murillo, and then they rose in my esteem. I had heard that Murillo was a very great genius, and if he painted beggar boys, why should not I?

Well, I painted Irish boys and German boys, until I knew I had learned all I could from Mr. Ochre, and that it was time for me to set up my own studio, and patronize American ladies—immortalize them as only a genius can. "R. Gumbo, Portrait Painter," was the golden name upon the sign that decked one corner of a doorway, which led to a flight of stairs, which led to another flight of stairs, and so on to the fourth story, where I sat in state, awaiting my unknown visitors. My studio was furnished with a skylight, an easel, an old shawl with a very effective border, covering a table on which stood a torso, a small Venus, a chair for the sitter, and two for friends, a lay figure, six new, suggestive canvases, and my paint brushes. "Now, I am ready!" I exclaimed, wielding my maul-stick and making a thrust at the portrait of an Irish boy eating an apple. "My dear little fellow, you will soon see what beauty and grace will appear." I had gone to my studio at nine o'clock—I stayed until dark: I ate two crackers for dinner, and an apple, like the Irish boy, and nobody came. I wondered at it very much. Two of my best portraits were in the Exhibition, and I thought the public were dying to be taken. "But they cannot know I am here," I meditated. "One little sign in a city full of signs attracts no attention. I ought to advertise my number; but advertising is so expensive. I wish some one would buy my pictures in the Exhibition; but there is no love for art in this country. Rosewood and buhl

are more valued than genius. Oh Italy!" I sighed, and locked my door, and went home to my attic.

I thought my pictures might have sold, if the subjects had been of more general interest. "No one wants portraits except relations, and the relations of these cannot afford to purchase such luxuries," I said. "If I paint a composition, it will find a ready sale,—what shall it be?" My imagination was filled with the remembrance of Jephthah and his daughter; but I did not care to attempt the warrior, and the daughter alone would hardly suffice; so I determined to paint Iphigenia as priestess at Aulis.

I draped my lay figure with a sheet, and commenced. The treatment was purely classical. The garment fell in dignified folds to the feet, broken only by an invisible girdle at the waist: it was fastened on each shoulder by a burning gem,—I painted them from two brass brooches, set with crimson glass, which I bought for the occasion. One hand rested lightly upon an altar, represented by my table and the bordered shawl—the other was pressed upon her breast. The arms were very white, and one of them quite round. The face was raised, and the expression of pious resignation was very well given. The hair was beautifully dishevelled. The blue Mediterranean in the distance led the eye to the horizon, and the mind to reverie. The figure was half-size, and I was a whole week painting it. I worked quite steadily, fearing visitors might come if I went out. Occasionally, exhausted by the inspiration of my subject, I took a short walk; but always pinned up a paper to say that I should return immediately, and placed a chair outside my door, thinking ladies would be out of breath coming up so many stairs, and would wait longer if they found a resting-place. When I returned, I always felt quite sure that some one had called during my absence, and I regretted that I had been out.

When my painting was finished, I doubted whether I had better ask Mr. Ochre to come and look at it, or not. I knew there was great jealousy among artists, and feared he might not be pleased to find his pupil had become his rival; but I told him in an off-hand way, one day, that I had a picture on my easel he might like to step in and look at some time when he was passing; and he came.

I saw a smile quivering upon his lips as he stood before it. He walked about my studio, looked at the torso, praised my Venus, asked me where I bought my paints, approached the priestess, and

burst into a loud laugh. "I can't stand it, Gumbo," he exclaimed: "It is too good!"

I knew it was good myself, but its merits had a very different effect upon me. I was astonished at his laughing; I had intended that the painting should produce exalted emotions, mingled with sorrow. "How did you make the folds of that drapery so straight?" he said, "you must have ruled them, and there are no limbs under them. The arms are like chop-sticks; they are not half so good as those of little Patrick Mahone, you painted six months ago. The head is stuck on with a skewer, is it not? Nothing else could keep it up so. And the figure does not stand—a breath of air would puff it all away. No, no; this will never do. You must keep to real life; your fancy pictures are absolutely good for nothing." And he turned to me with what he intended for a good-natured smile, I suppose; but I saw that jealous look in the corner of his eye.

"The public shall judge between us," I said, quite grandly.

He looked at me as if he would laugh again; but laying his hand on my shoulder, said—"Come, my boy, I see how it is. You think you have done something very good, and that I am envious of you. I assure you by all I know of art that the whole thing is ridiculous. Place it in the exhibition, and you will see that it is so considered; but send it anonymously, I beg of you. I should not like to have your name laughed at."

"Yes," thought I; "he wishes to have the credit of it himself; and it is a little in his style, certainly."

"And now I will tell you what I will do for you," he continued. "A little cousin of mine wishes me to paint her before her father's birth-day; but I have too much on my hands just at present. You shall do it. You can sometimes hit upon a likeness,—and if you do not satisfy her, why, I will paint her afterwards. She is rich, and can afford to pay for two pictures, and ought to encourage young artists,—she has a fancy for these things herself. She has some beauty, and if you treat the subject artistically, you can make a pretty picture of it. I will make the proposal to her this evening, and let you know her answer, if you will call upon me to-morrow." And taking my half-reluctant hand, he bade me good morning.

"Very patronizing!" I thought. "He will paint her himself if I do not succeed! I will have nothing to do with it. But,

young, and beautiful, and fond of these things—it is a temptation. I will make up my mind what to do in the morning." Meantime I considered the style in which I should paint her. "I succeed so well in heads looking up," I thought, glancing at Iphigenia. "But I should not like to have two pictures alike even if they were both very good. I might have the face looking down, and a blue mantle on the head, and the hands folded. Ochre would certainly call that treating the subject artistically, so many old pictures are painted in that style. She probably has pretty hands,—if not, I can make them so."

The next day, while I was yet hesitating whether to go to Ochre's or not, I heard ladies' voices and a gentle knock at my door. I flew round to arrange my studio; threw a cloth over the Priestess, to give her a mysterious effect—only a few folds of her robe and a sandalled foot were visible; placed a sketch on my easel, and opening the door made a low bow to the ladies, with my palette and stick in my hand. I flattered myself *that* effect was artistic.

The elder lady introduced herself as Mrs. Beljay, who had brought her daughter to sit to me. Actually there—my first sitter! She was soon seated in the chair with a blue mantle thrown over her. I asked her to incline her head slightly and to fold her hands—they were very pretty ones. "Do I not look like a wounded dove?" she asked her mother, and they began to laugh.

I begged her to keep her face still, and going across the room for something, carelessly brushed the cloth from Iphigenia, hoping the sight of that sorrowful countenance would give a more subdued expression to hers, but they both laughed very much, although evidently trying not to do so. They made little jokes and pretended they were laughing at those. Miss Beljay said she thought she could maintain the expression I wished if she had knitting with her, and other silly things; but a wild fear shot through me that they were laughing at Iphigenia, and I suddenly took it away. Then they became very quiet, and I made an excellent sketch. They wished to see it, but I could not permit them to, so soon. Mrs. Beljay said she did not think it could be like, for Fanny had never been so still in her life before. I started at the name. "She also is Fanny!" I thought, "but not my Fanny Ann."

When they were going away Mrs. Beljay told me they were to have a little party in the evening, and she hoped I

would come with her nephew, Mr. Ochre.

There was an opening into society! I had a nice dress coat and light vest that had belonged to my father, and had been made over for me by my mother, two years before. I bought a new cravat, and spent two hours trying to brush the curls out of my hair and make it look as smooth as that of the young gentlemen I had seen in Broadway. I went to call for Mr. Ochre, very well pleased with myself; I certainly looked much better than he did.

Upon entering the room I was at first dazzled, as I had been by the gilt frames at the Exhibition. There was a great crowd of people, a great deal of noise, and light, and bewilderment. I withdrew into a corner to regain my composure; taking care, however, to stand where I could observe Miss Beljay, for even in the confusion of making my bow, I had seen at a glance that she greatly resembled Jephthah's daughter. I had thought so a little in the morning, but now I was sure of it; she was so tall and dignified when she was standing, and had on a pink dress too, very long and flowing,—nothing was wanting but the blue mantle.

While I was thus gazing in silence she brought her father and introduced me to him. They conversed with me some time, and were evidently much pleased with me, for they invited me to dine with them the next day.

I was invited there very often during the three weeks Miss Beljay was sitting, much to my own satisfaction. On my way thither one evening with Ochre, he said to me, "It is a good thing to visit in the family of a sitter, you have so many chances of studying your subject. It was on this account that I advised Mrs. Beljay to invite you to her house."

To him, then, I owed all my invitations and not to my own attractions. I had a great mind not to accept any more, but such opportunities of seeing Miss Beljay were not to be resisted.

At length I announced that the portrait was finished, and Mr. Ochre came with the ladies to see it. He looked from the painting to Miss Beljay and back again to the painting, smiling a little because she smiled, as young ladies often will when looked at. "The mantle is pretty good," he said, at length, "and the mouth is a little like."

I believe I should have made some very fierce reply if the ladies had not been there. As it was I turned with great calmness to Mrs. Beljay, and asked her what she thought of it. "It is a little like her,"

she answered, "only much more pen-sive."

"Fanny, will you please to sit in the chair and hold your head down," said Ochre. "Now let me see. You have made the nose too straight; Fanny's, although a very good one, is not Grecian." There she fairly laughed. "You must have been thinking of some ideal of yours. Neither do her lids droop so heavily; you should have opened the eyes with a more sunny expression. The mouth is a little like, as I told you before, and so is the outline of the face. The mantle hides the fine turn of the head and the beautiful hair. The hands are well enough, only they have not the usual allowance of joints. As for the coloring—it is like plaster of Paris, but that is because you wished to paint her pale, à la Magdalen, perhaps. You must have chosen this style before you had seen her, I think." (I felt a guilty consciousness that I had done so.) "Let me show you how I think she should be drawn."

He sketched in a head, lightly set on the throat, and turning with an arch expression as the figure moved away. The hair, softly waving on the forehead was knotted behind, and a flower fell gracefully on one side. The whole figure was airy and elegant.

"There, that is my cousin Fanny as I know her. What do you say, Aunt Julia?"

"It is Fanny herself—nothing could be better!"

I could not but admire the sketch, so free, so characteristic, so lovely, so like the beautiful form which had been before me day after day, and had been hidden from me beneath the mantle of my own misconception. After they had gone away I looked at my poor head, so weak, so spiritless, and turned it with its face to the wall. "All, all wrong!" I exclaimed, and hiding my face in my hands I should have wept if I had been a boy—but I was eighteen years old, and could not indulge in that. I remembered all the happy, hopeful days I had passed in painting it, all the apparent kindness that had been bestowed upon me, and now they had gone and would never think of me again, or only laugh at my foolish endeavor. I almost vowed that I would never touch a brush again, and going out wandered about the streets all the evening, with the saddest heart.

The next day I could not return to my studio. I walked down Broadway and round about the Battery. The waves were breaking against the stones, and I

thought I would go to sea. I walked up Broadway and went into the Exhibition; I saw my two portraits and wished I could shoot them. I looked at every picture in the room, to see if there were any as bad as mine, and found there were many, but was not encouraged by them. My eyes seemed opened by magic. I saw how poor most of them were even in promise, and appreciated the good ones as I had never done before, remembering many things Ochre had said about them, which I had scarcely noticed at the time. I saw that difficulties had been conquered of which I had never dreamed, and that all I had hitherto done was mere child's play. I went toward Ochre's studio, and thought I would go in and ask him to take me as a pupil again, but feared he would not think it worth while. While I paced to and fro on the side-walk, Miss Beljay and her mother came down the steps. I knew she had been sitting to Ochre, but they did not tell me so. They shook hands with me, and Mrs. Beljay said I must send home the picture as soon as it was ready; remarked that it was a pleasant day, &c.; hoped I would be at her reception in the evening; I must come every Thursday, she said, when I was not otherwise engaged.

How the sun shone—how very pleasant the day had become! I ran up into Ochre's room and asked him to take me back. "Gumbo," he said, "you know I would not for the world extinguish the least spark of genius in you or in any one, but think for yourself. You have been painting three or four years, and what does it amount to? You cannot paint a picture that begins to be good. I know you have some talent, but many have as much who do not think of painting as a profession, because they know not to excel in it is to fail. I know I am not a good painter myself," and he looked sadly round his studio, "but will you ever be even so good a one? If not, to devote yourself to Art will be to throw yourself into a sea in which you cannot swim. Would it not be wiser to choose an occupation in which you will be master of your faculties, than one in which you will be the victim of endless hopes, delusions, and disappointments. Think of your mother, too, who can ill spare the money she sends you. For her sake, as well as for your own, I advise you to accept an offer which Mr. Beljay is about to make you. He has occasion, he says, to employ an honest, intelligent young man in his business, and thinks you are such a one as he wants. You will still have some

time for drawing, and if you keep your hand in practice and have much genius, it will burst out at some future day."

Here I saw that smile again, but was not hurt by it now; I smiled also, and told him I knew he was right and I should accept the offer.

With melancholy determination I took down my sign, its gilt letters still untarnished. I carried my easel, my lay figure, and all my valuable possessions to my attic, and took a last fond look of the sky-light which had been the confident of so many aspirations.

My new business was one that was valuable and interesting in itself, as well as profitable, so that I felt I was doing something besides merely making money, and I could not but confess that I was happier while actively employed among other men, than when waiting, and waiting in vain, in my lonely studio.

Yet I sometimes looked back with regret to those days of sweet delusion, and retain such an affection for Iphigenia that I carried it home with me when I went to visit my mother. She regarded it with maternal pride, and gave it an honorable place in her parlor, opposite Uncle John. I laughed very much when I saw that delight of my childhood, so meek and cadaverous it now appeared to me, but I turned to my own picture, and thought it almost as absurd. There

seemed to be a family resemblance between the two—Iphigenia and my Uncle John!

I went with my mother to see Mrs. Brown for the first time since that eventful day on which I was so enraptured by Jephthah's daughter. I sat in the same place at table, and had the same quince, I believe, but could eat it now with perfect composure. I was highly amused to see how flimsy the daughter was in her lilac mantle and pink train, and how very thick Jephthah's sandalled legs had become. The white damsel also was no longer a phantom of delight.

The next morning I called upon Fanny Ann. She was playing a singular tune on a rickety piano. She welcomed me with sweet timidity, and had many pretty little airs and graces; but her hair was in curling-papers, and I did not stay long. I presented her portrait—that gem of art—to her grandmother, whose sight was almost gone, and the good lady was very much delighted with it.

But the river, the hills, and the wide-stretching fields were as beautiful as ever, and I told my mother I should build a pleasanter house on the old place, in a few years, and that she should come and live with me, and—some one else. "Fanny Ann!" said my mother; but I thought of another Fanny.

AURUM POTABILE.

I.

BROTHER Bards of every region—
 Brother Bards, (your name is Legion!)
 Were you with me, while the twilight
 Darkens up my pine-tree skylight—
 Were you gathered, representing
 Every land beneath the sun,
 Oh what songs would be indited,
 Ere the earliest star is lighted,
 To the praise of vino d'oro,
 On the hills of Lebanon!

II.

Yes, while all alone I quaff its
 Lucid gold, and brightly laugh its
 Topaz waves and amber bubbles,
 Still the thought my pleasure troubles,
 That I quaff it all alone.

Oh for Hafiz! glorious Persian!
Keats, with buoyant, gay diversion
Mocking Schiller's grave immersion;

Oh for wreathed Anacreon!
Yet enough to have the living—
They, the few, the rapture-giving!
(Blesséd more than in receiving,)
Fate, that frowns when laurels wreathe them,
Once the solace might bequeathe them,
Once to taste of vino d'oro
On the Hills of Lebanon!

III.

Lebanon, thou mount of story,
Well we know thy sturdy glory,
Since the days of Solomon;
Well we know the Five old Cedars,
Scarred by ages—silent pleaders,
Preaching, in their gray sedateness,
Of thy forest's fallen greatness—
Of the vessels of the Tyrian,
And the palaces Assyrian,
And the temple on Moriah
To the High and Holy One!
Know the wealth of thy appointment—
Myrrh and aloes, gum and ointment;
But we knew not, till we clomb thee,
Of the nectar dropping from thee—
Of the pure, pellucid Ophir
In the cups of vino d'oro,
On the Hills of Lebanon!

IV.

We have drunk, and we have eaten,
Where Mizraim's sheaves are beaten,
Tasted Judah's milk and honey,
On his mountains, bare and sunny;
Drained ambrosial bowls, that ask us
Never more to leave Damascus;
And have sung a vintage psalm,
To the grapes of isles Egæan,
And the flasks of Orvieto,
Ripened in the Roman sun:
But the liquor here surpasses
All that beams in earthly glasses.
'Tis of this that Paracelsus
(His elixir vitæ) tells us,
That to happier shores can float us
Than Lethean stems of lotus,
Straight restores when day is done.
Then, before the sunset waneth,
While the rosy tide, that staineth
Earth, and sky, and sea, remaineth,
We will take the fortune proffer'd,
Ne'er again to be re-offer'd—
We will drink of vino d'oro
On the Hills of Lebanon!
Vino d'oro! vino d'oro!
Golden blood of Lebanon!

SKETCHES IN A PARIS CAFÉ.

"AND besides, Monsieur, all the talents dine there!"

"I will certainly come. Where shall we meet? What say you to the Galerie d'Orleans, for there one's sheltered from the vicissitudes of this fickle season, and, in its winter's throng, the faithless watches are never execrated. But what hour shall we meet? which is the best hour for seeing "all the talents" at your restaurant?"

"Six o'clock. God protect you!"

"Until our next meeting."*

Some two winters ago, chance placed me at the right corner end of the large half-circle the orchestra makes in its middle, in the Grand Opera. The musician nearest to me was a young violinist about twenty years old. The opera given that night was M. Auber's failure (Homer himself sometimes sleeps) *L'Enfant Prodigue*. It had then reached its thirtieth night. The orchestra were long since tired of it. It is the custom of the artists of the orchestra when they feel little or no interest in the evening's piece to pass away as much time as they can by reading some book or another. They have heard the piece so often (for before it appears to the public it has been rehearsed many hundreds of times), that some of the older musicians never think of taking their eyes off their book during the whole evening, but when they have to play, they install the work they are reading on the stand by the side of the score, and play away with all their might while they are devouring some pictured page of Sir Walter Scott or Fenimore Cooper, or some animated and brilliant story of M. Alexandre Dumas. There are some *ennuyés* in the orchestra these authors no longer divert. An old bass-violinist has been pointed out to me as having mastered the Hebrew language while thus whiling away his time. A kettle-drummer (the one on the extreme right of the stage) is noted for his knowledge of the Russian. The cymbal-beater has made a considerable progress in the Sanscrit, and the triangle man is a proficient in the Coptic language and hieroglyphics.

I observed that my neighbor, notwithstanding his youth, was one of the *ennuyés*; although I several times wiped my eye-glasses I could not see what book formed the solace of his hours as he so covered it with his music, that neither its page-top nor its back was visible; besides,

the type was of a very small character. Our arms touched several times during the evening: the interchange of civilities these accidents produced was more than enough to afford facility to engage in a sustained conversation. After remarking upon the weariness he must feel by hearing the same music every day and night for months, I soon had an opportunity to inquire the name of the book he was reading, and having been long accustomed to the ruthless murders the Frenchmen commit on foreign names, I instantly recognized in "Weelyam Shaaspee" the great dramatic bard of England. The young violinist had exhausted his maternal literature, and he had (so he said) made sufficient progress in the English language to dare to swim through Shakespeare's pages uncorked with a translation. He, of course, thought Shakespeare sublime—every body does. I did not take the trouble to inquire if he understood him; I have abandoned for many years making those inquiries of Frenchmen as being a mere waste of time. I have since had reason to think that his knowledge of English extended a very little ways beyond "Yes," and "How do you do."

Our conversation lasted, with short intervals, some hours; he talked with the freedom of youth, of artist's youth, glad to find a patient ear to listen to its story; while I, talking enough to draw him out, listened and talked with the interest I feel in every thing in this world, except the Multiplication Table and the Rule of Three. Before the curtain fell, we exchanged cards, and I went the next day to see him. Our acquaintance ripened soon into something like intimacy. One day happening to have rather more money than I usually can boast, I determined to dine at the Trois Frères Provençaux, partly because I was tired of the fixed-price restaurants and desired a change, and partly, I suspect, from a lurking hope that money, finding how cordial a reception I gave it, would visit my purse more frequently than it did. As a dinner for one person costs at the Trois Frères exactly the same sum of money as a dinner for two (the single *portion* being more than enough for two persons), I determined to invite my friend the violinist to dine with me. What a merry time we had of it! Was it not worth all the money it cost! To finish the evening gayly, we took our gloria at the Café de Paris, and

* Adieu! Au revoir.

about midnight we separated, feeling at peace with the world and full of good will to all men. There's nothing like your Burgundy for enduing men's breasts with the milk of human kindness. As he held out his hand to me: "Come next week and dine with me," he said, "it will be something new to you; and besides, Monsieur, all the talents dine there."

As I have said I accepted his invitation, and punctual as a king I was pacing the animated Galerie d'Orleans while the Palais Royal clock was striking six o'clock. There is always a throng in the Palais Royal, and especially during the winter; its long arcades afford an agreeable walk in the inclement weather, the miniature shops with all their contents fancifully and tastily arranged in the immense and perfect plate of glass which, barely leaving the space sufficient for a door, covers the whole front of the shop: the unnumbered variety of the shops, the motley complexion of the promenaders, the pretty shop girls, the mirrored and gilded eating-houses with their displays of all the costly luxuries of the season, or rather of the wealthy, for they know no season, give a constantly novel and agreeable scene to foreigners and to Parisians. They are both, too, attracted thither by its offering within its vast parallelogram, restaurants, suited to every variety of purse, from the fixed-price restaurant at twenty-two cents, to the bill restaurant with an octavo volume of several hundred pages; and four theatres; and two musical cafés. The Galerie d'Orleans is the microcosm of the Palais Royal. It is an arcade running across the end of the garden of the Palais Royal, and separating the Palais Royal proper from the shops which line the garden; built entirely of glass and iron, lined on both sides with brilliant shops constructed of the same materials; entirely protected from the weather, it is so favorite a promenade, between six and eight o'clock in the evening, it is almost impossible to move in it except in the cadenced march of the crowd which fills it. The Place Saint Marc in Venice, (the only sight in the world which can be compared with this) is far inferior in brilliancy and gayety to the Palais Royal.

Even if my friend had been less punctual than he was (the fines inflicted by the Grand Opera for tardiness, are admirable correctives of artists' negligence of time), I could readily have amused myself in the Galerie d'Orleans, although I have been for a good many years a daily frequenter of its marble pavement. "Come,"

said he, putting his arm in mine, "are you ready for my artist-dinner; you contemplate it without trembling." "*Allons donc!*" said I, "know, my dear fellow, that when one has eaten his A. B. at college commons, where, as Weelyam Shaas-pee would say—

Rats and mice and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for many a year,

he cannot be alarmed by any thing found in a kitchen."

We strolled by one of the external arcades of the Galerie d'Orleans, gayly down to some of the numerous entrances of the Palace, and plunged into one of the narrow streets imprisoned between two giant lines of eight-story houses, until we reached a brilliantly lighted door, painted gorgeously, its decorations being all the presents the earth, air, and water give to the kitchen. Coming suddenly from the dimly lighted street to the gas lighted gilded, and mirrored restaurant, if I was almost blinded by the light, I was completely stunned by the clatter. The ground-floor was as full as it could be; every body was talking as fast and as loud as they could talk; the servants (who had a large number of guests to wait on) shrieked out their questions and answers; the master of the house roared in tones which would not have thrown discredit on Boanerges, the whole bill of fare, which was interlarded with jokes whenever he caught the eye of some stanch *habitué*, who was never guilty of the "indelicacy" of asking for credit;—jokes which were received with loud applause of laughter, which I attributed (for the jokes can only be called jokes by that charitable courtesy which takes the will for the deed, it was evident from his face he intended them for jokes,) partly to our masculine proneness to flatter authority, and partly because his absurdities from their colossal exaggeration, seemed caricatures of absurdity. Add to all this confusion confounded, the distant thunder of the cooks' bones; and the sum total of each guest's dinner, bawled interrogatively by the woman at the counter, to the waiters, and that for eighteen cents, you had soup, two plates of meat, a dessert, a half bottle of wine and bread *à discretion*—you will admit that this was decidedly a cheap restaurant. Wonder that Frenchmen should despise life, when life can be maintained so cheaply!

According to the bill of fare, I eat Julienne soup, a beef-steak and potatoes, a mutton cutlet and potatoes, and plums and almonds—what I really eat, I have much less knowledge of than I possess of

Eleusinian Mysteries. After seeing the nourishment of French literary men, I have lost the surprise I felt at reading their works. I am only astonished they are not worse.

It was quite a masquerade of poverty. I vow if I had met any of those *habitués* on the street, I should have taken them for men of property. Every body had handsome kid gloves, and gold watches and chains, and the majority wore patent leather boots. If regard was had to the narrowness of their incomes, their very wardrobe demanded the exertion of consummate genius. The larger number of the guests were young men. These were "all the talents," who were persuaded (and generally with reason) that fortune was a mere question of time to them. There were young musical composers among the frequenters of the restaurant, and young actors, young painters, young scribblers, young musicians, and some shop-boys—and of both sexes of all these stations of life. Most of the persons present were husbands or wives by brevet. The *pro hac vice* wives bore the names of their "husbands" with as much ease as if the mayor and the priest had taken their parts in the transmutation. The waiters, who were quite young, were on a footing of equality with the guests, and joked and laughed and patted them on the backs; they never thought of saying *Monsieur*; in many cases the waiters were richer than the guests. There were no disputes, no quarrelling, no impertinencies of any kind, the "ladies" were treated with a marked courtesy; every one was gay, every one was merry,—how could it be otherwise when all were so young.

I had scarcely exchanged the ordinary civilities with my friend's "Madame" (who was waiting for us when we came in) when I heard the notes of a guitar: turning to the door, I saw standing under the clock, and between the door and the window, a tall scrawny woman; she was dressed shabbily genteel, and every thing about her gave evident indications that she had long and still painfully struggled with poverty: she must have suffered acutely, during the conflict, for besides the lines rising on both sides of her nose, and running around her mouth, and the furrows on both cheeks, from the cheek-bone to a level with the mouth, she was one of those constitutions which suffer the most from the ills of life, as they can bear more of them before breaking, than any other temperament. She was tall, thin, nervous; her limbs and her head were small, her hair was black and ill

dressed—not from carelessness, but as if her hands had many a time in the course of the day pressed it back to give more air to her fired brain; she kept her eyes fixed on the floor, and sang three or four of the merrier popular songs of the day. No attention was paid to her, unless I except the impertinent way the waiters snubbed her, and the rude jests the landlord made with her. After her songs were ended, she went around from table to table, holding out a small tin box for some recompense for her labors. I suppose she received in all some fifteen cents. In a short time after she left us, two mere lads, violinists, came in, and gave us something as much like music as they could make it. They handed around a cup, which received as liberal a donation as the poor woman's box. Then we had a harper.

With the music, the strange sights around me, the queer exclamations which met my ears, the beauty of "Madame," the youthful and artist's gaiety of my friend, and the two bottles of extra wine he ordered (and a glass of which the waiter expected as of course), our dinner went off merrily enough—so merrily I have dined there several times since—and at my suggestion we all went to my room, (after my friend had paid the bill, fifty-four cents, and given three cents to the waiter), where his "Madame" made coffee, while he and I arranged some cakes I had bought, on some plates, and blew up the fire, and we felt as happy as lords, for all we were up so many flights of the stairs of the spiral staircase.

"Don't think," said he, "that our restaurant is the lowest in Paris. There are some where you have soup, two plates, a dessert, wine, and bread at *discretion*, for twelve cents; indeed, outside of the *Barrière du Mont Rouge*, there is one where you may get all of that for ten cents—though I would not engage you to try it, for one of my friends, the 'serpent,' told me that he eat there before he entered our orchestra, and after the Italian opera season closed, one day he asked for fricasseed chicken, and he found the bones of it were those of an ox's tail. *Du reste* one may live at those places—I mean, one may keep starvation at arm's length at one of those places and without danger,—so the 'serpent' says,—if he eats only vermicelli soup and vegetables, for the bread there, as every where in Paris, is excellent. But it is a dull place though! The 'serpent' says they have all of our musical entertainment, and a great deal more noise than we have (for in Paris the noise made in the restaurants, increases

as the prices diminish), and spouters of Racine, and Corneille, and Victor Hugo; scarcely a day elapses, says he, that they do not have Thérèse's *récit*, Augustus's soliloquy, Athalie's dream, or the soliloquy of Charles V. Then the names of the dishes are, or rather were, before the *coup d'état*, very odd; there was soup à la Robespierre; beef à la Marat; mutton ragout à la fraternité; chicken à la République, and heaven knows what other democratical names. You had but to ask one of the frequenters for his favorite dishes to divine his politics: tell me your dinner, I tell you who you are. You saw there, as you see at places like it in Paris, all the stone-masons and plasterers of the neighborhood; one would think their trades indurated their bellies as hard as their hands, for the 'serpent' says they partake freely of all the dishes of the place, without giving immediate symptoms of discomfort."

"The restaurant you and Louis dined at the other day," said Madame, "was a very different sort of place from the *gargotte* of the Barrière de Mont Rouge, wasn't it?"

"Yes, indeed! And you must some day dine at the Trois Frères with us. It is more than worth the vulgar money you pay for the dinner, large as is the amount of the bill. The Trois Frères is unquestionably the best eating-place in the world; it occupies the rank the Rocher de Cancale, Vervé's, and Vefour's held some twenty years ago. You remember the account Tom Moore gives of them in the book from which I read to you the other night—and De Balzac's description of the Rocher de Cancale, may be justly applied to a dinner party in the *salon* up stairs of the Trois Frères: at half-past seven, a magnificent service of plate, made expressly for the dinners, where vanity pays the bill with bank notes, shone upon the table of the handsomest *salon* of the establishment where all Europe has dined. Torrents of light made cascades on the edges of the carvings of the silver and the glass. Waiters—a stranger would have taken for diplomats, but for their age—behaved themselves with all the seriousness of people who know themselves to be extra paid. We will all dine there together New Year's Day. I will go there in the morning and order a soup *parée du gibier* (the only thing we need order beforehand), and retain one of those cosy little rooms on the *entresol* so well sofed, and cushioned, and lighted, and at night I'll introduce you to all their delicate luxuries, from the soup to the grapes, without omitting a bechamel de

turbot, their famous *fricandeau*, their cocks' combs, their truffles, their wonderful *salmis* of game, and those thousand other made dishes the genius of Vatel and Careme have given to their successors. You may judge then for yourself of the splendor of the service, and the excellence of the viands, and the genius of the cooks, and the polished obsequiousness of the carefully dressed waiters. But—for the privacy of the *cabinet de société* has some drawbacks—you must consent to lose the splendor of the ground-floor room, and the brilliant company generally assembled there."

"I will pay for the dinner on condition you tell me all the news about the fashions—I want to hear all the news, and I shall be exacting, for Louis has told me that you live with the best mantuamaker of Paris."

"Ah! most willingly. The return of necklaces is spoken of as certain this winter in the fashionable circles, and hair ornaments are much sought after for necklaces, ear-rings and bracelets. The workmanship is beautiful, and the effect extremely good. Fichus, worn with redingotes, and high dresses, have almost invariably the *cal mousquetaire* trimmed with Mechlin or Valenciennes lace. Small tucks are much in favor for tulle or muslin chemisettes; but whilst there can be nothing prettier when new, they are generally spoilt in the washing; to obviate this, narrow flat braid is run into each tuck, which gives firmness, and keeps them in their straight lines. Lace berthes are much in favor; application, guipure, or Alençon, are most in demand, they are fastened with narrow ribbons or ends of lace, called *bons hommes*: the trimmings to the sleeves and flounces match the lace, of which the berthe is composed. Brooches are much worn, to fasten the berthe on the front of the body. Winter-pardessus are occupying the attention of our most skilful artists, but nothing very definite has been as yet decided on. It may, however, be mentioned, that velvet trimmed with deep lace will be worn for full dress, the pelisse for morning dress, the Talma cut on the bias, and the manteau Baridant, in cloth and trimmed with velvet braids for promenades. The *sorties de bal* are very elegant; the most *distinguées* are made of white poul de soie, lined with pink or blue satin. A large hood lined with plush to match the satin, with a full bow and long ends, is indispensable, and Illyrian sleeves complete this useful and beautiful manteau. Taffetas glacés dresses, with three skirts

or three deep flounces, are much in favor. Bows of ribbon are placed upon the flounces. Small beautiful coins de feu of velvet and satin, with deep basques, and back like the paletot, richly embroidered with braid mixed with jet, are very popular. Feuille morte colors are the favorite shades for dresses. Bonnets for negligé or promenade, are composed of velvet, either green, violet, blue, or soft brown drab trimmed with black Venetian lace, mixed with flowers and foliage, or feathers the same color as the velvet. Visiting bonnets are the demi-capotes composed of bands of pink or blue terry velvet, separated by rows of white blonde frills. The trimmings of these capotes are often a single flower, the shade of the terry velvet with long foliage in blonde or crape; or small white feathers tipped with the color of the velvet. Have I earned my dinner at the Trois Frères? *Tiens!* it is twelve o'clock."

"Yes, indeed, you have! But stay—don't go yet; the porter expects his fee, and as you have to pay him, you should get the worth of your money. Come, pour out some coffee; I want to read you the impressions Paris made upon an Arab of the Sahara. Don't you like to hear how they regard a civilization, which is so different to theirs? and to remark how singular many of our luxuries and customs appear, when seen by eyes whose observation has not been blunted by long and daily familiarity with them?"

"You do not pray—you do not fast—you do not perform ablutions—you do not shave your heads—you are not circumcised—you do not bleed the animals which you eat—you eat hog's meat—you drink fermented liquors, which transform you to beasts—you are guilty of the infamy of wearing a hat different from that worn by Sidna-Aïssa (our Lord Jesus Christ); these are the vices for which you have to reproach yourselves. But then, you make excellent powder; your *aman* is sacred; you are guilty of no exactions; you are polite; you do not lie a great deal; you like cleanliness. If, with all that, you could once say with sincerity, "There is no other God but God, and our Lord, Mahomet, is God's angel (messenger)," none would enter Paradise sooner than you. What I especially admire in France, is that there is a severe government established. One may travel there by day and by night without fear. Your buildings are beautiful; your lighting is admirable; your carriages are comfortable; your smoking boats and your iron roads are unsurpassed by any

thing in the world. One finds there food and pleasures for all ages, and for every purse. You have an army organized like steps, this man above that. All of your cities have foot-soldiers: your foot-soldiers are the ramparts of your country. Your cavalry is badly mounted, but wonderfully armed and equipped. Your soldiers' iron shines like silver. You have water and bridges in abundance. You understand agriculture: you have crops for every season. The eye is as little fatigued looking at your vegetables and your fruits, as your soil is tired producing them. We have found, in your Garden of the Baylic (the Garden of Plants), animals, and plants, and trees, which even our old men have never heard of. You have enough to satisfy all the world in silks, in velvets, in precious stuffs, and in precious stones. And what the most astonishes us is the promptness with which you know what takes place in the most distant places. . . ."

"*Mais* there's one o'clock! Good night! good night!"

After my lively guests had gone, I returned to a book which I have been reading, M. Roederer's Memoirs, and in the course of the evening I remarked several reports of his conversations with Napoleon, which appear so interesting to me that I will transcribe a passage or two. During the first days of Brumaire, and while the confidential circle were discussing with detail the Revolution which was to be made the Eighteenth, Bonaparte said to Roederer: "No man is more pusillanimous than I am when I am framing a military plan: I exaggerate to myself all the dangers, and all the possible evils which may arise under the circumstances. I am in a painful agitation. This does not prevent my appearing serene before the persons around me. *I am like a girl on the eve of child-birth.* And when my resolution is taken, all is forgotten except that which can make it succeed." In 1804, on the eve of the establishment of the Empire, Bonaparte, talking with him in the Tuileries, thinking aloud, and expressing his impatience of the injustice of Parisian opinion at that moment, and his annoyance of the obstacles thrown in his way, even by some of his nearest relations, said: "Besides *moi*, I have no ambition (and then correcting himself)—or, if I have some, it is so natural to me, it is so innate in me, it is so intimately attached to my existence, that it is like the very blood in my veins, like the air I breathe. It does not make me go more quickly or differently than the natural

springs in me. I have never had to combat, either for or against it; it does not go faster than I do; it only goes with the circumstances and the *ensemble* of my ideas." At another time, led to speak about war, of "that immense art which includes all the others," of the innumerable talents it requires, and which are very different from personal courage, and which cannot be given at will: "*Militaire, je le suis moi*, I am a soldier," exclaimed Bonaparte, "because it is the particular gift I received at my birth; it is my existence—it is my habitude. Wherever I have been, I have commanded; I commanded, when I was twenty-three years old, the siege of Toulon—I commanded in Paris, in Vendémiaire; I carried away the soldiers in Italy, as soon as I appeared to them. I was born for that. I always know how I stand. I have my accounts always present to my mind. I cannot get by heart a single Alexandrine line; but I never forget a syllable of the accounts of my situation. I like tragedies; but if every tragedy in the world were there, on one side, and the accounts of my situation on the other, I would not even glance at a single tragedy, and I would not omit a single line of the accounts of my situation, without having read it attentively. To-night, I shall find them in my chamber, and I shall not go to bed until I have read them. (*It was then nearly midnight.*) Perhaps it is a misfortune that I command in person; but it is my essence, my privilege. . . . I have more mind. . . . What do I care about talents! What I want is the *esprit* of the thing. *There is no fool who is not good for something—there is no mind which can do every thing.* The love of kings is not a nurse's tenderness. They should make themselves feared and respected. The love of nations is only esteem. I love power, *moi*; but it is *en artiste* that I love it. . . . I love it as a musician loves his violin, to draw from its sounds, accords, harmony. The military art is a freemasonry; there is among all of them a certain intelligence which enables them, without mistake, to recognize

each other, seek each other's company, and understand each other; and I am the grand-master of all their lodges. There is nothing about war that I cannot do myself. If there is nobody to make gunpowder, I know how to make it; if cannons are wanted, I know how to cast them; I can teach all the details of tactics, if there is nobody else to teach them. In administration, I alone arranged the finances, as you know. . . . There are principles, rules which should be known. I work always; I meditate a great deal. If I appear always ready to guarantee every thing, to meet every thing, it is because, before undertaking any thing, I have long meditated, I have foreseen what might happen. *It is not a genius which suddenly reveals me secretly what I have to say or to do in circumstances which, to others, are unexpected; it is my reflection, my meditation.* I am always working, at dinner, at the theatre; I get up during the night and work. Last night I got up at two o'clock. I sat in my long chair before the fire, to examine the accounts of the situation the Minister of War gave me last night. I found out and noted twenty faults, and I have sent my notes to the Minister, who is now busy in his office correcting them." I am persuaded you will read with interest Napoleon's opinion on the contested question of the unities. Benjamin Constant had just published his tragedy, *Walstein*. "Benjamin Constant has written a tragedy and some poetry. Those people try to write when they have not even made their first literary studies. Let him read Aristotle's Poetics. Tragedy does not limit the action to twenty-four hours arbitrarily; but it is because it takes the passions at their maximum, at their very highest degree of intensity, when they can neither bear any distraction, nor support a long time. He makes them eat during the action: eat, indeed! when the action commences, the actors should be agitated; at the third act, they should sweat; at the last, every body should be bathed in perspiration."

HAYTI AND THE HAITIANS

MY first view of Hayti was from off the "Mole St. Nicholas," the northwest point of the island. We were perhaps twenty miles east of the point to be doubled in order to enter the bay of Port au Prince. A bold, mountainous shore presented itself as far as the eye could reach, and far in the interior we could see the cloud-capt summit of "Monte au Diable," towering more than five thousand feet above us. Being awakened suddenly from sound sleep it was as if the island had sprung in an instant, by magic, from the depths of the wide waste of waters by which we had been for many days surrounded.

The scenes of that early morning hour are engraved indelibly upon my memory, and are among the most pleasing reminiscences of my life. Daylight had but just dawned, and the bold shore towered before me draped in the gray morning mist, and covered with a wealth of verdure such as I had never seen before. There is a luxuriance, we can almost say a prodigality in the robes with which nature here decks herself, that amazes and bewilders one who, for the first time, opens his eyes upon a tropical scene. The air was more delightful than I had ever imagined that of the most genial climes to be. I stood hatless, near the stern of the ship, gazing spellbound upon the scene before me; and as we were borne along by a gentle breeze, the mild soft winds played with my, as yet, uncombed locks, and fanned me with a gentle dalliance, even the memory of which is delicious.

Doubling the "Mole" we sailed in a southeasterly direction down the bay, about a hundred miles, to the city of Port au Prince. A range of bold highlands skirts the shore, now with bald and jagged summits, burning and glowing under a tropical sun, and now retreating farther into the interior, and covered with the most rank and luxuriant vegetation.

In going down the bay we pass a beautiful little island about twenty miles in length, called Gonare. Nature has lavished upon it her bounties with the same rich profusion that characterizes all her works here. Mahogany, logwood, tropical fruits, and other productions abound, and it seems a fit residence for fairies; yet no human being is allowed to dwell upon it. Passing this island we were in full view of both shores of the bay, which present the same magnificent appearance. Near the city of Port au Prince the bay

is dotted with several little islands, which, however, add more to its beauty as a scene for a painter, than to its convenience or safety for purposes of navigation. The mountain ranges terminate nearly with the bay, and a level country opens up beyond the city which lies at its head.

Thus much for Haitian scenery; now for an introduction to the people. As we near the city a boat approaches, rowed by two blacks, hatless and with a scanty allowance of clothing, bringing a more respectably attired personage not less black. It is the pilot. As soon as a pilot touches the deck of a vessel, he is in full command; the responsibility of the captain is at an end, and he is only as a passenger. It was very amusing to watch the queer and comical expressions upon the faces of our sailors when their new superior came on board, took his station, and gave his orders, "Port," "Steady," "Starboard," &c. It was evidently not easy for them to yield him all the respect due to his station; but certain significant looks from the captain kept all in order, and we were taken safely to the harbor. Soon another boat came alongside, and we were boarded by three other officials. These were the captain of the port, rather a short stout man (a thorough black), in military dress, composed of a flat crescent-shaped cap, epaulet, blue broadcloth coat with figured gilt buttons, &c. Next came the captain of the pilots, a tall well formed man, in official dress. He had spent some time in the United States and now acts as interpreter, the French being the language of the country. And last, the clerk of the port, a young man several shades lighter, in citizen's dress of the latest Parisian style. Broadway does not often furnish a more perfect "exquisite." These received the ship's papers, went through the forms of entry to the custom-house, and placed a black soldier on board as a guard against smuggling. The captain and myself (the only passenger) were then conducted ashore to "La Place," the office of the governor of the city, where after registering our names, and going through a brief form, we were dismissed and at liberty to go on shore when and where we pleased.

The first few hours spent upon any foreign shore will not easily be forgotten. When after an hour or two I was again on board of the vessel for the night, my mind seemed to have been moved and excited by more new and strange emotions,

than in whole years before. Every thing, animate and inanimate, was new and strange—the people and their habits, the animals and their equipage, the style of the buildings, the trees, plants, vegetation, fruits, and various productions of the earth. All were new and consequently sources of mental excitement and pleasure. I had travelled many, many months and miles in our own southern climes, in the precarious search for health, until wearied with my wanderings by land, I had gone on board this vessel simply for the benefit of a voyage at sea; not knowing, or caring for what particular island or port we were bound. I was glad that night that the monotony of my life had thus been broken, and that I had fetched up just where I had; a place so rarely visited* by travellers, and affording, though so near home, so fresh a field for observation and study.

I have described our entrance to Port au Prince. This city contains from twenty to twenty-five thousand inhabitants. These, with the exception of a few foreigners, are natives of the island, and are always distinguished as "blacks"—those of unmixed blood—and "colored"—those of every tinge from "snowy white to sooty." To one accustomed to the state of things in our own country, and especially to one who has spent a good deal of time in the southern States, it seemed singular, to say the least, to see only black senators, judges, generals, and all the various grades of civil and military officers, necessary to conduct the affairs of government, and these all presided over by a black emperor. This remarkable personage is the great object of curiosity, for which sailors, captains, and all others inquire, and however much there may be to interest the stranger passing before his eyes, all are on the *qui vive* until he is seen. I have gathered the following facts in regard to his previous history.

The present Emperor of Hayti, Faustin Soulouque, or as he is officially known, "His Majesty, Faustin the First," had, previously to his election as president, been unknown to fame save as a military chieftain. His first connection with the army was in the capacity of a servant to a distinguished general. He has ever been regarded by those who have known him as a man of moderate abilities and acquirements, but of undoubted bravery.

My first view of him was as he was riding through the city of Port au Prince,

as his custom is on every Sunday morning. His color is the dingiest coal black; he has not the thick lips and other characteristic features that usually accompany this color. He rode a fine gray horse imported from the United States, and was accompanied by a hundred or more of his lifeguards on horseback, preceded by cavalry music, and passed through the principal streets of the city, uncovering his head and dispensing his bows and his smiles to the crowds as he rode rapidly past them. He was dressed, as he has always been when I have seen him, far more richly than I have ever seen any of our military officers dressed. He wore the common crescent-shaped military cap, with rich plumes and heavy golden trimmings. His coat was blue broadcloth with standing collar; and the entire front, the collar, the seams of the sleeves and the back, the edges of the skirts, &c., were overlaid with heavy golden trimmings. Besides this, various figures were wrought in gold upon the back and other parts of the coat, so that a large part of the cloth was covered. But a part of his vest could be seen, as his coat was buttoned with one button near his neck; but all that did appear showed nothing but gold. His trowsers were white, trimmed on each side of the seams with gold lace. He was not, however, in full dress, as he had on common boots, instead of a pair most richly trimmed with velvet and gold that he sometimes wears. His age is a little above fifty, his form erect, near six feet in height, and well proportioned. His horsemanship is of the most accomplished character. This attracts the attention of all foreigners, and their universal remark is that in this respect he is rarely equalled. He usually rides to the Bureau of the Port, the custom-house, and through several of the principal streets of the city, attended by a few of his guards, twice during the week. As I had seen him thus riding rapidly through the city, I was perplexed to reconcile his face, which seemed amiable and benignant, with what I knew of his character; but subsequently, as I stood near him, when he dismounted at church, and then sat within a few feet of him during a long service, I have been relieved of this difficulty, for I could see in his face when in repose an index of his stern and merciless heart. Those familiar with the circumstances of his election as president of the republic (the present Emperor of France, be it re-

* More than fifty vessels from the United States arrived at Port au Prince during my stay upon the island, in which there were but two passengers,—one a young lawyer sent by an insurance company to look after a vessel that had been wrecked; and the other an agent for a commercial house.

membered, has most closely followed the black Emperor in the method he has taken to reach his present position) will remember that the honor came upon him most unexpectedly. Parties were so nearly balanced that neither of them was able to succeed, and after several unavailing ballots he was taken up as an available military candidate, and moreover as one that the leaders thought could easily be managed. But they soon found out their mistake. The very men who had procured his election were the first to suffer. In a very short time he dismissed them from the ministry and chose a cabinet to his own liking, and from that day onward he has sacrificed whoever has dared to oppose him, or been suspected of plotting his overthrow, with apparently as little feeling as he would have taken the life of a centipede. It is a very difficult matter to judge of the future in regard to the Haitian government and people, but to all appearances he bids fair to be their ruler for many years to come. At least if he be not it will not be because he would hesitate to sacrifice hecatombs of opposing subjects to secure this end.

It is not easy to give a truthful impression of the real state of things upon this island. A gentleman who, for many years, occupied the chair of history in one of our distinguished institutions, and whose knowledge of the past history and present state of the world is equalled by very few of any land, remarked to me that he found it more difficult to get satisfactory views of the state of things in Hayti, than of any other part of the world. Probably every one who has given any attention to what has been passing here for the last half century has experienced the same difficulty. I will therefore make this general remark in regard to the island, which will serve to explain the conflicting statements that are made by those who visit it. *In Hayti you have every thing from extreme Parisian refinement and civilization down to the lowest African superstition and degradation!* You may therefore believe any statement that would be true of any state of society between these wide extremes.

From all that I had known of them, of their revolutions and their almost constant sanguinary conflicts, I had not supposed that any portion of them were as far advanced in civilization as I found some of them to be. Those who transact the commercial and mercantile business of the city have an air of intelligence quite similar to the same class in our own cities.

Their style of dress is so remarkably neat and tasteful that it attracts your attention at once. The climate being warm, their clothing is generally light, and most of it the most pure and beautiful white I have ever seen worn. This is the result of much bleaching in a tropical sun, and of great painstaking and skill in washing. The dress of the common working people, however, what little they wear, is of the very opposite extreme. These, however, dress differently on certain occasions, which I shall hereafter describe.

Another characteristic of the people that at once arrests your attention, is their remarkable politeness. A foreigner who has resided among them for some years told me that this was the great matter in their education; that the better class of Haitian mothers flogged their children oftener for delinquencies in this matter than for any thing else. In walking with them in the streets, or whenever they are meeting others, they are constantly disciplining them to make a handsome bow and salutation. To a foreigner the people are especially polite. In passing through the streets and meeting those of the higher class, they lift their hats to you, and with a graceful bow, give you a respectful "Bon jour," or "Bon soir, Monsieur." I have seen an entire family who were sitting upon an outer gallery, in the cool of the evening, rise to their feet and bow most gracefully to a foreigner and his wife who were passing. A gentleman from Alabama, who spent some weeks on the island, remarked as he was about leaving, that he should have to be very careful when he reached home, or he should find himself tipping his hat to every negro he met on his plantation. A waggish down-east captain broke out, one day as I met him; "Don't these people make most beautiful bows? I've been practising since I've been here; and I believe I've got so I can lift my hat up about as handsome as they do, but somehow it won't come down right." To explain these things I need only remind the reader that there is not a little French blood coursing in the veins of these people, and that their education and habits are derived from that nation. From speaking their language, their intercourse and associations have been mainly with them, and those of them who have been educated abroad, have almost invariably been educated in France. These facts, and the remarkable powers of imitation inherent in the negro character, will, I think, prepare the reader for the statement (which I should not dare to make without

these preliminaries) that I have never seen in any city of the Union ladies of more cultivated and accomplished *manners*, than some I have seen in Port au Prince. For reasons that I need not here state, I am excused for being entirely ignorant in regard to balls and dancing-parties. But a lady, whose opinion and judgment would not be called in question if I might name her, assured me that she had never seen in New-York or New England more elegant dancers than in Port au Prince.

I had not been long upon the island before I had an opportunity of witnessing one of their religious fête days, when the custom-house and public offices were closed; there was a general cessation from business, and the entire people gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the holiday. These days are very numerous with the Haitians, as in addition to the regular Catholic festivals, they have a large number of a national character, commemorating important events in their history. These are great occasions for dress and display with all classes. I have never on a public occasion, that called out the great mass of our people, seen them as a whole so neatly dressed. You wonder as you pass among the throng, where can be the miserably clad objects that you have been accustomed to see in the markets, on the wharves, and about the streets of the city. I was told in explanation of this that these people resort to every possible expedient, even to sadly wronging their poor stomachs, in order to acquire the means to make a handsome appearance on these public days, and that the most wretchedly clad beings I saw upon the street were almost sure to have one handsome dress for these occasions.

The following incident will give an idea of the transformations often effected by these changes of dress for public occasions. The ordinary dress for the mass of the laboring women,—washwomen, &c.,—is a single garment hanging loosely upon the body like a chemise, with perhaps an old pair of shoes on, slipshod. With these two articles they are very satisfactorily dressed. An American gentleman was sitting in his door upon one of their fête days, when a lady approached dressed in the highest ton of the country—a rich Madras handkerchief about her head, earrings and other jewelry, a dress of the purest white, white satin slippers, and other things in corresponding keeping. He rose, and with his salutation, "*Bon jour, Madame*," bade her enter and be seated. She gracefully returned his salu-

tations, entered with a manner and bearing in keeping with her dress, saying, "and so you do not recognize me!" He looked—it was his washwoman!

The fête day to which I have alluded as the first that I witnessed, was "*All Saints' Day*." I went in the morning to the Catholic church, where some two or three thousand were assembled. All here were neatly, and many were richly dressed; and I was not a little surprised at their entirely decorous, respectful, and intelligent appearance. In the afternoon I witnessed one of those immense processions, which have such a peculiar charm to the people of all Catholic countries. Thousands upon thousands, "*the whole city*" assembled at the church, and from thence, preceded by a company of soldiers, the priests with their crosses, candles, &c., they moved on, without any order, a promiscuous mass, nearly filling the streets through which they passed. In company with an American friend I followed on, and entered their cemetery. This is situated some distance from the city, is inclosed by a high wall, and, being ornamented with rich tropical trees and lying under the shadow of the mountain range on the south of the city, it presented, at that hour, a most beautiful appearance. In passing through this ancient and densely crowded "*city of the dead*,"—while as a Protestant I had no sympathy with these thousands in the religious sentiments that prompted their services, or in their estimate of their value,—I could but be moved by many of the touching and truly beautiful scenes that were around me. Here young bereaved mothers, aged smitten parents, sad and solitary widows, sorrowing orphans, and all the variety of stricken hearts were gathered around the graves that contained the objects of their cherished affections, and having strewed them with flowers, and lighted their wax tapers over them, were devoutly kneeling and offering their orisons in their behalf. Even the graves of numbers that had been shot for political offences, and, in consequence, were buried without the wall, were not neglected. They had been visited at some less public hour of the day, by stealth perhaps, and the hand and heart of affection had left upon them the burning taper and rich bouquet. I leave others to imagine with what reflections I retired from the scenes of the day!

The Sabbath in Hayti is not only the busiest day in the week, but presents more scenes characteristic of the people than any other day. You are awaked at

the earliest dawn by booming of cannon on the fort. This is the call for the various military companies to collect at their several stations, and prepare for a general parade and review by the Emperor. Soon the streets are all alive with bustle and confusion. The various companies are dashing by on horseback or marching to the music of a band. They assemble at first in the large yard in front and around the government house, the residence of Soulouque, where, amid the strains of martial music, various evolutions and exercises are gone through with, the significance of which I could never understand, as the Emperor never makes his appearance. After an hour or more spent here, they march to a large beautiful plain, lying back of the government house, where they prepare for a review by the Emperor. His majesty, Faustin the First, with not more than half a million of subjects, has a standing army of not far from 20,000, about twice the number of our own. I think I have seen half of this number at a Sunday morning review. They are formed into a hollow square, and after the proper officers have made the circuit of the lines, to see that all is in order, a company of officers is dispatched to inform the Emperor; whose approach is announced and greeted with an almost deafening salute of martial music, the roar and din of which is continued, while he, accompanied by his ministers of state, officers, and guards, rides rapidly around the entire line to the point of starting, where he makes a halt and the entire army passes in review before him. This done he makes the circuit of the city, as I have already described.

But while all this is passing the city is by no means forsaken or quiet. Every store and shop is open, and the goods displayed more attractively than on any other day of the week. Sunday is the greatest market day of all the week, and the streets of the city are full of people coming and going, some with mules loaded with vegetables, wood, grass, coal, &c.; some with bananas, plantains, sugar cane, &c., on their heads, some with a few chickens, some with one thing and some with another. Thus they crowd on, bartering, disputing, shouting, singing, laughing, all in the boisterous tones peculiar to such a state of civilization, making altogether a scene of confusion such as is rarely to be found. But the great scene and centre of confusion is the market. This is a large open square in the centre of the city, where perhaps two thousand persons, some of them from great dis-

tances in the country, are eager in driving their bargains and disposing of their various articles. This market-place has no building except a few open sheds or booths at the ends or sides of the square, where meat and such articles are sold as need to be protected from the sun. The entire area of the square is filled with people who, without any reference to regularity or order, have laid upon the ground, or a mat, their mule-load, or head-load of oranges, potatoes, beans, corn, plantains, yams, pine-apples, chickens, pigs, fish, charcoal, or whatever animate or inanimate articles they may have for sale. The noise, confusion, and picturesqueness of this scene entirely baffle my powers of description. Strangely enough to an untravelled American, the Catholic church is hard by, upon a slight elevation overlooking one of these large markets, crowded with worshippers. Old women from the country come along to the church, lay their baskets or bundles upon the steps, go in, cross themselves with holy water, kneel, count their beads, and go through with their devotions, and then come out and go on with their trading. Thus multitudes come and go, and those who are able to stay and engage in the services for a longer time, seem not to be at all disturbed by them.

Thus with noise and excitement the day passes on. By two or three o'clock business begins to subside, and sports of various kinds begin. The country people having made their sales, and got through with their "shopping," are leaving for home in groups. The boys of the city fly their kites, spin their tops, and run, and laugh, and shout in their various sports. The young men walk, or ride, or visit, as they may prefer. The more wealthy having finished a late dinner, amuse themselves with dancing or cards, and all according to their taste seek their pleasure. As the evening approaches new and still stranger scenes begin. The more common and ignorant portion of the people assemble in large companies in the open air and engage in dancing, which is their great and almost sole amusement. These dances are unlike any thing that we are accustomed to call by that name. There are several things characteristic of them all; though there is said to be a great variety of names and kinds of dances. Large numbers of them are regularly organized societies, with their mysterious rites of initiation, and their cabalistic ceremonies, which are said to be truthful representations of the heathen dances of central Africa, which have been handed

down here from generation to generation. Others are entirely informal, the dancing of any promiscuous company that chance may bring together. These dances are uniformly in the open air, though many of them are under the cover of a tent or awning belonging to the "société." Their music is made by pounding with the palm of the hands upon a drum, which is made by stretching a skin over the head of a small barrel, like a drum-head. To this they have various accompaniments, such as pounding with two sticks upon an old herring or soap box, the clicking of pieces of iron, singing, clapping of hands, &c. Though to the uninitiated the music thus made seems a monotonous, unintelligible jargon, there is said to be a great variety of tunes which they seem perfectly to understand. I procured from a Haitian musician some of this dancing music. These tunes are like the *real* plantation songs of the South, the productions of excited ignorant minds, having no knowledge of the science of music whatever. This music, executed in the manner already described, has an electrical effect, and immediately collects large groups, who will stand for hours in a charmed circle surrounding the dancers. Sometimes there will be quite a number engaged in dancing, sometimes half a dozen, and sometimes one or two will enchain the attention of the spectators with their movements. These are the most grotesque imaginable; now a shaking movement somewhat like those of our shakers,—now a peculiar balancing of the body,—now dashing off suddenly in a whirling, sailing motion around the entire circle,—now with feet fixed upon the ground, moving the body up and down—as the Aztecs uniformly did when told to dance—and continuing this motion more and more vigorously, until it would seem that they must dislocate every bone in the body,—and now leaping with great rapidity to a remarkable height in the air, like the bounding of a India-rubber ball. These are among the more common feats. As these dances form the almost sole amusement for the numerous holidays of the Haitians, I have very often witnessed them. They have a very ingenious method of making a foreigner pay for his amusement, after this manner. As soon as he is seen in the crowd some one of the dancing women begins to move toward him holding out her hands for a gift; and continues to dance back and forth, before and around him, her hands still extended, until he is "the observed of all observers." After this was understood, I generally had

some change ready so as to pay my tribute in the quickest time possible. One night as I was going through the street, I passed an open yard where a company was dancing that seemed more merry and excited than usual, and without any forethought I turned in. I had hardly reached the group before one of the dancing women was before me with open palm. I thrust my hand into my pocket, found I had no change, and the first thing I could get hold of was a two-dollar Haitian bill, which I handed over as soon as possible. It was the best investment in this line that I ever made. She just glanced to see what it was, and then waving it in the air went whirling and sailing around the circle, and among other demonstrations giving me an opportunity to see some almost incredible feats that I had often heard described but had never witnessed. Placing a small crockery cup, about the size of a teacup, upon the top of her head, she danced, whirled, and sprang suddenly several feet, and back at the same bound, making apparently the most convulsive jerks possible, the cup meanwhile remaining untouched upon the top of the head. This jumping and jerking was gone through with several times, and far surpassed any feat of jugglery that I had ever witnessed. A colored woman, a member of the Baptist Mission Church in Port au Prince, told me she had often seen her mother go through the same feats with a wineglass upon her head. So universal is this custom of dancing among the Haitians upon their fête days and Sunday, that I have often thought, that including the various grades from the regular balls in the city down to the lowest field dances, two thirds, or even a greater proportion of the people of Hayti must be engaged in dancing. The influence of this habit is all pervading. Children catch the spirit, and will sway their bodies to and fro, keeping time to the music, when they can scarcely go alone; and as soon as they have strength to spring clear from the ground, without the hazard of a fall, they are ready on any occasion to exhibit their dexterity to a stranger. The music of a drum and fife, especially on a public day, is almost certain to set all the children in a street to hopping, and I have been greatly amused to see boys with no other dress on than a shirt who were going along the streets, step, and balance, and whirl, and sail on, keeping time to the music. By sun-down upon Sabbath evening the music of these dancing companies is heard in all directions, and the noise and dance

continue until midnight, and often till the break of day. Thus the Sabbath ends with confusion as it began.

Were I to stop here, after what I have said in regard to the politeness, taste in dress, skill in dancing, &c., &c., that I found in Port au Prince, I am sure that a very wrong estimate of the character and condition of the people would be formed from what I have written. I have already alluded to the fact that there is here a strange blending of Parisian refinement and civilization, with native African barbarism and morals. Having said what I have of the first, my account would not be truthful were I to pass over the last.

I witnessed one large fire in Port au Prince. As soon as it began to spread, the merchants who had foreign vessels in port consigned to them, ran immediately to their stores, and tumbling their money into trunks and bags, ran with them to the wharf, in the quickest time possible, and sent them on board these vessels. Many of the captains were unwilling to take the bags and trunks in that way, without knowing their contents, and begged their consignees, if they would have it so, to send some one on board in whose care the property might be left; but they invariably preferred to leave it in that way. A fire is the signal for universal theft and dishonesty. Scarcely an article that is thrown into the streets can be secured, and a man does not know whom to trust. One man intrusted a bag of money to one of his neighbors in the midst of the confusion of the fire, and when he called for it the next day, the man denied having received it, and as there was no proof the owner could not recover it. When I heard this and similar facts, I was not surprised at their readiness to trust foreign captains. The best stores here have a small building adjoining, which is without windows and fire-proof; on purpose to have a place where they can store their money and valuables in times of fire. Thieving seems the great bane of the island. Those who are disposed to be industrious have no certainty that they will reap the rewards of their industry. While they are laboring, others are sleeping, who in the dead of the night will prowl around and seize upon the fruits of their toils. Corn, vegetables, fruits, &c., are stolen from the fields where they are growing; pigs, fowls, &c., are stolen from their inclosures. An American negro, who was disposed to be industrious, told me that often while he was at work at one end of his garden, thieves would be watching him and steal-

ing his vegetables and fruits from the other end. This practice is so universal that the law allows any man to shoot down a thief in the act of plundering. I was told of a case where a young man, hearing some one in the act of stealing his bananas, went out in the dark and fired at him, and on going to the spot was startled to find that he had killed one of his most intimate friends. In 1842 the city of Cape Haitien was shaken down by a most terrific earthquake, and probably one half or two thirds of its population were instantly killed. Of those who escaped in the general ruin, multitudes from the city and surrounding country rushed to the terrible scene, and engaged in plundering the bodies of the dead and the dying! And yet, paradoxical as it seems, money may be transmitted from Port au Prince to any other part of the island with the utmost safety. Packages of bills containing thousands of dollars, may be intrusted to a native, who will carry it, unmolested, across the country, sleeping with it under his head at night, and deliver every dollar with unfailing certainty. But after it is once delivered and counted the same man would not hesitate to appropriate a package if an opportunity were offered.

Another central African characteristic of the Haitians, is their almost universal licentiousness. I have taken no pains to obtain statistics, but think I cannot err in saying that a majority of the births upon the island are illegitimate. To live together as husband and wife without a civil or religious marriage ceremony is scarcely less respectable than regular marriage. Many men, among the first in wealth and social position, live in this manner; and the respectability of the connection may be inferred from the fact that when they commence housekeeping they give a party, and subsequently appear together in parties, at church, and other public places, precisely as if they were regularly married. By a law of the island, marriage at any subsequent period, makes all the children born in this state legitimate. When the present Emperor was elected president he was living in this state of concubinage, but his subsequent marriage makes the present princess a legitimate successor to the throne. Such a state of things being tolerated among the more respectable of the people, it can readily be understood that among the lower classes the state of morals in this respect is most deplorable, and such as to forbid description.

It is well known that in severing them-

selves from all connection with the whites, the Haitians renounced their allegiance to the Pope, and therefore the Emperor is the spiritual as well as temporal head of the nation. The Pope having no power or voice in the management of affairs among them, priests of the most desperate and disreputable character have swarmed to the island, who instead of laboring to reform and improve the morals of the people are largely responsible for the prevailing corruption. The government has to keep a sharp and constant look-out for them, and pass laws to keep them from the most scandalous outrages upon morality. The following document, issued by one of Soulouque's ministers, a zealous Catholic, the judicial officer highest in authority upon the island, I translate from "*Le Moniteur Haitian*," the government paper which circulates throughout the island.

TRANSLATION.

"*The Grand Judge, to the Members of the Councils of Notables, in the Communes of the Republic:*

"NOTABLE CITIZENS,—Certain grave abuses, introduced into the country by the clergy, have awakened my attention, and for the interest of religion it was necessary that I should adopt some measures to bring them to an end.

"You know that religion is an object most venerable in the eyes of the people, and that it exerts a salutary influence upon men and upon societies, by lending its support to the laws. Every stigma which is brought upon it is dangerous, and the more so when it is brought upon it by its ministers.

"Many, regardless of the character with which they are clothed, of their proper dignity, and even of common propriety, openly give themselves to acts of trade, to commercial operations, which often engage them in litigation, so that they frequently appear before the bar of the courts contending with their opponents.

"And as if this spectacle, which strikes religion at the heart, were not sufficiently afflicting, many of them keep at the parsonages in their dwellings, in the derisory capacity of housekeepers (*sous la qualification dérisoire de gouvernantes*), young females, and by a course of conduct opposed to good morals, of which they ought to be the living examples, give occasion for public scandals which tend to their disgrace in the eyes of their flocks, and destroys the sublime moral of the gospel which they are charged to preach in all its authority.

"This state of things, gentlemen and

citizens, is inconsistent with a society properly constituted. That it may continue no longer, *I charge you to have an eye continually upon the curates of your respective parishes*, and to report (*dénoncer*) to me every violation of this statute which they may commit, that it may not be unpunished.

"They are forbidden hereafter to engage in commercial affairs of any kind, and to retain at the parsonages or in their dwellings, in any capacity whatever, young females, unless they are of an age not to be suspected.

"You will give earnest attention to these instructions and acquaint me of their reception.

"I salute you with consideration.

"J. B. FRANCISQUE."

With such priests to mould the morals of the people, it is easy to judge what those morals must be!

The island of Hayti is occupied by two distinct people, descendants of the old Spanish and French colonies. Its population is estimated at about 600,000 or 700,000. The Haitians, with about two thirds of the population, possess only about one third of the territory. Its greatest length from east to west is about 400 miles. Its breadth varies from 40 miles near its eastern extremity to about 150 near its centre, and it embraces, according to Mr. Lindenau, an area of nearly 29,500 square miles. Columbus called the island Hispaniola, and it has also been called St. Domingo from the city of that name on its southeastern coast; but Hayti or Haiti (*the mountainous country*) was its original Carrib name. The French bestowed upon it the deserved name of *la Reine des Antilles*. All descriptions of its magnificence and beauty, even those of Washington Irving in his history of Columbus, fall far short of the reality. It seems beyond the power of language to exaggerate its beauties, its productiveness, the loveliness of its climate, and its desirableness as an abode for man. Columbus labored hard to prove to Isabella that he had found here the original garden of Eden; and any one who has wandered over these mountains and plains, breathed this delicious air, and feasted his soul and his eyes upon the scenes every where spread out before him, is quite ready to excuse the apparent extravagance of the great discoverer. To a large extent the resources of this island are at present undeveloped, and it presents a wide contrast to its former wealth and productiveness. In 1789, it contained a population of

40,000 whites, 500,000 slaves, and 24,000 free colored. Not only its rich plains, but in many parts its mountains were cultivated to their summits. The cultivated lands amounted to 2,289,480 acres; which were divided into 793 plantations of sugar, 3117 plantations of coffee, 3160 of indigo, 54 of chocolate, and 623 smaller ones for raising grain, yams, and other vegetable food. Its exports, as stated by the intendant of the colony, were £4,765,229 sterling. An active commerce united it with Europe, and twenty ports of trade were filled with 1500 vessels, waiting to freight home its rich productions. In riding over the island the mementos of this prosperity are every where to be seen. Large broken kettles, the remains of immense sugar houses, are scattered along the roads and over the fields. The remains of massive and magnificent gateways, and the ruins of princely dwellings, scattered over the island are evidences of the highest state of wealth and luxury. But these rich plains and mountains, are now almost an uncultivated waste. A few coffee plantations are to be found, which are kept up with the greatest difficulty on account of the impossibility of securing among the natives the necessary laborers. The most of the people out of the towns live in rudely constructed houses, unfurnished with the usual comforts of life, and but a few degrees above the huts upon the shores of their native Africa. The soil is so exceedingly productive, and there is so much that grows spontaneously, that very little labor indeed is necessary to secure the food necessary to sustain life; and the climate is such that, if so disposed, they need spend very little for clothing. Being thus under no compulsory necessity to labor, industry is the exception, idleness and idleness the rule.

They generally inclose around or near their dwellings a small patch of ground, which is cultivated mostly by the females, and where, with very little labor, they raise coffee, bananas, corn, and other vegetables for their own consumption, and a small surplus for sale, from the proceeds of which they procure their clothing and such other articles of convenience as they are able or disposed to purchase. I should judge that far the largest part of all the coffee that is exported from the island is raised in these small quantities, and brought to market in small lots upon the backs of mules. The logwood, mahogany, and other exports are mostly procured in small quantities in much the same way,—the men of course doing most of this heavy labor.

Bountiful as are the provisions for supplying the wants of man here, there is, incredible as it may seem, a vast deal of suffering for want of the very necessities of life. The government being in reality an irresponsible despotism, every male citizen is liable to be seized at any moment and forced into the army; so that if he raises a crop there is no certainty but that in the very act of securing it, he may be torn away from his family, and the fruits of his labor be left to perish while he is marched away to the frontier, to return he knows not when. In addition to this, multitudes are so thriftless and improvident that they will not make any provision for the future—they will not even gather those productions that are every where so bountifully spread around them. I have rode through wild uncultivated woods, and seen on every hand groves of orange trees groaning under their delicious golden loads, as I have seen the orchards of western New-York weighed down with their heavy burdens. A little farther on, I have come upon thickets of coffee bushes matted over with their rich purple berries. Besides these, tobacco, ginger, and other valuable products grow wild in the same profusion over these mountains, and year after year there waste away and perish like the rank grass of our own prairies. I have wandered over the rich rice and cotton fields of the South, and the prairie and bottom lands of the West, but their bountiful products are meagre compared with those to be seen here.

But bountiful and Eden-like as is this island, the contemplation both of its past history and present state excites only the saddest emotions. The history of Hayti from its discovery to the present day is a most melancholy history. When discovered by Columbus it is supposed to have contained more than 1,000,000 of the Carrib tribe of Indians, but, incredible as it may appear, in consequence of their wholesale butchery by the Spaniards, and the severe drudgery they were compelled to undergo in the mines, in the short space of sixteen years they were reduced to 60,000. These outrages upon humanity, entailing such a lasting stigma upon the Spanish name, were followed by the well-known introduction of slavery into the island, with all its indescribable cruelties and horrors, and its subsequent fearful end. But the gloomy chapter of its woes does not terminate with the tragic, well-known "horrors of St. Domingo." From that day to the present it has been an almost uninterrupted scene of conflict and

bloodshed. Internal dissensions and desolating civil wars have continued to mark its history; and recently three great and powerful nations have intervened in vain to secure for this ill-starred island the blessings of peace. No soil has so long and so constantly been ensanguined with human blood. Blood marks every page of her history, from the time her beautiful shores first greeted the delighted vision of Columbus until the present day;—the blood of the peaceful inoffensive Caribs,—the blood of the wronged and outraged

children of Africa,—the blood of their butchered masters,—the blood of Le Clerc and his noble, but ill-fated army,—the blood of Dessalines, Christophe, and of thousands more who have perished in the insurrections and revolutions that have desolated this fair island. Sad, sad indeed has been the fate of the "Queen of the Antilles." I leave it to others to deduce the lessons that her history suggests, and will not attempt to penetrate the dark veil that hides her future.

THREE DAYS IN ARGOLIS.

These massive walls,
Whose date o'erawes tradition, gird the home
Of a great race of kings, along whose line
The eager mind lives aching, through the darkness
Of ages else unstoried, till its shapes
Of armed sovereigns spread to godlike port,
And, frowning in the uncertain dawn of time,
Strike awe, in powers who ruled an older world,
In mute obedience.

TALFOURD'S LOX.

IT was between six and seven in the evening of the first of April, before I could make the necessary arrangements for a tour with a party who intended setting out on the morrow from Athens for Nauplia. Mr. N——, late an antiquarian attached to the British Museum, and now appointed Vice Consul for the Island of Mitylene, and C——, son of a London publisher, were to be my companions; and we had engaged Demetrius, or Demetri, for our guide. By the time we had fully made up our minds to leave, it was well nigh dark, and yet neither Demetri nor I had procured our passes, without which we were liable at any time to be stopped on our way, and might be subjected to considerable trouble in clearing ourselves from the suspicion of being either robbers or vagrants. The passport office was closed, but the timely expenditure of two or three drachms readily opened it for us. A new difficulty presented itself; for not a blank pass was to be found high or low. The ingenuity of the clerk easily surmounted this obstacle. An old pass which had seen service was discovered; the name was transmuted to what might reasonably be supposed to bear a slight resemblance to mine; and the words "with his man, Demetrius" were added. So we were permitted to visit Argolis.

We rose early the next morning; and by five o'clock were in a carriage, and on our way to Piræus, about five miles east from

Athens, by the macadamized road, which for three fourths of the distance runs in a perfectly straight line across the meadows. The northern of the great walls of Themistocles occupied exactly the same ground; or rather I should say that the German surveyors employed its ruins for the substruction of the road, and every violent rain uncovers for a time the upper course of stones. Our driver did himself credit, and we reached the harbor in three quarters of an hour, and in plenty of time for the little Austrian steamer, Archiduca Ludovico, in which we took passage for Nauplia. The weather was cloudy and dull when we started, but as we advanced, the atmosphere became clearer, and we saw with great distinctness the shores of the Saronic Gulf, upon which we entered. We were soon out of the small harbor of Piræus, passing through its narrow mouth, which is still further contracted by the remains of the old walls. They abutted in two piers, about two hundred feet apart. When a heavy chain was drawn across this narrow opening, as was done by the old Athenians, the harbor was considered well protected. Just beyond them, our attention was called to the simple monument of Miaulis, and only a few feet further were the ruined fragments of what has been by popular tradition dignified with the name of Themistocles' tomb. Whether it be his sepulchre or not, the bones of the great general of ancient times, and the most famous

admiral of modern Greece, lie mouldering on the shores of the Ægean, within a few yards of each other. Themistocles, it is well known, was buried by the sea side, in full view of the Straits of Salamis, the scene of his most splendid victory over the Persian fleet.

We varied our course as soon as we had cleared the promontory of Munychia, and leaving on our right the island of Salamis, took a southerly direction towards the eastern headland of Argolis. This brought us within a very short distance of the temple of Ægina, dedicated of old to Jupiter Panhellenius. Through the Captain's glass we could distinguish the different columns without difficulty in this clear atmosphere. It is one of the most perfect ruins out of Athens itself; but we saw it to little advantage, and I reserved a visit for a future occasion.

There are quite a number of passengers on board our little steamer, and as the day was fair and mild, every body congregated on deck. Indeed, most of them were deck passengers, the trip being a short one. The Greeks are talkative and easy of access, so that it is not at all difficult to form a number of acquaintances in a short time. Our company was a lively one, too; and, as they had nothing else to do, most of them amused themselves with cards. One party of eight or ten were seated in Turkish fashion on the deck near the helm, forming a circle around a cloth, on which figured a large piece of cold mutton and several bottles of wine. The men helped themselves plentifully, and disdainful forks, made use of their jack-knives to cut the meat, or else tore it in pieces with their fingers. These evidently were all from the same neighborhood, and members of the same clan. Some of them had that free and easy look, mingled with a considerable share of fierceness, which distinguish the old *Klefts*; others who were younger, evidently belonged to the no less energetic but more tractable class, which is now springing up to take the place of the others. I fell into conversation with some students of the University, who were returning from Athens to spend the Easter week vacation at home. Like all the rest of Greek students they were poor, and evidently were self-made men. Another set were gathered around a musician, who diverted them by playing on an instrument much resembling the banjo, and singing their country songs.

There were but two cabin passengers besides ourselves; and they were members of the house of representatives. One of them, M. A., I found disposed to be very

communicative. He informed me that an election was to take place at Argos, the next day or the day after, and that he was going there to see about it. Being a partisan of the king, he was commissioned to procure as favorable a result for the ministry as he could. The officer to be chosen on the occasion was the *demarch*, or mayor of the town, the most important municipal authority. The mode of election is certainly a most curious one. The people choose twelve men as electors, with twelve more for substitutes. These twelve choose from their own number four men, with their substitutes; and finally these four select three candidates for the office of mayor. Their names are presented to the king or ministry, and they designate the one who shall be mayor. Out of the three candidates, I presume, the monarch may safely depend on one who will advocate the ministerial measures for the purpose of gaining office. Of course in so complicated a procedure the government will find plenty of opportunity for wielding an influence over the election. My friend A—— had undoubtedly some part to take in the election of a mayor in the important town of Argos, as he was furnished by the ministry with an order for an escort of soldiers through the dangerous passes from Argos to Corinth, of which he invited me to avail myself in returning to Athens.

By eleven o'clock we had crossed the Saronic Gulf, passing close to the island of Poros, remarkable of late years for the burning of the Greek fleet in its little harbor; but much more famous under the name of Calauria, as the scene of the death of Demosthenes. It is a bleak, barren rock, without the sign of a habitation on this side. We kept on close to the mainland, and inside of the island of Hydra, which rises high and rocky from the sea. The town of Hydra itself is picturesquely situated on the side of the hill, rising in the shape of a theatre. A ridge, however, divides it into two parts, which running out into the water, forms two harbors, the smaller of which, as usual, serves for quarantine. The house of Conduriotti, the famous Hydriote, stands on the narrow tongue of land between the two harbors, and was pointed out to me. Hydra, I am told, has declined very much of late years. Its losses were immense during the revolutionary war. All its commerce was, of course, ruined, and as, together with Spezzia, it sustained the whole burden of the war by sea, the prizes obtained never compensated for the expenditures it incurred. Since the revolution

Spezzia has regained some of its former importance, but the fleet of Hydra on the Black Sea has diminished exceedingly. The privileges which Hydra used to enjoy under the Turks were such, that the inhabitants had little reason to complain of tyranny. The island was almost free from the government of the Porte, governing itself, allowing no Turk to set foot on land, and paying only a small annual tribute. Commerce has usually the effect of diminishing national prejudices, and making men more tolerant of each others' customs; but at Hydra it seems to have had a directly opposite effect. A Smyrniote lady at Athens told me that her father once entered Hydra in Frank dress, and came very near losing his life by doing so. So inveterate was the dislike of the inhabitants for the foreign costume, that the gentleman was pursued and hooted at in the streets, and compelled to take refuge in a house. It was a characteristic feeling of patriotism, that led their admiral Tombazi to reply to one who exclaimed, "What a spot you have chosen for your country;" "It was liberty that chose the spot, not we." But along with this noble sentiment, and with others distinguishing them above even the rest of their countrymen, the Hydriotes possess a good deal of sordid love of gain. It is said that there actually existed in the city at the time of the revolution three mints for the manufacture of counterfeit Turkish coin, which was taken into Turkey and there put into circulation.*

Our steamboat stopped but a few moments off Hydra, to land some passengers, and then continued its course until coming between Spezzia and the mainland, we entered the Gulf of Argos. The town of Spezzia is less picturesquely situated on a less rocky island; and has a long and narrow harbor similar to that of Hydra. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in steaming up the bay, with the bare rocks of Argolis on the right and the equally precipitous hills of Laconia on the other side, coming down to the very margin of the water. We approached Nauplia, and after turning a promontory, our steamer anchored directly between the town and the small fort of St. Nicolas or Bourtzi.

Nauplia is finely situated, and appears to great advantage from the water. The houses are usually built of white limestone, and have for the most part, roofs not very much inclined. They rise one above another on the side of a hill, forming the end of the promontory, which is crowned

by the fort of Itch-kali. But these fortifications are slight compared with the Palamede, a hill 740 feet in height, which commands the town to the southeast, and renders Nauplia one of the three strongest places in the Morea,—the Acrocorinthus and Monembasia being the others. It is singular that so remarkable a situation as this should not have been occupied in the times of the ancient Greeks by a populous town. But Nauplia is scarcely mentioned by historians or geographers. Towards the bay the town is protected by a high wall, which rises directly from the water's edge, and allows people to land in a single place. It is said, too, that a double chain used to be stretched from the little fort of Bourtzi to the mainland. It is no wonder that the Turks were foiled in the attempt to take this place by storm from the hands of the Greeks.

When we arrived off Nauplia, though it was not late in the afternoon, we found it raining violently, and therefore determined to remain on our steamboat for the night, and have the next morning for an excursion. The sun rose the next morning in a clear sky, revealing to us all the features of the surrounding landscape. To the northward we saw the low and level plain of Argos, with the mountains beyond, and on the east, before the high hills that ran southward as far as the eye could distinguish them, was the low, marshy ground, where now stand the few houses of Myli. That was the ancient Lerne, the haunt of the famous Lernian Hydra, whose slaughter was one of the great achievements of Hercules. If the Hydra, as German critics pretend, was only symbolical of the pestilential vapors from the marsh, which Hercules remedied by effectually draining it, the monster is as active as ever; for the neighborhood of Lerne, like all other low and boggy grounds in this warm country, is infested with fever and ague during nearly two thirds of the year.

After waiting a long time impatiently for our guide, who had gone off to the shore, Demetri at last appeared, and we repaired in a boat to the small landing place, where we found the horses which had been procured for us. We set off at once, without stopping to look about Nauplia, for the curious old ruined cities of Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Argos. We rode through a number of narrow streets, brushing past the little open shops, and now and then drawing our beasts near to the walls, in order to avoid a train of mules laden

* Howe's Greek Revolution p. 155, Note in fine.

with sacks or baskets, or a row of donkeys carrying huge bundles of brushwood, under which they were almost hidden. As for the foot passengers they shifted for themselves; in cases where the street was too narrow to allow of more than a couple of horses passing each other, they took refuge in some open doorway or shop. We left Nauplia through the only land gate, over which we turned to see the old winged lion of St. Mark, still existing as an indication of the former supremacy of the Venetian republic over this city. Indeed we saw the same emblem more or less entire on various portions of the wall. The Turks when they gained possession of the place, after carefully destroying the head of the lion, which they supposed, doubtless, to be one of the idols of the infidel, seem to have cared very little whether the remainder of the monument was still there or not. Passing the narrow strip of ground, used as a promenade, at the foot of the Palamede, we came to the suburb of Pronia, which, when Nauplia was the capital of the government, as it was for many years after the revolution, was crowded with country seats of all the principal families. Pronia has seen some stormy scenes. The congress that assembled there was broken up by force of arms, and its deputies dispersed. On the rock, which forms the boundary of the sort of recess in which Pronia is situated, we noticed as we passed a lion cut out of the solid stone, after the fashion of the famous lion of Lucerne. It commemorated the Bavarians who died in Greece.

We turned now to the north and entered the plain of Argos. A remarkable plain it is, indeed, and the scene of interesting historical events from the time of Hercules, the Pelasgians, and the heroes of the Trojan war. The names of its celebrated cities Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Argos, are mentioned as the seats of potent monarchs, when proud Athens itself was spoken of by Homer as only a "*demos*," or town, when, perhaps, no city had been erected. The fertility of the soil and its advantageous situation for commerce, led to its being early selected for the principal kingdom of Greece, and it still enjoys the reputation of being superior in productiveness to any other part of the country, except Messenia. We certainly could not fail to be struck with the vast difference between it and the plain of Athens, than which a more rocky and arid district can scarcely be imagined. The valley measured perhaps a dozen miles in length from Nauplia to Mycenæ, and its greatest

breadth could not be less than seven or eight in the southern part, gradually diminishing as we rode on further, until above Mycenæ it contracted into a narrow defile. Fields of wheat and vineyards of the Corinthian currant occupied both sides of the road, and the products of both are said to be excellent. But there are none of those fine old olive groves which give such a light green tinge to the landscape in Attica. No one who travels across it, as we were doing to-day, after a heavy rain, and is obliged to wade through the pools of water that cover the whole road, or stem the current of the Inachus, would be disposed to call the plain of Argos, as both ancients and moderns do, "a thirsty land." But such it is generally, on account of the meagreness of the only torrent it possesses, the famous Inachus.

We rode on about a half an hour before we reached the ruined walls of Tiryns. The long and narrow eminence is a prominent object; indeed, it rises quite alone in the midst of a perfectly level country, like a large ship in the middle of the sea. We had noted it some time before. The road runs parallel with its western side; and we turned into the fields on our right, and rode up what was the principal entrance to this acropolis. Alighting just at the walls, our guide led our horses around the hill to the road, while we explored the remains of Greek masonry. Fraying our way through the mass of tangled vines and more annoying nettles, which had grown luxuriantly during the rains of spring, we reached the entrance of a passage running in the thickness of the wall on the eastern side of the place. It was formed, like the rest of the wall, of large, rough, and apparently unworked stones, heaped together, one upon the other, with smaller ones often filling the interstices. Some of the stones measured five or six, and others up to ten feet. The passage way was vaulted, not according to the principle of the arch, but with large stones which projected over the passage, until the highest courses met entirely, their balance being preserved by their being proportionately longer; and so the centre of gravity fell within the wall. The same effect might have been obtained by cutting the gallery out of a solid wall. We entered this curious gallery, and found it some eight or nine feet high, and stretching about one hundred feet in depth, when we came to its sudden termination. A single stone just at the end has fallen in, and lets in a stream of light, which shows that the gallery never extended any farther; and we could distinguish by the

dim light some five or six old openings or doors on the right, which served at some time or other as doors leading to the outside of the city. They were all walled up some time posterior to the building of the wall. What could they have served for? Perhaps as secret openings through which sallies might be made upon the enemies who might besiege the town.

We found another similar passage on the opposite or western side of the great entrance; but it was less interesting. The vault was perfect for a short distance only, and the rest was quite destroyed. We passed on and ascended to the top of the city, which seemed to me to be elevated some thirty to fifty feet above the plain, one part being much lower than the other, which formed a sort of interior fortress. The top is about seven or eight hundred feet long from north to south, and usually about one fourth as wide, though it varies considerably. On these three or four acres of ground stood the famous city of Tiryns, one of the oldest cities in Greece, and famous for the most part only for its wars with its neighbors. It is curious to see that in the time of that most invaluable of writers, Pausanias, sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago, it was in pretty nearly the same ruinous condition as now. "The wall," he tells us, "the only part of the ruins that remains, is the work of the Cyclops; and built of unwrought stones, each of which is so large that a yoke of mules could scarcely move at all, even the smallest of them. Small stones have been of old fitted in with them, so as to form each of them a connection between the large stones." Nothing but earthquakes, I think, could make much impression on these gigantic masses; and so the wall remains pretty perfect in most of its circuit. The view over the vicinity is beautiful and quite extensive, and there is a neat-looking building near the southern end, an agricultural college, which has not flourished very well so far, I believe. The Greek mind does not, I imagine, incline much to agriculture.

Demetri came to us before we had satisfied ourselves with examining these ruins, and reminded us that we had a long ride before us, promising that if there should be time we should have the opportunity of spending half an hour more at the place on our return. So we were compelled to mount, and we pursued a northerly direction, over a level plain abounding in villages and well cultivated, leaving the city of Argos far on our left. Near Mycenæ the soil became thinner and the country

less populous. At the little khan of Kharvati we turned from the main road, on our right, and followed a path which led us through the village of the same name. Our arrival was greeted by some dozens of boys who came to beg, and as many dogs who came to bark at us; but we set both at defiance, and pursued our way. We were struck with the miserable condition of the inhabitants, who lived in common low stone or mud hovels, thatched with the brushwood and herbs gathered in the vicinity. A short distance on we reached the neighborhood of Mycenæ, and before entering the inclosure of the walls, we came to the far-famed "Treasury of Atreus." An inclined plane lined on either side by massive stone walls led us down to the building, which is excavated in the bowels of the hill. We rode down, and, entering by the wide portal, found ourselves in a great circular chamber, about fifty feet in diameter, and about forty in height. It can neither be said to be vaulted, nor to be conical, but the sides are somewhat circular. The whole consists of a series of regular courses of squared stone, gradually narrowing until the summit was formerly covered with a single stone. The most remarkable thing about the architecture is the circumstance that the dome is not constructed with an arch, but that the successive circles of stones by their very weight are held firmly together. The gateway through which we had entered, however, struck us more than any thing else. The passage is scarcely more than eight feet in diameter; but it is spanned by an enormous soffit twenty-eight feet long, while it is nineteen broad, and three feet and nine inches in thickness! How that mass weighing several tons was raised to a height of twenty feet above the soil, and that too without the aid of modern improvements in machinery, is a mystery difficult to solve. Certainly the architects of Agamemnon's time were no mean ones. Above this door is a triangular opening or window, which serves to let a faint light into the building. Leaving our horses here, we groped our way through a similar but more narrow door, now much obstructed with rubbish, into a smaller chamber. Demetri brought in a few armfuls of brush, and soon kindled a fire, which revealed to us its form. It was a damp room some twenty feet square, by our measurement, and fourteen high; cut out of the hard rock, and left rough as at first. Its use is uncertain. Our guide persisted in calling this the Tomb of Agamemnon, while the rest

alone is the Treasury of Atreus, and this way of getting over the difficulty about its nomenclature is certainly ingenious, and not unreasonable. As it is outside of the walls of the city—the most ancient ones at any rate—it is not impossible that this may have been a tomb, but others endeavor to show, and with plausibility, too, that it was in some way connected with the worship of those early races that inhabited Greece before authentic history, and about whom the amount of knowledge we possess, notwithstanding the ponderous tomes of some modern writers, might be summed up in a page or two of writing. Very likely the walls of this inner chamber were coated with marble, as those of the great one undoubtedly were with copper plates, as is evident from the abundant remains of small copper nails studding the entire ceiling and walls. After satisfying our curiosity with this remarkable monument of antiquity, as far as we could satisfy ourselves with such a short visit, we proceeded to visit the remaining portions of the city of Mycenæ. Riding along the coast of the hill, upon whose summit ran the more recent walls of the city, we came unexpectedly upon a hole, where we found a monument similar to that we had just been visiting,—another “*treasury*,” which seems to be the name now appropriated to that sort of building. The whole upper part of the dome had fallen in, and disclosed the lower courses of masonry. Most of the structure, however, is buried below the mass of rubbish. There are a couple more outside of the walls. We dismounted on coming to the acropolis, and made a great part of the circuit on foot, observing the number of different kinds of construction which is thus exhibited. Sometimes as at Tiryns there were great masses of stone heaped together, seemingly without any attempt at giving them a more symmetrical shape having been made. At others, the masses, though scarcely smaller, were hewn into large and almost regular courses, very small stones being thrust into the small crevices. In walls of a yet more recent date, the stones were much smaller, of a polygonal shape, and generally very closely fitted one to the other, not leaving space enough to crowd the blade of a penknife into the joints. We entered the ancient acropolis through an ancient little gate, formed in the most simple manner of three stones, two form-

ing the sides, and the third the top of the doorway. On either side there was the projection against which the door rested, and before it the two holes in which was placed the bar, which invariably served to fasten it. We found ourselves on an elevated platform, where we could look far and wide over the plain, where reigned “Agamemnon, king of men.” This was the capital of the kingdom, while Tiryns to the south, and Argos at the foot of that high hill almost as far towards the south-west, were the older and later capitals of the Atridae. The ground we stand on, was perhaps occupied of old by that palace celebrated for the misdeeds of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, and where the victorious monarch Agamemnon was assassinated with the laurel still fresh on his brow.* The summit of the hill was the station of that watchman, whom one of the Tragic poets represents as watching for ten long years, wet with the dews of every night, for the signal fires that were to announce the taking of Troy by the Grecian troops. We descended from the top of the hill to the most celebrated object of interest in the place, the *Gate of Lions*. Two enormous stones standing on end support a slab equally ponderous; and on the top of this is a triangular piece of gray limestone, ten feet long and nine high, upholding the remains of the only statuary about the entire place. Two lions are represented on it facing each other, and standing on their hind legs, while the front ones rest on a low pedestal between them. This pedestal supports in turn a short column, very similar in shape to the Doric, except that it diminishes downwards instead of upwards. Unfortunately the heads of the lions are entirely destroyed, and if there was any object on the top of the column, that has likewise disappeared; so that it is impossible to tell what this curious monument signified, or whether it was connected with the religion of the mysterious builders of the city. The artist who executed this work of art, was certainly not devoid of skill in portraying nature. Every muscle of the lion's body is expressed, and even exaggerated, though there is a certain stiffness about the whole which marks an early period of art. The merest spectator is struck by the resemblance of the figures with Egyptian works, and no one, who has seen the Assyrian monuments in the London and Parisian Muse-

* Agamemnon was sometimes called king of Argos; but under this name was intended not the city of that name, this being the capital of Diomedes's dominions, but a large portion of the Peloponnesus, including particularly the cities of Mycenæ and Tiryns. (Heyne, *Kœrur* i., ad R. 2.

ums can fail to notice an equal likeness to their rigid outlines. It is a well authenticated tradition that the Egyptians sent colonies to this part of Greece; but it seems very doubtful whether these monuments resemble each other any further than in the mere clumsiness which characterizes all works of remote antiquity. What makes this and the other ruins of Mycenæ the more interesting, is, that in the time of Pausanias, two centuries after the Christian era, they were nearly in the same state as now. "The inhabitants of Argos," says that historian, "destroyed Mycenæ out of envy; for whilst the Argives remained at rest during the invasion of the Medes, the Mycenians sent eight men to Thermopylæ, who shared the work with the Lacedæmonians. This brought destruction upon them, as it excited the emulation of the Argives. There remains, however, besides other parts of the inclosure, the gate with the lions standing over it. They say that these are the works of the Cyclopes, who constructed the wall at Tiryns for Proetus." The great topographer also mentions the subterranean treasures of Atreus and his children, his tomb, and those of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra.

We lingered for an hour or two among these ruins, and then hurried back to the little village of Kharvati, to take our lunch at the khan. While we were partaking of such food as our guide had provided, a few peasants brought in some ancient coins of the Byzantine Empire. They set an enormous price on them—and indeed these persons value an early Christian coin far above much more ancient ones. If they get hold of a medal of Constantine, they keep it as an heirloom, and scarcely any thing can tempt them to part with it. We left our worthy friends in possession of their treasures, and set off on our return, following, however, a somewhat longer road, which led through Argos. This took us more than two hours, for our horses were miserable creatures; and the road, though pretty good, and in dry weather even passable for a carriage, led us directly across the swollen stream of the Inachus, which, indeed, forms quite a respectable creek at this season of the year.

We found Argos quite a different looking place from Nauplia. The houses are much newer and lower, and many of them

are scattered about in the gardens and vineyards, forming a populous, but not at all a closely-inhabited town. Nauplia is its rival, and for a long time overshadowed it; but now Argos contains about ten or twelve thousand souls, while Nauplia has only eight. Our object here was to see the remains of a Greek theatre. To reach it, we had to go the greater part of the town, and a crowd of boys, seeing the "milordi" coming, quitted their games to follow our steps. We had seen enough of their character to know that there was nothing to be gained by commanding them to be gone. Every one who had been loudest in his play but a moment ago, pressed us in piteous tones to give him a penny; and when we alighted, half a dozen called us in different directions to show us the ruins. If we followed, or walked behind, any one of them, he was satisfied that we had engaged him as guide; so that, by the time we got through, we found ourselves indebted to them, by their own calculation, in quite a little sum. The theatre, itself, however, we found interesting enough, notwithstanding our clamorous attendants. The seats are cut into the solid rock, rising one above the other on its face, and divided by alleys into three divisions. Though the lower part of the theatre is covered over with soil, and a flourishing wheat-field occupies the arena—some sixty-seven seats are visible. In one or two places, there are on the neighboring rocks some small bas-reliefs, which we could make little of. A friend of mine told me, that in this theatre was held one of the chief congresses during the Greek revolution, in which, if I remember right, he himself sat.* From the theatre we returned to Nauplia. Our way led us through the *agora*, or market-place of Argos. This name is not here always applied to a building, or an open square; but to the portion of the town where provisions and other commodities are sold. Here there were few or no shops, every thing being exposed on cloths or boards stretched on the ground, on either side of the street. Like the Turkish bazars, these places are noisy and crowded; every seller screams in your ear the excellence of his goods, and you are heartily glad when you find yourself fairly out of the place. There were few houses between Argos and Nauplia, a distance of seven or eight miles; but the traffic and intercom-

* Behind the theatre, which it is calculated could seat about 20,000 persons, according to the calculations of antiquarians, rises the high and strong Larissa, the castle of modern, and the acropolis of old Argos; whose very name is sufficient evidence of the Pelasgian origin of the place. It is crowned by Venetian fortifications.

munication between was evidently considerable. We reached the harbor near the time for the leaving of the steamer on its return to Athens, and my companions, who were in haste to return, hurried on board. As for myself, I had resolved to vary my return, by crossing to Corinth, and taking the steamer thence to Piræus. As Demetri was to return with the rest of the party, and I trusted to my knowledge of the language to make my way, I had a new pass made out, and soon domiciled myself in the small old hotel of "Peace," opposite the public square.

My host, who rejoiced in the name of Elias Giannopoulos, or Joannopoulos, finding I could speak the modern Greek, was disposed to show me every attention. It was too late in the afternoon to procure permission of the mayor to visit the Palamede; but he volunteered to show me the other curiosities of the place. He took me to the church of St. Spiridon, a little building in a narrow lane, remarkable for nothing in its exterior, or interior either. "This," said he, "was the spot where Capo d'Istria, the first president of Greece, was slain by the sons of Petron Bey. The two Mavromichalis, the assassins, stood down here in this alley, and when the president came from the church into the doorway, they wounded him mortally." My friend Elias, though he disapproved of the action, and saw how utterly useless such an assassination must be, yet, I must confess, did not appear very sorry for the murdered man, who was the head of the Russian party. He grew very animated in describing the abuses of the government here, and the corruption introduced, even into the municipal authority. My window at the hotel looked out upon the monument erected to the memory of Ypsilanti, and my host is much interested in learning that a township in America had been named after the favorite modern hero of this part of Greece.

I had to be up early the next morning. I had engaged an *agogates* to furnish me with a horse, and to come along with me. As Elias wanted to get travellers from Corinth to come to his hotel, it was easy for me to find a guide. Sideri was ready early the next morning, and as soon as I could get prepared, we started. During the night the weather had undergone a sudden change, and instead of a clear, bright day, such as we had enjoyed, the clouds hung threateningly along the sides of the hills, offering but a poor prospect for our long day's journey. Again we had to traverse the plains of Argos along

the same road, which we had crossed the day before. We lunched again at the khan of Kharvati, near the ruins of Mycenæ. Here the plain ended, or rather contracted into a valley, and that shortly ended in a narrow ravine. This was the entrance into the Pass of Troetus, a pass known in antiquity for its difficulty. It was here that, in 1822, 8000 Turks, under Drami Ali Pasha, after having ravaged the whole plain of Argos, and utterly destroyed the town, attempted to cross the mountains into Corinthia. The Greeks, under Nicetas, were posted at the most difficult point in the passes, while 1600 more occupied the heights about the entrance. When the Turks had fairly entered, they were assailed by these latter, consisting principally of Mainiotes, who fired upon them from behind the rocks and bushes, without offering them any opportunity of defence. Drami Ali hoped, by pushing onward, to free himself from his perilous position. But after two hours' march, with the enemy continually killing numbers of his men, he came to the narrowest place, where Nicetas had been awaiting him. Out of the whole army of the Turks, only two thousand succeeded in dashing by the opposing force. About as many more retreated to Nauplia; but between three and four thousand perished in the awful conflict. Quarter was asked by many, but the Greeks massacred, to the last of their enemies. The plunder was very great. How changed is the scene now! The passes were the very picture of loneliness, and not a sound was to be heard. The pass is noted for nothing but robbers, who till lately infested it. It is considered now the most likely place for them to reappear in, though the Peloponnesus is, at present, entirely free from brigands.

The rain, which had been threatening at any time to descend upon us, now began to fall in torrents. In addition to this, the cold was excessive for the season of the year, and I found an overcoat and an umbrella poor protection. My guide, Sideri, wrapped up in his great "*capote*" of camel's hair, fared much better. The Pass of Troetus is a long one, and we wished to find shelter, hoping that the rain would cease, or at least diminish. We reached at length a hut; but upon opening the door, we found it dark, and crowded by a set of Greek peasants, who were consoling themselves with the bottle for the unpromising aspect of the weather without. So we resolved to go on. Pretty soon we turned from the direct road to Corinth, and took a

path on the left, leading to the little valley of Hagios Georgios—the ancient Nemea. I was determined to see the ruins, whatever chances of rain there were. Some caves were to be seen as we approached Nemea, which the poets of old fancied to have been the haunts of the Nemean lion, destroyed by Hercules. At length, from the top of a small elevation, we came in sight of the small retired valley of Nemea. It seemed to be about three miles long, and one mile wide. A few minutes more brought us to the Temple of Jupiter. It was raining as hard as ever; but I dismounted, and tramped through the high grass, to examine this famous temple. There are only three columns standing—two of them belonging to the “pronaos,” or chief entrance, and the third to the ruined colonnade before it. But the shape of the edifice can be made out with distinctness. All the columns of the colonnade which surrounded the temple lie strown about the surface of the ground. The numerous earthquakes with which this portion of the globe is visited, have thrown down one stone or one pillar after another; and where a whole column has fallen at once, its pieces lie one beside another, in regular succession, on the ground. The capital of one of those which are yet standing has been, by the same convulsion of nature, curiously moved from its place, and a few more movements of the same kind will cause its fall. The inferiority of the material of which the temple was constructed—a coarse gray limestone or marble—but especially the distance of the place from any modern Greek city, have saved it from spoliation. It seems very probable that there remain stones enough on the spot to rear the temple over again. I sat down upon the wet stones, and under the shelter of an umbrella, succeeded in transferring to paper a sketch of the ruins. Sideri, my man, although well covered up, showed some impatience to leave, as the road before us was a long one—so we pushed forward. A couple of hours brought us to the end of the difficult pass, when we fell in again with the direct road through the pass of the Dervenchia. There was a khan here, at which we rested, and dried ourselves by the fire kindled upon the stone hearth, built in the middle of the room. The smoke found its way out through the chinks of the thatched roof. Our host made us some coffee—about the only thing which can be obtained any where in Greece. The mountain stream, by whose sandy bed we rode next, was swollen, and caused us some difficulty in wading. But the

rain had ceased, and we should have enjoyed a fine view of the Gulf of Corinth as we descended, had it not been for the heavy clouds which shut out the view of almost every thing in the distance. When we got to the small hotel at Corinth, the day was too near its close to allow of my going up to the top of the *Aerocorinthus*; besides, I hoped that the weather might change, and allow of some distant view.

I found that my friend, the deputy, who had so kindly offered that I should go under the protection of his escort from Nauplia, had arrived before me, and occupied the only decent room in the establishment. My own room was bad enough. Mine host, a red-faced Ionian, who spoke Italian better than Greek, came to know what I wanted to eat. “What would you like,” said he, “lamb, beef, or eggs and bread and butter?” I expressed myself perfectly satisfied if I could procure some of either of the former. “I am really most sorry,” replied he; “but there is not a particle of meat in the house.” “Can you not procure some in the village?” I asked, quite alarmed at the idea, that after solacing myself all day with the prospect of a good dinner, I stood a good chance of being starved. “It is quite impossible; there is not a bit in town.” “What, then, have you got?” I demanded, with some repressed indignation. “Why, please your honor, there is nothing but some bread and eggs.” So I dined on a piece of bread and one or two eggs, which, in the absence of spoons, were dispatched as best could be. After which feast, I threw myself on my bed to await the morrow; and soliloquized—

“Non enivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.”

In the morning, the weather, I found, had not changed. But having an hour or two to spare, I resolved not to fail at least to ascend the fortress. It is on the top of a hill about 1750 feet high, and covers an area of several acres. We found several soldiers within this impregnable fortress, one of whom accompanied us about; but the fog was so dense that we could see nothing but the valley immediately beneath us, and a very small arm of the Bay of Cenchrae, which St. Paul is recorded to have passed through on his way to Corinth. In our return to Corinth, we passed by the ruins of the only temple remaining at Corinth. It is remarkable that not a fragment of the Corinthian architecture has survived in this city, for this building consists of seven heavy Doric columns of rather degenerate style. The village which we now passed through

is small and dirty. Its houses are low and poorly built; and Corinth, famous of old for its luxury and its pleasures, now presents the aspect of a miserable hamlet, with nothing but its ancient name to uphold its reputation.

Kalamaki, the little port on the eastern side of the isthmus, is about six or eight miles distant. The Lloyd's steamer was to leave this morning for Athens, and we

had to hurry thither over a road covered with water. We passed by the ruins of a small amphitheatre, just outside of the town, and about half way came to Hexamili, where the old wall crossed the isthmus. We reached Kalamaki just as the passengers from the Gulf of Lepanto arrived, and were embarking. At five or six o'clock that afternoon, I reached Athens.

THE CATASTROPHE AT VERSAILLES.

FEW people know precisely how it was done. Certainly not more than three, by whom; the secret having remained up to this date in keeping of my friend ALPHONSE who, I am credibly informed, is now turning his length of limb to account in the gold region of Australia; of a *grisette*, a knowledge of whose name and residence among the clouds and chimney-tops of Paris, the above-named friend persisted in reserving to himself; and of your humble servant, who, for certain pecuniary advantages of no matter here, finds himself conscientiously impelled to state the circumstances from beginning to end as they really occurred.

The present writer had his residence in Paris, with a view, it was understood, to the completion of his studies. We young Americans know what that means, though our mammas and papas do not. In short, I occupied number 3, on a sixth floor, with a view of the clouds, and I know not what multitude of house-tops and chimney-tops—no questions asked and three francs a week lodging. It was there that I received the élite of my countrymen; for we Americans are a gregarious race, and setting aside the whalebone-caned and moustached young snobs who hail from the aristocratical purlieus of our chief cities, and mutually avoid US and each other abroad, taking up with roué counts, and very problematical countesses; with this exception, I say; whom I desire deferentially to exclude from the category of which they are ashamed, we Yankees and demi-Yankees are much given to consorting together for the benefit of the public morals and tranquillity. However, as it happened, it was vacation time, and dearth of society had brought in its train unusual reflections. It was high time to turn a new leaf, I thought, and prove myself less frivolous,

in my way, than young Whipper Snapper, whose lemon-kids and perfumery were recognizable if the wind set fair, the breadth of the Champs Elysées. My friends at home might be none the wiser, especially if I chattered a little French and German in their hearing occasionally, in an off-hand easy sort of way; but how to reconcile the waste of so many years to my own conscience, when these trifles should become gravities of yesterday on record, and not reversible by any amount of later-day penitence. Yes, I would reform now while in the mood, and what was better, while the half-score of *mauvais sujets* who constituted an impromptu joint-stock company in the occupancy of my apartment on the sixth floor, whenever the fancy possessed them, were on their travels elsewhere, and not likely to upset my resolution before carried into effect, and irrevocable. It annoyed me to imagine them drumming on the door of the chamber, imitating the French horn and key bugle, and giving other unmistakable tokens of incredulity and persistence; all tending to call in question the veracity of statement set forth on a half-sheet of foolscap, to be wafered to the top panel of said door, to wit; that "Monsieur had gone for the benefit of his health, injured by too much study, to the Spas of Germany for a twelvemonth; meanwhile begged to live in the memory of his bereaved friends."

So while I sat and smoked the pipe of contrition, and turned over in my mind the most advisable manner of bringing about the above-mentioned praiseworthy results, there came a careless tap upon the very panel upon which I was fastening in thought the intimation of my supposed absence, and without loss of time the same hands made bold to turn the latch and usher in a face well garnished with beard and moustache, and adorned

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So while I sat and smoked the pipe of contrition, and turned over in my mind the most advisable manner of bringing about the above-mentioned praiseworthy results, there came a careless tap upon the very panel upon which I was fastening in thought the intimation of my supposed absence, and without loss of time the same hands made bold to turn the latch and usher in a face well garnished with beard and moustache, and adorned

by long locks tucked behind the ears; which last were surmounted by a diminutive cap such as the students of Paris and their confrères are fond of wearing on all occasions, set jauntily over the right eye, over which also dangled the tassel which, until plucked violently out by the root, is the usual ornament of its centre.

The face was certainly not strange to me, neither the mode of its procedure. First, it rolled its eyes about, taking a solemn inventory of the contents of the chamber, halting with a momentary gleam of satisfaction on a lithograph of the *then* popular danseuse, whose likeness I had recently added to my collection, and passing over the master of the premises on view, with a cursory glance. Then it introduced a body, rather lank and decidedly long-limbed, but not wanting in muscle, which possessed itself without waste of speech, and with much discrimination, of the sole uncrippled chair; tilted its back against the wall, drew out a short meerschaum from a side pocket, and while busied in igniting the former, for the first time broke silence.

"May I venture to ask if Monsieur is at home?"

I smoked and said nothing, looking at the speaker, perhaps, with some little acerbity, at the thought of my fine resolves being thus prematurely blown over.

"Monsieur intends going to the Spas for the benefit of his health, I perceive," M. Alphonse further remarked with gravity; and indeed, the inscription I had intended for the outer door, lay, right side up, upon the table where I had composed and penned it an hour before.

"I intend to turn a new leaf," I said in a decided tone. "From to-day, I intend to devote to study eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and if necessary go to the Spas, yes, to the poles for the purpose."

And here I favored my friend with a disquisition on the ways and vagabondism of Young America abroad, summing up with a reiteration of my last resolve, to all of which M. Alphonse listened with becoming patience and attention, firing as it were a *feu de joie* of smoke from the port-hole of his nostrils whenever he conceived I had uttered a praiseworthy sentiment. When I paused, he remarked without removing his pipe, "Bon! perhaps Monsieur would like to commence his studies with pyrotechnics, a very elevating science. If so, Monsieur has but to say the word, as the fête of the republic takes place to-morrow at Versailles."

To this sally I vouchsafed no reply. But M. Alphonse was not the man to be balked. "Monsieur will go?" he added presently, with an air of satisfied conviction. I puffed a strong negative: there is no little meaning in a whiff of tobacco smoke rightly observed. "May I ask Monsieur why not?"

"Because," I said, with an ill-defined vexation, verging on amusement, at the incongruity between the homely directness of the words it suited me to employ, and the elaborate courtesy it equally pleased my complacent friend to drag into service—"as I have already said, I intend to turn over a new leaf, and devote my hours to study (here my friend expressed his general approval of the sentiment, by two distinct columns of smoke from his nostrils); I have resolved to abandon pleasure, and Paris if need be, and isolate myself from my late disreputable associates"—*disreputable associates*, impressively, with an eye to my audience (a shrug). "Finally, and once for all, I beg you will in no single instance count upon my countenance or assistance in any of your sorties by night or day." Here my guest, who had brought his feet to the top round of his chair, folded his ape-like length of arms about his knees in a comfortable way, and resting his beard on the summit of the pyramid so formed, sat sedately smoking, and regarding me in much the manner, and with about as much meaning in his physiognomy, as an overgrown chimpanzee might have shown.

Now, there were two peculiarities about my guest—the one conventional, the other personal—which have not yet been noticed. The first of these was, that although glorying in the cognomen of Alphonse—glorying, be it understood, not so much in the sentimentality of the name, as in its identity with that of the great lachrymist then guiding the destinies of the republic—Alphonse was no more a Frenchman than you or I, but a native New Englander, reared, no doubt, on baked beans and such like condiments, which, to receive the testimony of a host of witnesses, have a tendency to develop much length of limb, and the kind of ungainliness known with us by the epithet slab-sided, not less than characteristic shrewdness, and a marvellous faculty of invention. The other peculiarity, a more marked and individual one, was a habit which, according to his statement, he had contracted when weak-chested from premature overgrowth, of laughing inwardly without much outward indication of mirth, except such as might be conveyed

in the swaying forward of the upper portion of his body at very near a right angle to the lower, and loose dangling about of his large hands, as the shoulders were moved by the inward convulsion. On such occasions his conduct, to an uninformed spectator, appeared that, either of a man suffering from some acute disease, or of an imbecile—usually the latter.

While I looked at him now, soberly, through the smoke of my creating, his features began to relax, and having presently slipped himself out of his chair, he proceeded to double his ungainly person into the shape of an inverted L, evidently moved so to do by some highly amusing suggestion of his brain. The paroxysm having subsided, he seated himself at my desk, and having written a line or two in a gigantic hand, read to me the following notice to all whom it might concern—to wit: "Messieurs mes amis. The occupant of this apartment having been suddenly called away by an affliction in his family, regrets that he will be detained from your urbane society during the ensuing two days." "Is that well expressed?" M. Alphonse asked, wetting some wafers in his mouth preparatory to attaching them to the back of the slip from which he had just read.

"Upon my word!" I said. "Is it your intention to wafer that notice upon the door of *this* apartment?"

"Assuredly."

"May I venture to ask, with what motive?"

"Why," said Alphonse, sitting down again—for he had risen to carry his purpose into effect—"I need a friend at the present juncture, and feel that I cannot count too strongly on your friendship. To be brief: in a room in the left wing of the palace at Versailles, a lady whom I adore is now confined—by order of my illustrious namesake, you understand; and for state reasons. The display of fireworks—"

"Pray speak sensibly," I interrupted.

"Well," said Alphonse, after a long pause; "as that story seems incredible to Monsieur, there is nothing for it but to speak the truth, if Monsieur has faith in the existence of that quality in the present humble speaker."

"Proceed," said I, calmly.

"There can be no question, that although naturally possessing a mild and forgiving temper, I am prone to look upon the police with a hostile eye, as the enemies of much innocent nocturnal amusement. Furthermore, that I regard the class of *gamins* with a truly paternal affection."

"For the police—yes," I responded, laughing, "especially since your fine of fifteen francs, for dancing the American war dance, of your invention, at Mère Gros, number two, Rue Papelôt. But as for the *gamins*, who take occasion to mock your personalities whenever you appear in their quartier, I am not quite so sure of your good-will, having indeed heard you declare, times out of mind, that you would be the death of some of them."

"Which evinces the goodness of my temper, as they certainly deserve death by faying. However that may be, it is my present intention to afford them a treat, such as the *gamins* of Paris and Versailles have seldom if ever enjoyed. At the same time, I propose to confound the police, from Toulon downwards."

"As how?" I asked, beginning to be interested; and refilled my pipe, the better to listen, weigh, and pass judgment on whatever might follow.

"Thus: it is my intention to give to-morrow evening, slightly in advance of the hour allotted in the programme for the official display, a magnificent exhibition of fireworks; which, it is also part of my intention, shall altogether eclipse that of my illustrious namesake and the Goddess of Liberty."

"Oh, no doubt!" was my response; "you have beyond question counted the cost, and will send the bill to your uncle in India; or perhaps you have unlimited credit with the pyrotechnists?"

"Not at all—you mistake," my friend answered. "It is my illustrious namesake, or, more properly, the provisional government, that furnishes the necessary supplies of powder, pasteboard, and turpentine stars. Otherwise, I am afraid the project would be impossible."

"What!" cried I, a sudden light breaking in upon me; "you surely cannot mean to fire, or attempt to fire, the small mountain of rockets they pile together on fête days in the Cour d'Honneur!" and the thought was so preposterously audacious, that I could not refrain from laughing outright.

"Monsieur is sagacity itself," Alphonse responded, unmoved.

"And I, no doubt, am to lead the forlorn hope—in other words, to find occasion to touch them off with my cigar; or, better still, toss a bundle of ignited lucifers into the midst, and take the consequences."

"*Pas si bête*," my friend returned, tranquilly smoking. "The fact is," he proceeded to say, after a pause—"I have

not yet matured my plans, the idea having occurred to me only now, while turning over in my mind the highly praiseworthy course you have chalked out for yourself in the future. But the present is yet ours—by which I mean to-morrow; and as young Americans and democrats, we should not forget the duty we owe to our country's reputation abroad, in ending every career with a certain eclat, even if that eclat be confined only to the circle of our friends. In short, I propose," said my friend, who, while speaking, had busied himself in wafering up his placard to the outer panel, and now stepped back to ascertain if it were well placed, "to celebrate and announce to the world your secession from our ranks, and future adhesion to a better cause, by a grand pyrotechnic display, as already said. Also, to astonish the police, and thereby afford gratuitous entertainment and instruction to the assembled *garçons* and *gamins*. Such is the programme of performances which Monsieur will honor with his attendance."

"As a spectator, perhaps," I put in, beginning to relent.

"As a spectator," M. Alphonse, who had returned to his chair, answered, between whiffs of smoke, "from the best available situation—assuredly."

A spectator, from the best situation too, left nothing to object.

I smoked, meditated, and resolved. "Well then," said I, with a smile at the subject of my thoughts, "at three o'clock to-morrow we will set forth to astonish the natives."

Now, while admitting, that with the guilelessness, not to say rashness, which belongs to my character, I entered blindfold into the above compact, and with not the most remote idea of the means by which the proposed result was to be brought about; I wish it specially understood and held in view by each and every reader of the present memoir—*First*, That I accompanied M. Alphonse, solely and by verbal understanding in the capacity of a spectator ("from the best available situation"), and in none other; and that my after course was the result, not of premeditation, but of the force of events to the current of which I had committed myself with too little reserve. *Secondly*, That I vow and protest, had I supposed the result would have been such as it proved—or, at least, such as has been traced by some to the events I am about to record—namely, the subsequent overthrow of the provisional government—I would no more have lent my countenance

to the undertaking, than to the great Barnum, for a wax cast for his Museum in Broadway. And *Thirdly*, and lastly, That, mentally reviewing the difficulties of the undertaking, and the recognized alertness of the French police individually and as a body, it occurred to me to afford an instance in which Yankee invention would for instance be baffled, and in which my friend—who proposed to himself merely to enact the modest part of scene-shifter, would actually appear on the boards—in other words, in charge of the police—in the character of Harlequin unmasked. I confess, the thought caused me to smile, and in the end to accompany my friend; and to this day I am uncertain whether his observation of the above-named smile, and a sharp guess at the amiable wish of which it was born, gave the unexpected turn to events apparent in this narrative.

II.

EVERY one who has ever run down by rail from Paris to Versailles, must hold in mind the three rooms at the station, corresponding to three classes of carriages constituting the train, into which one is inducted by a little Frenchman in fancy military costume, and left to look and walk about, and perhaps discover acquaintances until the opening of the first class passenger door of egress announces the speedy debouchement of your own crowd of expectants. In the second class saloon it was, that M. Alphonse and I found ourselves the day of the fête in company with a multitude of French people and a sprinkling of Italians, Germans, Swiss, and the like, no doubt; but with not one solitary countryman of our own, I feel firmly convinced; in truth it was of Number One that the faithful representatives of ourselves and institutions abroad, had taken joint possession, as is the manner of Americans, with a royal duke (not of France, of course), three English milords, and a banker.

"*Ha! bonne ange!*" cried Alphonse on a sudden, with a grimace, and kissing the tips of his glove—perhaps I should say, of his fingers, since the latter exceeded the former by at least half a joint—to somebody in a distant corner; and forgetful of the claims of kindness and leaving an argument in the heat of which we were, unfinished, set off to present himself before the "*ange*," of whom his greater stature had allowed him a glimpse. I followed, and presently found M. Alphonse, whom I had at the outset lost in

the *melée* of demonstrative Frenchmen, making himself agreeable to a pretty little grisette from the Rue Maximèle, no doubt, who was laughing and saying "*brava!*" with an appropriate motion of the hands, at something M. Alphonse had whispered just as I approached. This young lady, who was on the way, as we were, to enjoy the fête, was one of the half butterfly half bee little creatures with which the garrets of Paris and especially of the Rue Maximèle abound; who work cheerily all the week and on the seventh day emerge from their chrysalis the lightest hearted and most fun-loving of the sex, to keep the commandment to the extent of their instruction, perhaps, by abstaining from any thing like labor. All grisettes who go to fêtes on Sundays, are not pretty, however, despite all that French art can do for them; and to be tied for the day—a fête day—to one of the "*très ordinaires*," those dreadful little girls with swarthy complexions, noses excessively *retroussé*, and a penchant for beaux the more violent as it is less often indulged—would have been at variance with my usual policy. Therefore I stood aloof until time sufficient to take a mental observation; complexion good; a red spot, evidently not rouge, in either cheek (the smoke from the chimney tops of Rue Maximèle has not had time to do its work yet); hair looking soft and pretty under that miracle of a cap; nose, the slightest in the world *retroussé*; mouth, *bon*; eyes—Ah, here she is, looking full at me.

"Introduce me," said I, touching my friend on the elbow.

"Ma'mselle," said Alphonse, "allow me to present for your delight and admiration, my amiable countryman, the heir apparent of New-York.

"Monsieur makes fun of me," Mademoiselle said doubtfully; in French of course.

"I make fun of you! not at all," our friend rejoined. "The papa of Monsieur is immensely wealthy; owns the greater part of North America, in fact. He also votes annually for his candidate in council, which invests him with the dignity and emoluments (supposing him capable, which I hope not, of selling his vote) of an American sovereign: and Monsieur here, is in consequence, to be regarded as a Royal Highness."

"Monseigneur travels incog.," Mademoiselle said.

"Certainly. His habits are such as to bring him into disgrace with the American sovereign before named, who cuts him off with a million of francs a month;

for which reason, as you see, he goes in rags," M. Alphonse replied, turning me round by the shoulder to direct attention to a rent in my coat sleeve, caused by his too energetic greeting half an hour earlier.

"But you have not confided Ma'mselle's name yet," I ventured to put in.

"Oh, Mademoiselle is a princess also, and travels incog.; the one it at present pleases her to assume is Fanfan—Ma'mselle Fanfan."

"Fanfan—yes, yes, that is my name," Mademoiselle assented, laughing and clapping her hands.

"Mademoiselle's estate lies in the celebrated regions of the Rue Maximèle?" I asked.

"Ah bête!" Mademoiselle answered, pretending to be moved to tears by my brusquerie. And M. Alphonse exclaimed melodramatically, "Bah! what is that to thee? Dost conceive a princess born would receive such as thou art, *chez elle*! Go to! and spoil not the flavor of the present moment by too close examination of a single hair, as our young friend Smythe did."

"A pretty metaphor," said I, "but what did Smythe do?"

"He supped off a ragout in a café, Rue *Lapinsverts*. Have you ever supped off stewed rabbit, Ma'mselle?"

"*Mais, oui*," said Ma'mselle.

"Well, he found in his ragout a single hair, which made him sick."

"A hair make him sick!—oh you Americans!" cried Mademoiselle, laughing.

"I mistake. It was not the hair, it was the color of it."

"The color of it!" said we both. "Oh!"

"Yes, it was—in short it was—that is to say, the color of it was tortoiseshell."

"*Pi donc!*" the grisette exclaimed reproachfully, and she put her head out of the window to hide her desire to laugh.

I flatter myself this little conversation will present Mademoiselle to the eye of the reader, better than as many formal words would; small in stature, rather pretty than otherwise, vivacious, and, as nine-tenths of her countrywomen are, quite a fair impromptu actress. But it occurred to me that with all these recommendations, Mademoiselle Fanfan might be a little in the way pending our affair with the police; and hinted as much aside to my fellow conspirator, when we landed at Versailles. But M. Alphonse only said, "Poh, poh! wait and see!" with so confident an air that I began to believe the meeting with Mademoiselle not so

accidental as it might have been; and bestowed the charms of my conversation on Miss Fanfan's right hand, as her older cavalier did on her left, without caring to argue the matter further.

First, we promenaded through the picture galleries in the palace, then rambled about the grounds and ate ices in company; it was while doing the latter that M. Alphonse made first allusion to the business of the evening, by directing attention to a covered van painted black, passing at no great distance.

"Yes, I see it," said I in a whisper, "with the gendarmes for convoy. By Jove! it contains *our* rockets—had we not best follow it?"

"Do you know where it is going?" Alphonse asked.

"To the Cour d'Honneur, I suppose."

"Precisely. A better plan than to follow it, like those *gamins* yonder, will be to follow this by-path to the Avenue d'Sceaux, and the avenue into the Place d'Armes, where there is enough room to walk about out of hearing of eavesdroppers, and in full view of the field of battle."

"Spoken like a general-in-chief," answered I, "come, Ma'mselle."

Mademoiselle was all alert. With the glimpse of the powder wagon, she had risen to go; and we were all three presently facing the railed space behind or in front of the palace, if you like, which every one who has been to Versailles will remember as the Cour d'Honneur. In the midst of this court the usual scaffolding had been erected, and an enormous quantity of fireworks of all descriptions lay *perdu* on the pavement in the midst, surrounded by a group of gend'armes and workmen busily engaged in tumbling down upon the already overgrown heap, the contents of the van we had seen a little before. In addition to this body guard, twelve to fifteen policemen and gend'armes paced the outer circuit of the court, and overawed the *gamins*, who would have liked nothing better than scrambling up the rails and roosting on their tops. Alphonse regarded these preparations with sedate satisfaction, as subordinate and introductory to his grand entertainment; the grisette was delighted, as grisettes always are with a promise of glitter and noise; and for myself, in view of the possibility of my countryman's scheme proving successful, I began to look about for a safe place commanding a good view of the field.

"If," said I, with the strong emphasis betokening want of faith, "if you contrive

to fire that mountain of combustibles, what is to prevent your immediate detection? or, to begin at the beginning, how are you to fire them at all, under surveillance such as we see yonder? It was very well to talk over in our garret, but *here* the thing is impossible."

"Bah!" M. Alphonse made answer with a shrug of disgust, "'if' and 'impossible!' Why the whole thing lies in a nutshell."

"As how?"

"Thus;—but first, how many of the enemy do you count on duty yonder?"

"Twenty-five in all, perhaps."

"Good—Independent of the crowd who will presently gather about the railing; and with whom no one can tell how many of the detectives in plain clothes or blouses may be mixed. In short, the chances are desperate—this is the sum of what you think?"

I nodded; Mademoiselle Fanfan clasped her hands in stage despair.

"But what if instead of leaving them to exercise the functions of so many score of separate eyes, I find means to convert them into one great optic—a multitudinous Cyclops, to be brief, with its sole power of observation directed not on myself?"

"Bon!" cried I, beginning to be excited; Mademoiselle made an ecstatic gesture of joint approval and impatience.

M. Alphonse looked benignly upon us. "See here," he proceeded to say, withdrawing cautiously the hand with which he had been fumbling in the depths of his breast-pocket, and disclosing a packet the size of a cigar case, enveloped in black silk and with a black cord attached. "This flask contains a half pound of powder more or less, and, no doubt, will sufficiently assimilate in color to the ground after nightfall to escape easy detection. You may also observe that it is pierced on either side by a minute orifice now stopped by a pellet of paper, which I remove thus, and supply with my forefinger and thumb to prevent leakage for the present. It follows that, if seizing an instant during which the eyes of the entire public are skilfully drawn upon one person, not myself, I, an humble and unnoticed individual, succeed in shying my flask upon the margin of the combustibles in the midst, the action will both escape observation at the time, and remove the only difficulty in the way of establishing a train between said combustibles and the parapet; leaning my elbow upon which last, some moments later, it appears to me not impossible that the ashes or end

of my cigar may fall from my fingers within the rails and produce a catastrophe likely to astonish our common enemy, without the least suspicion as to the means employed. Of course it is part of the rôle to suppress all tangible *proof*, by pocketing my flask in the first of the *melée*. I have only farther to remark that by repeated experiments on the floor of my apartment, I find the contents of this flask drawn slowly towards me by its cord, and gradually discharging through whichever orifice may be beneath, amply sufficient to lay a train of twice the length here required. Is this explanation satisfactory?"

"Brava!" we both cried in a breath, "brava!!"

"But," said I, reflecting, "you have omitted to mention what I cannot help regarding, next after laying of the train, the chief-obstacle to success. I mean the manner of inducing that total and absolute distraction of observation from the affair in hand—without which of course the endeavor must go for nothing."

M. Alphonse did not immediately reply; he rubbed the side of his prominent nose, looking at me all the while (as also did Mademoiselle), either immoderately perplexed or amused. Once I imagined he was on the point of going off into one of his outlandish fits of inward laughter, but he straightened himself up, and apparently checked the inclination. When he did reply, it was in the form of a question, and at first sight not much to the purpose.

"Let me see—from the 'best practicable point of view,' were the words of our agreement, I believe?"

"Certainly; as a spectator interested in the success of the plot, I would prefer to place myself in a commanding position before the *melée* begins. Perhaps Mademoiselle Fanfan will accompany me?"

"What do you say to perching yourself up *there*?" my friend asked, with his eye on the top of the railing of the Cour d'Honneur.

"Are you mad!" cried I, amazed.

But Alphonse only shook his head, with his eye still directed to the top of the rails, as if he despaired of finding one more desirable.

"In the first place," I continued, uncertain whether to laugh or be angry, for his long visage expressed absolutely nothing, "if I make the attempt, I shall certainly be pounced upon by the police, and lose the opportunity of becoming a spectator from *anywhere*. On the other hand, if I make good my position, there are ten chances to one that I am brought

down at the first fire by a volley of rockets, if not actually riddled by their sticks; and lastly, I begin to entertain conscientious scruples in regard to the result of this fête of yours, which may end in maiming, or killing even, some of the spectators."

"Bah!" rejoined Alphonse, coolly, "if you had studied pyrotechnics, you would have perceived that all fireworks are tied in bundles, and in that condition counteract the individual tendencies of each. Secondly, that the first rebound will throw every fire rocket above the parapet, clear of the people's heads; and thirdly, if a half dozen or so are deflected from their proper course by collision with the palace walls, the *gamins* will manage to run them down. Moreover you are at liberty to post yourself directly opposite the point whence my train will start, and so avert all suspicion from yourself at the time; and to get down as early as you see fit, after it is laid."

"To be short," said I, thoroughly vexed by his persistence, "I will not get up at all."

"Then," said Alphonse lugubriously, "who is to yell?"

"Yell!" I echoed.

"Ah, yell!" Alphonse and the *grisette* sang in concert, like a chorus at the opera.

"Yell indeed!" repeated I in a fury, suddenly enlightened.

This, then, was to be my rôle. Par example, when Monsieur Alphonse thought fit, I was to make a rush at the bars, clamber to the top, rather like a chimpanzee than a Christian, and create a sensation, partly by a free use of my lungs, partly by resistance to the tugs upon my legs, by a concentrated force of *gensd'armes*. If one or all my limbs were dislocated in the struggle, or if I were carried off instantly to a madhouse, as I would richly deserve, how much would that slab-sided Yankee, ducking and swinging about there, concern himself? "No doubt, he would laugh at my simplicity, as he is doing now," I considered, glancing indignantly at my friend, who, with his body bent at a right angle, was giving convulsive signs of inward mirth.

While drawing these conclusions, I had been pacing back and forth in a highly dignified manner, with my hands thrust under my coat-tails, and my chin haughtily elevated. I was consequently not at all prepared for what ensued—namely, that when Mademoiselle Fanfan suddenly presented herself upon one knee, in my path, in the touchingly beseeching attitude of *La petite Absinthe* in the vaude-

ville of *La fille reconnue*, we both came to the ground together. I am afraid I began to say something wicked between my teeth, while picking myself up; but looking at Ma'mselle, a great revulsion took place in my nature; for my bachelor's heart has a soft place in it, which is this—if a woman shed tears before me, I am a mere puppet in her hands from that moment.

"Oh!" whimpered Mademoiselle, with her handkerchief to her forehead, "you dreadful, cruel, *cruel* man!"

"I cruel!" returned I, dreadfully pale, I have no doubt. "Why, I would not have hurt you for the world—not for all Paris!"

"Then why don't you ye-e-ell, and make me happy again?" said Mademoiselle, between laughing and crying, holding up her left hand beseechingly.

I was so overjoyed to see her laughing, when, for any thing I knew, she might fall down any moment in a faint, by reason of the wound my clumsiness had inflicted, that my resolutions were gone in a moment. I took the little hand in both of mine, to the great amusement of Alphonse, and got a tender squeeze in return, for every promise I made. "I will even dance a waltz, if it will make you feel better," I added, in the abundance of my gratitude.

"Will you climb the rails?" murmured Mademoiselle Fanfan.

"And over! if you will feel better."

"And ye-e-ell?" which was Mademoiselle's mode of pronunciation.

"Like a Pottawattami—if you will only —"

Indeed, Mademoiselle was already better. She bade me tie her handkerchief behind her ear, which I did with rather bungling fingers, and was not sorry to be told it was not tight enough, and to do it all over again. Then we arranged the remaining preliminaries, and took our places. Mine was opposite that chosen by Alphonse, with my back to the palace, some ten yards removed from the rails on that side of the Cour; Alphonse under cover of the parapet, dividing the latter from the Place d'Armes, awaited the proper moment to throw his pouch and withdraw it by the cord attached; Ma'mselle hovered in the vicinity of the latter, ready to convey his bidding. Had I been left to review the scene recorded above, and ponder on what I was about to do, perhaps I might have again thrown up my rôle; but the chief conspirator was too acute for that. Little Fanfan came to me before I had been three minutes at my post, to tell me I might open the perform-

ance as soon as I thought fit; "*and ye-e-ell*," were her last words, spoken on tiptoe into my ear, with a squeeze of the hand, which I returned with interest. It was by this time late twilight, and not only was the space between the Cour d'Honneur and the palace itself thronged with bourgeoisie, blouses, *gamins*, and the like; but the Place d'Armes also swarmed with spectators of all grades. Within the Cour three or four gend'armes only remained; the requisite scaffolding had been erected, and the regular bill of fare might be served up at any moment. No time was to be lost; and pulling my cap well over my eyes, and parting the astonished crowd before me with both hands, I made for my elevated perch without more ado.

Now, it had happened to me, early in my life, to be the familiar associate of a certain Seminole warrior, who had left his ferocity behind him, it seemed, in the hammock, and beguiled the hours of captivity by teaching us youngsters the mysteries of bow-and-arrow manufacture and exercise, and the manly accomplishment of the war-whoop in all its savage atrocity of sound. I became, for one, a great proficient in the latter art, as our immediate household, to say nothing of the neighbors, had good cause to know. I now endeavored to recall this dormant proficiency, and assume to myself, for the time being, the character of an American savage in his native wilds. In three bounds I had cleared the intervening space, upset all opposition, and overtopped the crowd.

"Whoop!" I uttered, at the highest pitch of my lungs: "Wah! Wah! Wh-o-o-p! Wh-o-o-o-p-p!" In short, my blood was up, and being in for it, I determined to excel.

The confusion that ensued fully equalled our hopes. Assuredly, there was not an eye, of the many thousand pairs congregated in the Place d'Armes, nor an ear to the remotest bound of the great avenues of Paris, St. Cloud, and the Sceaux, which failed to take in the sound, and to transfer its utmost of attention to my humble self. Some laughed, some (of the gentle sex) screamed, and some were frightened, no doubt—some were angry; and, to crown all, the style of the thing seemed to take wonderfully with the *gamins* at large, who reproduced the war-whoop with indifferent success from all quarters of the Place. Moreover, from every direction, gend'armes and emissaries of the police, were rushing to pounce upon the conspicuous author of

these disturbances. I made a feint at throwing a leg over, with the apparent view of tumbling bodily into the court; and instantaneously the three *gens-d'armes* on duty within, ran to frustrate the design. The details of the next three minutes I am unable to give. I know only that I was unceremoniously hustled down, amidst a tremendous confusion, and dragged away whether I would or not; and to this day I cannot determine with myself whether I was supposed to be mad or only intoxicated. The truth is, I have long since—what do I say!—from the moment of its perpetration, learned to feel shame, and too late remorse for the part taken in this affair; and it is the hope that the lesson may prove of use to our young countrymen who may be about to set out for Europe to sow their oats, that encourages me to relate what remains. Ah, well! if you, Jones, and I, Smythe! had not sown our wild oats in Paris, where we are not much known, we *would* in America, where it would have been still less to our credit.

We had arrived, as well as I now remember, opposite the west façade of the palace, when there was a sudden flash—wh-i-i-ze! went a rocket nearly over our heads, butted smartly against the above-named façade, and dropped to the ground, where it commenced sputtering and skurrying about with the eccentricity belonging to fireworks when checked by obstacles to a direct flight, to the great terror and promotion of agility in the old gentlemen and women-folks, who had selected the neighborhood of the palace as a place of safety, and to the unparalleled delight of the *gamins*, who had followed my worthy self thus far, and now fell pell-mell upon the flaming missile. Even my captors stood for a moment uncertain how to act. The next, they had abandoned me, to a man, and were plunging furiously through the bewildered crowd, in the direction of the *Cour d'honneur*. Indeed, the sky over that locality, in the twinkling of an eye, had become luminous with rockets of every fiery hue and character; and above the roar of the excited multitude, yells, screams, and cries for the police, which emanated from the quarter of the grand esplanade, where the illumination was strongest, came an incessant wh-i-i-z-z-z, bang, pop, pop, pop, wh-i-i-r-r, and hisses, as of ten thousand serpents tumbled in a horrid ball of life, out of their wintry den and snooze, by the hooked pole of some explorer.

I found myself at the foot of a flight of steps leading I neither knew nor cared where,

and up these I dashed, conscious only of a little hand thrust just then into mine, as if for protection. I have the panorama still before my eye. I saw the whole interior of the *Cour d'honneur* in one blaze of sulphurous flames, not absolutely filling the space, but bursting out, now here, now there, now on the pavement, now overhead, as the bunches of rockets acted more or less in concert, before their bonds were broken. I saw three unhappy *gens-d'armes* within, at first rushing frantically upon the igniting mass, in the vain hope of trampling out the conflagration; then, scorched and dismayed, tumbling over the rails into the arms of their friends outside. I saw innumerable “serpents,” and other missiles of a tortuous nature, which had escaped from their fastenings, cleaving the heavens, or descending in parabolic curves upon the heads of the more distant, making all places alike dangerous; and I saw great parti-colored wheels disporting strangely in mid-air, only to roll assuredly and headlong among the vainly scampering throng, prostrating whole groups at each revolution of their terrible arms. I saw on all sides dreadful terror and confusion, and, for any thing I knew, wholesale slaughter reigning triumphant; and recognized in myself the guilty cause. The uproar of voices alone was tremendous, and with it began to be mingled political cries, drawn forth, no doubt, by the exertions of the police and *gens-d'armes* in behalf of order, and by the appearance of a regiment of infantry on the ground; I remember the nimble motion of the drummer boy's elbows within twenty yards of me, beating the advance, not one tap of which reached my ear; *Vive la Republique*, a *bas* *Lamartine*, a *bas*, whoever happened to be then—which I do not now remember—the objects of popular dislike.

Knowing the sanguinary turn things sometimes take in *sans culotte* keeping, I confess I began to be seriously alarmed. There were two little hands clasped upon my arm, and looking down, I observed that Ma'mselle was trembling piteously. “Oh, let us go immediately!” was what I saw, by the motion of her lips she was saying; and without another word *Made-moiselle Fanfan* and I entered at random the corridor behind us, and meeting not a soul, and traversing numberless bewildering suites of apartments, found ourselves on the further side of the palace, looking towards Paris. At the station, a train was on the eve of starting, and into it we hurried. I parted from Ma'mselle at the corner of *Rue Maximéle*—well, yes,

with a kiss—and have never seen her since. I never knew how many unfortunates were maimed or killed by the rockets, for I avoided the papers for a year after, and remained a prey only to the suggestions of a guilty conscience. I only know that the subsequent émeute in the capital was traceable, it was said, to the catastrophe on the fête day of the Republic at Versailles.

One little incident I may mention here.

When I had looked down at Mademoiselle's face, on the palace steps at Versailles, I saw what occasioned me no great surprise—namely, that the bandeau had slipped off, and no vestige of either scar or contusion appeared where the little grisette had pressed her handkerchief. Well, let it pass; I believe I showed a forgiving spirit at the corner of the Rue Maximéle; and next morning I left Paris.

STAGE-COACH STORIES.

CHAPTER I.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

IT was just about five o'clock in the afternoon of a warm September day, in the year of Grace 1830, that the Water-town and Sackett's Harbor mail stage-coach, bound northward, drove across the bridge which spans the lazy current of the Mohawk, at the brisk little city of Utica. The passengers were in number just enough to give each man a seat-mate—six in all. Perhaps the two rather stout gentlemen, who had been requested by the agent to occupy together the forward seat, with a view of balancing the luggage in the boot, might have been a little crowded by each other; but the rest of us had plenty of room—"ample space, and verge enough" for knees, feet, elbows, and—so forth. We had all arrived in Utica that day in the noon trains from Syracuse and Albany, had leisurely dined together at Baggs', and had been allowed time enough, before the starting of the stage, to placidly smoke our cigars, and indulge in a series of comfortable naps; excellent preparations for the vigils of the night before us. There had been no hurry in the process of embarkation. The agent had been accommodating. Four of the passengers, at least, regarded with approbation the arrangement, before hinted at, respecting the equilibrium of the coach. The two stout gentlemen, themselves, made but slight objections to it, and raised no question as to its abstract justice and propriety. Nobody proposed to take a valise aboard, on the plea that it contained papers of importance, and was so small that it would go under the seat—almost. The coach was large and roomy, with wide, well-cushioned seats, as easy as rocking-chairs. It kept chuckling to it-

self as it rolled smoothly along the level plank road, as if it really enjoyed its own easy, swaying, rapid motion. The driver and horses appeared to be smart and prompt, each after his kind. The weather was perfect—the air cool and bracing, but as yet without a chill, and a slight shower just after noon had prevented the possibility of dust. I venture to say, that never since the time when night-staging was the common lot of every traveller, has a coach load of passengers started late in the afternoon, with a continuous stage ride of a night and a day in prospect, in better humor with themselves, each other, the proprietor, and mankind, and things in general, than were the six travellers of whom I have spoken.

I am not one of those people who are always chanting the praises of the Past, decrying the Present, and shaking their heads distrustfully at the Future, with whom Old Times are ever "good Old Times." I firmly believe that the present generation are better educated, lodged, fed and clothed than any former generation ever was; that there is more comfort, health, happiness, and wisdom on the earth to-day than at any previous period; and that the next generation will be in still better state and condition than we are now. I am heartily glad that I did not fill my grandfather's place in the family line, for I like the Present age, and am disposed to consider its manners, habits, customs, and methods as improvements on those of the Past. I prefer, for instance, a rapid trip in a well-warmed, carpeted, railroad-car, sitting at mine ease in a cushioned arm-chair, reading or ruminating at my leisure, or cosily conversing with a neighbor, by whom I cannot possibly be crowded, while I am borne along

without jostle or jolt, a hundred miles between a not too early breakfast and a dinner not too long delayed, to a long, wearisome journey over the same route and distance, in a rocking, pitching, swaying stage-coach, into which I am crammed with eight other unfortunate grown-up people, two hapless babies, bundles, baskets and parcels without number, and two sheaves of muddy straw in the bottom; cold and shivering, and yet choking from the lack of fresh air; rising at two in the morning, and going to bed at ten in the evening with a shocking cold in the head; wearied, cramped, bruised, exhausted, too tired to sleep without dreaming the day's long journey over again.

But (I must avow it), I do sometimes remember my stage rides of old pensively, and sigh when I think they are by-gones. I used to enjoy them hugely, when I was a schoolboy; especially on my way home to spend the holidays. I was a diligent reader of books of voyages and shipwrecks, and had a strong appetite for seafaring and nautical matters, which has been amply satisfied since then. My imagination bedaubed with tar, or saturated with salt water, every thing that was susceptible of such improvements on the reality. I used to call the stage a ship; the driver I invested with the title of captain; the village in which the school was situated stood on my chart for Canton; and divers stopping places and taverns on the road between it and home served to represent the Isle of France, Cape Town and St. Helena. We always dined at Cape Town, I remember, and one night—it was at the commencement of the Christmas Holidays—our weatherbeaten barque was obliged to put in at St. Helena, in distress, having encountered a violent snow-storm all the voyage, and the sea being so sadly blocked up by drifts as to render navigation impracticable. As for myself, I was an opulent young merchant, engaged in the China trade, returning, after an absence of years, to my native land. My fancies sometimes seemed all but realities. I find it difficult, even now, to realize that I have never in fact doubled the Cape of Good Hope, so often have I performed the voyage in fancy. Indeed, I do not wonder at Don Quixote's mistakes about Mambrino's helmet and the windmills.

The stage drivers, I remember—I was always on deck—used to be greatly amused by my conversation, and so well did my speech tally with my fanciful notions, that one kind-hearted Jehu, a new driver on the line, was greatly concerned one day, just after leaving Cape

Town, lest, unadvisedly, I had drank too much when ashore at that port, and might, in consequence, be in danger of falling off the coach. The worthy man seemed to be in nowise reassured, when I gravely informed him that I could swim.

Often, in these latter days, I look from the car window, as the rattling train dashes by some old, familiar turn of the highway, formerly the stage road, and call to mind the time when I used to dream away the day, travelling along that once busy thoroughfare. The cars give the Cape of Good Hope a wide berth. I have not seen Table Rock for years. But there, its high post dismantled of the gilded sign that whilome swung aloft; its yards, and barns, and sheds, deserted by the throng of travellers, teamsters, hostlers, horses, coaches, carriages and wagons that once filled them; its watering trough, at which so many weary beasts whilome were wont to slake their thirst, decayed, moss-grown, and overflowing; its very self changed to a lonely, quiet, country farm-house, stands the once celebrated wayside tavern, my Jamestown,—at which, in the finest weather and best of *going*, the stage used to arrive at mid-afternoon, and stop, for a quarter of an hour, to change horses. Now, the train passes by in a twinkling, at ten in the morning. There is the long sand hill, at the foot of which the male passengers were wont to alight, and then walk up the tiresome ascent. Yonder is the clayey plain, in which the stage, in the spring of the year, so often got *set*—fairly stuck in the mud. I think I see the very rail in the fence, with which I once labored for an hour, like a practical Archimedes.

I am not disposed to relish a premature commencement in performing the active duties of the day—indeed I was never remarkable for early rising; yet, I remember that in my youth the occasion of getting up in time for a stage that was to call for me early—and four o'clock, for a start on a seventy miles journey, in the summer time, was not considered a very early hour—was a matter of pleasant excitement. Travelling in these days was adventuresome. People did not leave their homes in the morning, as usual, and then, upon some slight occasion, without first telling their wives, fly away to a town a hundred miles off, and back again, fresh and pleasantly, to tea. The journey was projected deliberately, and was prepared for anxiously and with forethought. The careful packing of a trunk was a prerequisite. Valises and carpet-bags had

not yet attained respectability. The stage office was sought on the evening previous to the commencement of the journey, and due care was taken to be certain that the important memorandum was duly inscribed on the proper folio—"To call at No. 57, such a street, for a gentleman—one seat—through." It was a good deal like selecting a state-room on shipboard.

There used to be an atmosphere, in and about the stage office, redolent of travel. A homebred youth, on the eve of his first long journey, was made to feel, indeed, as if his wits were homely. All the furniture and belongings of the room savored of dust and distance; not excepting the solid, heavy desks on which were laid the soiled and blotted entry-books, with huge drawers beneath—that was before the days of Harnden, and Adams, and Phillips—depositories for parcels to be forwarded; for they bore on the fronts red, tin signs, labelled in gilt letters with such names as Albany, Portland, New Haven, Keene, Providence, Bennington, New-York, Whitehall. One felt quite bewildered at thinking, that, on the morrow, so many people would probably start from one common centre, towards so many different places, and so widely apart. The whips, and box-coats with big buttons, like wide-awake staring eyes, hanging from pegs on the walls, had a look as if they were resting from travel, but ready at a moment's notice to jump down and be off again. Then one was apt to lounge about awhile, and look at the advertisements and handbills, covering the dingy walls. These would be headed with the names of distant cities, and wood-cuts of well-filled stage coaches, drawn at an incredibly rapid rate, over very dusty roads, by prancing teams of long-tailed horses, with drivers on the boxes flourishing whips with lashes of most unnecessary length, considering the apparent activity of the cattle. After these pictorial illustrations would follow a letter-press announcement, that,—for instance,—the People's Line of stages between Boston and Albany would leave the former city every day (except Sunday), at two o'clock, A. M., passing through—here would be set forth the names of all the towns and villages in the route—dine at Worcester—arrive at Springfield early in the evening—start next morning at three o'clock, A. M.—dine at Stockbridge; arrive in Albany in time for supper. It made one weary to read about it; and a short indulgence in this amusement would beget a vague, uncomfortable impression of the vastness of

the world, and bewildered notions of the immense distances really lying between points hardly two inches apart on the map.

One always turned before leaving the office, and timidly put the supererogatory question, "There'll be no mistake, I suppose? No. 57—such a street—at four o'clock—the—stage you know," at which the surrounding jarvies would show their tobacco-stained teeth, and the superintendent would reply, sharply, if there was no opposition line; "Sartinly—it's no object to leave a passenger as has his name fairly booked, unless he's too late himself." Then came the feeling of being fairly in for it,—of being not long for these parts,—and as one walked rapidly homewards, the thought would recur again and again; "How far I shall be from here to-morrow night by this time!" Miles were miles then, each one stood for a good ten minutes of daylight, to say the least.

Then the table for one's breakfast was laid over night. There was a hurry, a bustle, a preparation, an anticipation,—pleasant or dismal as the case might be, but always exciting. There were ever recurring speculations as to the morrow's weather, and often repeated questions, whether sundry shirts and stockings had been packed, or were ready to be packed. A discussion would arise with respect to the propriety of keeping a light burning all night, but an inspection of the box in the oven-mouth would result in the satisfactory announcement, that the tinder appeared to be quite dry, and that it would probably be safe to trust to flint and steel for a light in the morning. The alarm of the clock would be so arranged, as to make it absolutely certain it would fall into convulsions at precisely three o'clock. The servant maid was strictly enjoined not to oversleep, and at last, after repeated declarations of the propriety, and under the circumstances the absolute necessity of an early to bed, one finally betook himself to slumber at an unusually late hour of the night.

Then the morning,—the noisy, spluttering alarm of the clock—the half awakening—the dim consciousness of impending exertion—the striving to recollect *what* it was necessary for one to do—the sudden bounding out of bed when the thought of the day's journey clearly dawned—the striking a light with the means afforded by the tinder-box—the hasty drawing aside of the window-curtain, and the peering out into the cool air to look at the dull, gray morning sky, to see what the weather was like to be—the running in

stocking-feet to call the cook, and to leave a light at her door—the hurried toilet by lamp-light—the last strapping of the trunk, as one supposed, and then the having to open it again to put in some forgotten but most necessary article—the forcing one's self to eat the hastily-prepared breakfast—the multifarious and oft-repeated injunctions of mother and sisters, to be careful of this little parcel; not to forget the letter in the breast pocket of the overcoat; to remember such a message; not to fail to do another errand. A care for one's health was always enjoined, and if the traveller was young, and the absence to follow intended to be of considerable duration, a due regard for sound morals rarely failed to be mentioned, with a hint about the little pocket Bible in the corner of the closely-packed trunk. Then the young ones, vehemently exhilarated by the unusual bustle, were perpetually running in and out, and giving false alarms of the stage's coming. First, an early milk-cart would be heard in a neighboring street, and the traveller dropped his knife and fork, jumped from the table, and wiped his mouth in a hurry to kiss the female part of the group about him. This mistake discovered and laughed at, the noise of a market wagon would occasion another hurried shaking of hands and round of kisses. Finally, a low, heavy rumble, gradually growing nearer and louder, and mingling with an unmistakable clucking rattle, a sharp cracking of a whip, a loud "*whoa*," the tramp of feet upon the front door-stones, a sharp soon-answered ring of the bell, announces the arrival of the stage and the moment of parting. More last kisses and last words are interchanged rapidly. The burly driver and active stage-office runner seize the luggage, and bear it away between them, followed to the sidewalk and kennel by all the unkempt, unwashed, slipshod, staring children of the household. The traveller descends to the street, the driver opens the door with a twist and jerk, and the dim interior of the stage is revealed. The back seat is apparently full. The front seat is occupied already. With bowed head the traveller enters the coach; the iron steps are put up with a sharp clang; the door is shut with violence. At the door of the house stands the group of friends—silent, as if they were attending a burial. The girls, with heads *en papillote*, stand shrugging their shoulders and shivering, with their hands rolled up in their aprons; the father holding aloft a flaring lamp, which casts a flickering glare on all the scene, and on

the pale anxious face of the mother, as she stands behind the rest and wipes away a tear. The driver and runner, at the boot behind, consult together how to dispose of the bulky trunk. The stage sways on its springs, as, by their united efforts, the long straps are hauled tight and buckled. The driver puts on his gloves and buttons his coat, and asks if this is the last one; the runner says, "yes; and now he'll go and see the five o'clock stage off." The driver tries the door again, to make sure that it is fastened—he mounts his box—he takes the reins from the passenger who sits there smoking a cigar—he calls cheerily to his team—the stage clucks again and moves off with a jerk and roll—the clatter of the iron-shod horses' feet is mingled with the final volley of good-byes from the group on the front door-step—we lean from the coach window and wave our hand—the driver's long whip-lash hits our face—the street corner is turned—the flickering lamp is shut from view—we settle ourselves back into the seat—the day's journey is begun.

Now we are riding along a street, one busy and noisy enough in broad daylight, but at this early hour silent, except with the rattle of the stage. An occasional foot-passenger loiters along the sidewalk, a laborer bound to his daily toil, or perhaps some midnight reveller, reeling homewards to his bed, from whom young slight girl, a seamstress or milliner's apprentice, shrinks with dread, and crosses the street to avoid him. The signs above the shop-doors have a queer look, such as they never wear later in the day; they seem to wink at each other across the street, and to stare at the passing stage, painted, gilded, and lettered like themselves as it is, as if it were an intruder, and out of its place entirely. The Indian Chief at the tobacconist's front has a very startling appearance, as if he might be disposed to take advantage of the absence of a civilized crowd to stop the coach and tomahawk us all; but as we approach nearer, we perceive that he proffers, with characteristic gravity and silence, the symbol of friendship, the calumet of peace. A few lean swine are starting forth on their daily peregrinations, in search of a livelihood, not regardless of the interruptions of a troop of loafing curs, that hover about the gutters, and dispute with them the possession of the daintiest bits of garbage.

The stage dashes onward through streets in which the houses are smaller and more scattered than before. We meet groups of Irishmen, clad in tattered green-baize

jackets, and blue cotton overalls, tucked into the tops of huge cowhide boots, dusty with lime, smoking short pipes, and turning to gaze on the coach. Now the stony pavement is left behind, and the stage rolls smoothly along the wide turnpike road. The houses on either hand are mostly small suburban villas; snug little boxes, painted white with intensely green blinds, and front doors painted rosewood or black walnut, with glass bell-pulls; or perhaps, brown Gothic cottages, full of sharp gables, with a bit of a grass-plat in front, surrounded by a border of box and a gravel walk, and ornamented with a circular bed of tulips, and three spindling fir-trees. We leave them behind, and begin the ascent of a long hill.

In the mean time, the gray light has increased and grown ruddy. We can distinguish the features, as well as the forms of our fellow-passengers, and we begin stealthily to make observations. On the front seat before us, we discern a stout, elderly gentleman, with a round red face, which seems to be just rising above the horizon of a large bandanna handkerchief, behind which its lower disc is hidden. It illuminates all that corner of the coach with a cheerful glow. He wears short, gray whiskers, a white hat, a blue coat with brass buttons, and over that a brown spencer, gray mixed trousers, and a pair of boots, stout, like himself, and highly polished, as we find out later. His hands, gloved in silk, rest on the top of a gold-headed cane, which stands between his knees. In the other front corner, enveloped in a large black broadcloth cloak, sits a very tall man, with a very shiny hat, that keeps nodding and bobbing about while the tall gentleman is endeavoring to eke out his night's broken slumbers with a supplementary nap. A little brass-nailed, black morocco trunk, with a handle on the top, placed on the seat beside him, is evidently his property, and has a look about it that disposes us to believe its owner to be a travelling dentist. We ourselves occupy the middle seat, in company with a dapper, fidgety little man, who is perpetually hemming, coughing, looking out of the window and spitting. On the back seat, reclining into its depths, are two ladies and one gentleman. One of the ladies is middle-aged—that is to say, fifty; fat, with a double chin, and a hair mole on her cheek, and is dressed in black bombazine. She carries a willow basket of an oval shape, with double lids, its handle being in the middle like a market basket, from which proceeds a curious odor, compounded of snuff, cookies and

apples. The other lady is young and pretty; notwithstanding which, she evidently don't like to be looked at so early in the morning; for when we turn round and stare at her in turn, in the course of our survey, she draws down a green barge veil, and shuts out the prospect of her pretty face. The gentleman on the back seat, is, without question, a clergyman of the Methodist persuasion; for he is dressed in a brown coat, with a standing collar, wears a white cravat, with a cheerful benevolent expression of countenance, talks slightly through his nose, and seems perfectly at home with the ladies.

There is also a passenger on the box, who keeps up a conversation with the driver, and seems to prefer puffing tobacco smoke to inhaling the fresh morning air. What manner of man he is, we cannot yet discover, neither do we know how he is dressed, except that we can see through the little front window, that he wears plaid pantaloons, with a row of buttons on each leg reaching at least up to the knee, how much further we say not, being unable to see any higher.

As we toil slowly up the hill, we meet, pretty frequently, market carts laden with fruit and vegetables; some of the men with them bid the driver "good morning," and receive a hearty salutation in return, and all of them turn their heads to look at the coach. There is a man on foot, slowly and carefully driving towards the city a pair of immense fat oxen, their horns gayly bedecked with ribbons. The box passenger calls after him to know their weight, and we hear the driver ask the passenger, "How much did he say?" The passenger's reply is not intelligible to us; but this is of no consequence, for the driver is heard to affirm, very confidently, that all that story is gammon.

Just as we gain the top of the long hill, the stout gentleman rouses himself a bit, and tucks his bandanna under his chin, and, as if it had been waiting for this example, the sun rises immediately. Looking from the window, we can plainly see the city at a distance below us, the smoke of its kindling fires lazily curling upwards from hundreds of chimneys, and forming a thin, hazy cloud, which lingers about the highest spires and cupolas, whose gilded vanes, glittering through it, shine in the sunbeams. The square stone church tower helps us to identify the street in which we began our journey. Now, as the road curves, we can see the very house at which the stage stopped for us an hour ago, and could point out the window of our bedroom.

But the driver calls to his team and chirrup—he cracks his long whiplash over the heads of the leaders, the passenger on the box throws away his cigar and betakes himself to whistling; the horses start upon a rapid trot; the stage rattles merrily—it pitches slightly forward; we descend a little hill; the city disappears behind it—good by!—and now we are fairly in the country.

"Fine morning," says the fidgety man at our elbow, addressing himself to the passengers generally; "A very fine morning," he adds, nodding to the stout gentleman. But no one replies. Each waits for the other, until it is too late. The stout gentleman avoids responsibility, by nestling his chin into his bandanna again, and shutting his eyes; at which the fidgety man is taken aback, coughs slightly, and settles himself heavily against the strap behind him.

"If you please, sir," says the fat lady in a moment afterwards, "I really wish you'd lean forward a little mite; you jam my basket right into my stomach."

The fidgety man jumps forward like a shot, and a sharp jolt of the coach pitches him, forthwith, into the lap of the stout gentleman, who, with his eyes shut and half asleep, was totally unprepared for this accident, and is at first somewhat alarmed, having a vague impression that the coach has capsized. He is moved to a short, but, we regret to say, exceedingly profane expression, at which the clergyman hems reprovingly, and moves about in his seat uneasily. The fat lady at first says, "Good land!" and then inquires of the fidgety man if he was hurt—a question which manifestly excites the indignation of the stout gentleman, who justly esteems himself to be an object more deserving of sympathy than his involuntary assailant. The pretty girl laughs outright at all this, and then blushes dreadfully, and pulls down her veil, when we turn around to grin sympathizingly. Finally, the stout gentleman receives the fidgety man's earnest apologies rather stiffly, and with a curt exhortation to be careful; and the matter being settled, the latter seems quite subdued, and silence reigns unbroken, except by the rattle of the stage, and the occasional humming of the voices of the driver and box passenger. There is no more talking inside the coach until we have stopped at the nine-mile-house, changed horses, got breakfast again, and are once more on the way.

The journey being resumed, we dash along rapidly. It is still early in the morning, but every body has got over

being cross and sleepy. The curtains are rolled up, and we can look out on both sides of the road. The farmers have already commenced the long hot day's toil. The mowers stop half way in their swaths, and turn about to gaze as the coach passes by, and wipe their wet scythes, and, when we have passed, begin to whet them. The men in the cornfields, waist deep among the tasselled maize stalks, lean on their hoes and stare at us. The women in the yards turn back their sun-bonnets, and peep over the burdened clothes-line, or between the snowy sheets that hang upon it, and the girls in the houses run briskly to the windows. The gray-haired old man, sitting in the shady porch, looks up, and points out the stage with his cane to the two-year-old he is watching, whose sex we can determine only by the whip it carries in its chubby fist. We overtake groups of ruddy, barefooted children, carrying little tin pails, or small Indian baskets, bound towards the little, brown schoolhouse yonder, at the fork of the roads. They all bow and courtesy with more energy and good will than grace, and so do also the urchins at the schoolhouse, when we pass by it, who are bareheaded as well as barefooted, and shade their eyes with their arms as they stare at us open mouthed, after making their manners. The cows look up as we go by their pastures, whisk their tails, and quietly resume their feeding, but every colt whinnies and follows us to the limit of his paddock, or until, frightened and indignant at the crack of the driver's whip, he starts away from the roadside fence with a sudden spring, on a furious gallop, making the ground tremble beneath his feet, and then, wheeling short about, he stands with head and tail erect, snorting wonder and defiance.

The cool, balmy air of the country, the sight of the pleasant shady woods, of rich meadows, and fields of golden grain waving in the gentle breeze, and glittering with dewdrops; the singing of the birds, and the rapid motion of the coach, are perfectly delightful and exhilarating. The tall gentleman divests himself of his cloak, and in dumb show gives notice that he is wide awake, and ready to be sociable. The red face of the stout gentleman beams graciously, even on the fidgety man.

"It is a fine morning, indeed, sir," says the stout gentleman, evidently alluding and replying to the remark made by the fidgety man before breakfast.

"It was rather chilly though, some might think, early in the morning," re-

plies the latter, with an air as if he meant to qualify his former positive assertion to such an extent as to enable every body to agree with him, and be conciliated.

The ice being broken, conversation very soon becomes general and animated. The clergyman begins to talk to the pretty girl beside him, who at first replies in monosyllables, but finally grows less reserved. The fat lady asks the fidgety man if his name isn't Smith, he looks so much like a Mr. Smith she is acquainted with; and she knows she is rude, but the likeness is so striking (all but the eyes and hair, and perhaps the complexion), that she couldn't help asking, and hopes there'll be no offence taken; and being told by the embarrassed fidgety man, upon whom the attention of the whole stage company is bestowed, that his name is *not* Smith but Jones, she says, "Indeed! is it possible?" and eyes him curiously, as if a gentleman with the name of Jones were some strange creature of which she had heard, but never seen before.

The tall gentleman drops a remark that upsets entirely our supposition that he is a dentist, and plunges us into a sea of doubts with respect to the uses and contents of the little brass-nailed, leather trunk. The stout gentleman is found out to be a rich merchant and capitalist. Mr. Jones makes a revelation, and informs us that he is in the retail grocery line. The white cravatted man, having said a long grace at the breakfast table, and intimated a regret that circumstances wouldn't admit of family prayers also, every body knows him to be what he looks to be. The middle-aged lady graciously informs us that her name is Stebbins, and that she has been on a visit to her married daughter, whom she left as well as could be expected; that her own husband has been terribly anxious for her to get back home; that he, the said husband, is a "master man," for fretting, whenever she goes away from home to be gone over night, and that she expects she shall find the house upside down!

By dint of close questioning on the part of the parson and the fat lady, the fact is elicited, that the pretty girl is going to visit a former school-mate, with whose family and connections generally, the fat lady testifies she has a sort of acquaintance; and bears testimony as well to the unquestionable gentility of the family, adducing in corroboration the circumstance, that they keep a negro man to attend the front door, and don't take any boarders, either.

When we change stages, some twenty miles on the way, and it is discovered

that the coach on the middle route of the line is not so new and handsome as the one in which we began our journey, the opinion is unanimously expressed, that stage proprietors, as a class, are no better than they should be, and are universally disposed to put the best on the outside.

The stout gentleman, whose seat is by no means as easy as before the change, suggests, with some heat, that an opposition line would mend matters somewhat; all the passengers respond in chorus that they guess it would, indeed; and Mr. Jones winds up the discussion by emphatically averring, that opposition is the life of business, for a moment forgetful of the falling off in trade since the establishment of the rival grocery on the corner opposite his own; or, perhaps, conceiving that the rule does not and ought not to apply to the retail grocery business.

We take up way passengers from time to time, and set them down again. These people, for the most part, defer a good deal to us through passengers, and seem inclined to consider our claims to particular seats, and assumptions of superior travelling experience, as entitled to high respect. On the other hand, the through passengers tacitly organize themselves into a select clique, and take little airs upon themselves, and talk to the way passengers with a manner that I have often observed in the old residents of a town, towards new men who had just moved into the neighborhood.

One of these way passengers, however, astonishes us all, and makes us feel a good deal abashed and regretful that we have confounded him with the common herd, and treated him in any way slightly, by informing us (the subject of the conversation being Modern Inventions and the Progress of the Age), that he has actually ridden upon the Manchester and Liverpool Railway. The capitalist says, upon this, that he has taken stock in the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, which is to be built between Albany and Schenectady. The tall gentleman, not to be wholly outdone, says, that a year or two ago, while on a short visit to Mr. John Quincy Adams, he had been taken by the ex-president to see the railroad leading from the granite quarries to the wharves; whereupon the ladies and clergyman, who, like all ladies and clergymen, have a high reverence for rank, look admiringly at the tall gentleman, who thus carelessly and incidentally mentions a visit to the private mansion of the late chief magistrate of the nation.

The capitalist, who knows Mr. Adams very well himself, continues to speak of

railroads, and says, that in time, he doesn't doubt, one will be finished through to the Lakes. The ex-president's friend says, dubiously, "Not in our time," while the travelled way passenger, who has been admitted an honorary member of the through clique, and been presented with the freedom of the corporation, nods his head sagely, and mutters to the stout gentleman, that, for his part, he must say that stranger things than that are happening daily. The fat lady, who has been an attentive listener, now leans forward, hems, grasps the handle of her basket nervously, and would make bold to inquire, if the jolting in riding over the rails is not very unpleasant and disagreeable? The gentlemen all smile, and say, "Oh, no, indeed ma'am!" and the benevolent clergyman conceiving her mistake, is at some pains to explain that the rails are flat straps of iron, nailed along upon wooden sleepers, that run lengthwise of the road, and not athwart it: and this the fat lady comprehends readily, when the clergyman illustrates, with the help of his own cane and that of the stout gentleman, frankly owning, however, that he may be mistaken, having never seen a railroad, though he believes he understands the principle. The travelled way passenger assures him that he has "got the idea quite correct, considering," and after this, the clergyman takes heart of grace, and comes out surprisingly, to the evident admiration of the fat lady, who repeatedly avers, referring to the principle of railroads, that she has got one new wrinkle to-day, any way.

We are frequently arriving at neat little villages, and driving up at a round trot in front of the stores where the post-offices are kept, to have the mail changed; and we sit at the coach window and watch the postmaster and his clerk rapidly sorting the packages, while the customers, who are postponed to the imperious haste of Uncle Sam, lean against the counters, and beguile the seven minutes' delay by staring at the showy advertisements of Godfrey's Cordial and Morison's Hygeian Pills, or by overlooking, with us, the active movements of the national officials. There are two or three little boys loitering about the door of the store, attracted by the odor of raisins and sugar, walking gingerly, with bare feet, on the coarse gravel, picking up strings, and bits of gilt and colored paper from the sweepings, and occasionally glancing furtively towards the stage in the hope that some of the passengers may want a drink of water, and thereby afford them an opportunity to earn a few pence by fetching it. The driver, meanwhile,

waters his horses, from a bucket, chiding them when they try to put their noses into it out of turn, and dashes the frothy leavings in the bottom upon the feet of the leaders.

We gaze about the quiet shady streets of the village, and cannot help thinking whether we should like to live there, and wondering, if we had been born and brought up there, what sort of a person we should have been; and whether it would have seemed as much like home as our own, actual home; and presently we fall into a speculation, that, may be, in some of those white houses, half hidden by maples, horse-chestnuts, and lilacs, there is, who knows, some fair, young girl, whom, if we could only see and know, we should surely fall in love with, and she with us, and so we should be married, and ever after live happily, and ——— the driver throws the mail up to the smoking box passenger, mounts after it, clucks to his horses, and away we go, looking back and watching one particular white house, until we turn a curve, and feeling a queer pang of tender regret when we finally lose sight of it.

By and by we stop to dine. The clergyman again says a long grace. The stout gentleman carves the joint, the tall gentleman dissects the pair of roast chickens, and Mr. Jones helps to the vegetables. The box passenger sits opposite to the pretty girl, and disconcerts her extremely by staring at her all dinner time.

When we get on the road again, and the fidgety Mr. Jones has remarked that the stage house we have just left isn't as well kept as it used to be when Robinson was landlord, the gentlemen fall to talking politics, all but the clergyman, who, being unfamiliar with the subject, addresses himself again, particularly to the ladies. In the course of the debate the tall gentleman denounces anti-masonry with great severity, and Mr. Jones takes issue with him; whereupon an excited discussion ensues. The tall gentleman is beginning a panegyric of the institution of Masonry, by premising, that, although he is not a mason himself, yet—when he is suddenly cut short by a vehement outburst from Mr. Jones, who makes quite an harangue, commencing with the remark, that he has some respect for *real* freemasons, and can tolerate them, while defending their own institution, but, for his part, he must say, he despises a jack-mason heartily, and ending, after treating at length on various topics, with a defiant inquiry, whether any body can say aught against William Wirt? Morgan is hauled out from the Niagara River.

and a tremendous battle is fought over his corpse, the identity of which is denied by the tall gentleman, who believes that William Morgan is to-day alive and kicking, unless he has completed a parallel with Judas, or has been made away with by the anti-masons themselves, on purpose to raise an excitement. Here the fat lady interposes, and modestly begs leave to set the gentleman right about that, for she has often read of Morgan's abduction in the public prints—indeed, has seen a picture in an almanac, representing his murder, and the masons using his blood to mix mortar with, to build a temple (a proceeding which the fat lady justly denounced, in passing, as a most inhuman and barbarous affair), and has often heard her husband, who is a deacon of the church, and won't lie any quicker than the next man, aver that the masons were guilty of Morgan's death—"So you see, sir," to the tall gentleman, "that there can't be any mistake about it, poor man."

In the course of the discussion, Gen. Jackson is denounced by one man as a tyrant and an enemy to his country's welfare, and by another he is exalted to the rank of a demigod, by the name of Old Hickory. Then somebody fortunately asks the question, if any body else has seen those letters signed "Jack Downing;" the angry faces begin to relax into smiles, the letters in question are told over, the fidgety man finally says he didn't mean any thing personal to any one, the tall man bows graciously, the stout gentleman referring to the pending presidential election, says, very sagely, "We shall see what we shall see," and the subject of politics is dropped.

Just in time—for here we are at the wayside tavern, the last stopping place before we arrive at the city. A gayly painted coach, and a fresh team of white matched horses, that are to take us the last stage of our journey, are waiting in the stable yard, and drive up to the piazzas as soon as the old coach has discharged its cargo and driven out of the way. But the new driver gives us plenty of time to go through the leg-stretching process, and a right agreeable process it is too. Very slight excuses avail even the clergyman and ladies for taking a sip of excellent brandy punch, which the landlord has manufactured at the suggestion of the box passenger. Travellers, twenty years ago, partook of refreshments that had some strength and body to them. The dish-water tea and muddy coffee, too hot to drink, and too dear to leave, the dubiously compounded pies and tough sponge cake,

the withered apples and choky pears, that form the staples of railroad station refreshments, and which must be gobbled up in just five minutes by the conductor's watch, or gone without entirely, can they be compared with the creature comforts, wherewith the stage passengers solaced themselves at their leisure, in the days gone by?

The new team is a fast one, the road is descending, and we dash rapidly forward. The next five miles is gone over in less than the time in which Puck promised to girdle the earth. We approach the end of our journey, and begin to feel, as did Geoffrey Crayon, "that it is a comfort to shift one's position, and be bruised in a new place."

At last, from the summit of a high hill, we can see, far away in the distance below us, a glimpse of blue water, and white specks of sails dotting it, like stars in an evening sky, gleaming in the rays of the declining sun, and the wide-spread extent of the large city to which we are bound, a confused mass of red and white houses, and a great dun-colored cloud of smoke hanging over all.

Rocking, pitching, rattling, the flying coach descends the hill and at a headlong rate, in pursuit of the galloping team, whose sixteen white legs seem sixteen times that number, as we watch them from the window. Onward, downward we go, thundering along the wide, smooth road, the ascending carriages and wagons turning out for us, our swiftly revolving wheels grinding through the gravel and hissing through the sand, leaving behind us for many rods, a long trailing cloud of dust, which glitters in the slanting, ruddy sunbeams, like the golden sand-beach of an African river.

Despite the weariness that we feel, the passengers half wish our journey's end was not so near at hand. We look forward, not without a painful emotion, to the speedy and inevitable dispersion of our little company. We endeavor to talk cheerfully, but there is a sad feeling at our hearts—not sad, but pensive. We tell each other that we have had a pleasant day, and one that we shall long remember. We exhort each other to a continuance of acquaintanceship and friendship. The clergyman piously hopes that we may all meet in heaven, to which the fat lady softly says, "Amen," and we all think it.

Now, in the twilight, we are slowly driving over a long bridge. The clocks of the city are striking the hour of eight. The deep, hoarse roar of the crowded

streets is heard above the rattling of our wheels, and the pattering of the horses' feet upon the planks—it grows louder and more confused—once more the driver's long whip lash cracks—clatter, clatter, clatter, the sixteen iron shoes of our gallant team strike the stony pavement—the rumbling coach follows, winding and turning through the rushing throng of carriages, wagons, and drays, along a broad street, which is being lighted up as fast as yonder sooty fellow can travel from one lamp post to another, with his greasy ladder and flaring torch. Strange buildings tower on either hand. Over the doors of the brilliantly lighted shops are strange signs, bearing strange names. A throng of strangers crowd the strange pavement. Suddenly, the coach stops, swaying on its springs, before a large, strange hotel. The porter rushes out and opens the door. We bid good-by to our fellow travellers, and shake hands all around, specially moved thereto by a desire to give the digits of the pretty girl an impressive squeeze. We accomplish our purpose, and the pretty girl, who begins to feel homesick, faintly returns the pressure. We descend the steps; our luggage is taken from the boot; the driver remounts the box; one more good-by; the stage rumbles away, carrying with it the only familiar faces in all the town, and is lost in the crowd. The last link that connects us with home seems severed. We stand, lonesomely, a stranger in the streets of a strange city. The day's journey is ended.

But my digressive fancy has played me a pretty trick, driving away with me in an air-built stage coach, twenty years into the shadowy past, leaving me, I know not where. Did you go with me, gentle reader, or, while I was dreaming, did you sleep? Let us return to the year 1850, and to the banks of the slow-gliding Mohawk. Behold, once again, the veritable Sacketts Harbor mail-stage, rolling smoothly along the busy street of suburban Deerfield.

It was almost sunset, when, after a toilsome ascent, we gained the summit of the mountain which lies on the road some five miles to the north of Utica. The driver stopped to let his panting team take breath—a proceeding which awakened a lively distrust in the mind of a short-legged yellow cur, that stood in the mouth of a farmer's lane, and barked at us incessantly. The broad valley of the Mohawk lay behind us, glowing in the cheerful, ruddy light, with which the round, red, September sun filled it brimming full. The compact little city spar-

kled in the centre of the landscape, like a diamond set in the midst of emeralds. Beyond it, the green, forest-covered slopes, speckled with ruddy spots, where groves of maples had donned early their gaudy autumn suits, showed soft and hazy outlines through the heated, quivering air and rosy light, against the deep blue southern sky. The sombre western hills cast long, gray shadows half across the plain. To the east and to the west, miles away and miles apart, two railroad trains glided like serpents out from among the wooded hills, and along the bank of the river, rushing to meet each other in the city midway between them. We could hear the distant, jarring sound of their iron wheels, now low and faint, as they dived out of sight into the bowels of a hill, and now loud and plain, as they emerged to view, and dashed rattling and roaring across a resounding bridge. Then the sharp, unearthly yell of their whistles smote clear and distinct upon our ears, and we fancied we could hear even the faint clangor of their bells as they crossed the level of some intersecting, country highway; and while I listened, I remembered that, since the birthday of many living men, the howl of the wolf, the cry of the panther, and the war-whoop of the hostile Indian had often been heard out of the savage wilderness, which then grew in that valley, by the garrison of the lonely outpost of Fort Stanwix.

Presently the sun, tired with his long, hot day's travel, rested his chin upon the trees that fringed the western hill-tops, setting them all a-blaze, and peeped for a moment at the lovely landscape he was quitting; and when finally he sank luxuriously to rest, curtained with azure, purple, and gold, in state befitting the couch of the king of day, the round, full, yellow harvest moon swung clear of the eastern horizon, fresh and wide awake, and, like ourselves, prepared for a night-long journey.

Again the shriek of the steam whistle pierced the still air; the horses heard it, and pricked up their ears. "Come, get up!" said the driver, and away we went, closely pursued, for a space, by the barking cur, triumphant at our flight, leaving behind us the quiet valley of the sleeping Mohawk, forward into the country, where the streams, flowing for many a mile through dense, primeval forests, and in deep gorges, between high precipitous banks, and jutting crags, crowned with groves of shadowy hemlocks, are dark and mysterious, and full of arrowy rapids and foaming cascades.

"Where do we take supper, I wonder?" suddenly cried one of the heavy gentlemen on the forward seat.

"At Trenton," replied the middle seat opposite.

"Or the Black River House?" said the other middle seat interrogatively.

"At Trenton, sir," repeated his companion, in a positive tone.

Nevertheless, we supped at the Black River House, on venison steaks, brook trout, broiled partridges, wild raspberries and cream, in company with the driver, who sat at the head of the table, and did its honors with unexampled appetite and dignity.

It was almost eight o'clock when we once more found ourselves on the road. The team was a fresh one, and so was the driver, and we sped forward at a most satisfactory pace. The curtains of the coach were all rolled up, for the air was warm, and every man a smoker. The moon was at its full, as I have before said. It was as pleasant a night to travel as could be wished for.

We were strangers to each other, and far away from home. It had been a cholera summer the year before. That dreadful plague was not yet extinct "at the West." So, when one of the stout gentlemen, soon after supper, frankly revealed the fact that he carried in his overcoat pocket a willow-covered flask, full of ready-made brandy grog, rather stiff and of excellent quality, each of the other passengers felt no hesitation in keeping him in countenance by a confession of similar import. It was ascertained that there was on board, to each man, at least a pint of this agreeable and wholesome fluid, and five cigars of approved brands. This stock, it was calculated, would last us, without the exercise of an inconvenient degree of the uncomfortable virtue of economy, until some time after midnight, especially as three gentlemen, who fortunately sat upon the lee side of the coach, avowed the habit of chewing tobacco, and cheerfully offered to avail themselves, in case of extremity, of Warnick & Bryan's fine cut, and leave the cigars, thus saved, for the use of their less accomplished fellow-travellers. The driver, who, upon being interrogated, acknowledged a weakness in favor of whiskey, and agreed to take his drinks at the wayside taverns, informed us that our flasks and cases might be replenished with unimpeachable supplies at Martinsburg and Lowville—our nocturnal journey seemed no great hardship in prospect.

Conversation had been pretty steadily

maintained all the way between Utica and the Black River House. The subjects of the weather, politics, the crops, the state of the money market, the prices of stocks, cotton, flour and provisions, and the European and Californian news, had each and all been duly discussed and exhausted. It was worthy of remark, that after the first five miles, no man was inclined to talk at length with his seat mate, whom he seemed to treat with less ceremonious respect than he did the others; whereby I was reminded of the conduct of many married couples of my acquaintance, after the lapse of the honeymoon.

"Come, gentlemen," said one of the middle seats, a lieutenant in the revenue service apparently, "it's but half past nine. What shall be done to pass away the time, besides smoking and preventing the cholera?"

"Sleep, if we can," responded one of the stout gentlemen, who wore a round-top cap, with a button and tassel, and a big visor.

"Humph!" ejaculated the other five in chorus.

"That's likely," added the other stout gentleman.

"I'd like to catch myself at it," said another.

"So would I," said a third.

"If you do, just wake up and tell me how it's done," exhorted a fourth.

"There isn't a plank-road all the way," added a fifth, significantly.

"Can any gentleman sing?" asked the revenue officer.

"D—n the singing," hastily cried the gentleman with the round-topped cap.

"Don't try that on. We should have every dog on the road in full howl at us."

"One can play whist in the cars, but here—"

"Let me make a suggestion," said one of the back seat passengers, a tall, swarthy man, of about thirty, in a blue pilot-cloth overcoat and cap.

We all turned towards him.

"I follow the sea for a calling," resumed the gentleman, with a smile and half bow at the revenue officer, "and of course, as you may reasonably suppose, I have passed a good many hours of the night broad awake upon deck. I may pretend, therefore, to some little experience in the matter; and really, I don't know of any pleasanter way of making a long night watch seem short, than by means of the simple amusement—of which we were all fond when children—story-telling."

"Humph!" said the gentleman who

had proposed going to sleep; though it was evident that he relished the suggestion of the sailor, and humphed, merely, to have his turn. "Humph!" said he, lighting a fresh cigar, "I'd rather go to sleep than hear the whole Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

"I got into a cursed scrape once by telling a story in a stage coach," remarked the other back seat.

"Come, gentlemen, what do you say?" cried the sailor briskly.

"Agreed," promptly replied the revenue officer.

"Well, agreed," said another, with a manner as if he were assenting to a proposition to take a part in a game at marbles or puss-puss in the corner.

"Agreed," added another and another; the sleep-preferring stout passenger only kept silent.

"Come, sir, what do you say?" persisted the sailor, addressing him particularly.

"Go on, go on," replied the stout man, good humoredly, "wake me up when it comes my turn. I may go to sleep, in the mean time, I suppose?"

"Ay ay," said the seaman. "And now," he continued, turning to his seat-mate, "as I proposed the matter, I have the right of nomination. Allow me to knock you down for a yarn."

"Me first? the devil!" cried the person addressed, shrugging his shoulders. This gentleman was a good-looking, well-dressed person, of the age of twenty-eight or thereabouts. "I'm a little wary," said he, with a half laugh. "I can't help thinking what an awkward scrape I once got into by telling a story in a stage coach."

"How was it?" inquired the sleepy gentleman, with manifest interest; at which there was a general laugh.

"Come," said the sailor, "unless it be a secret, tell us how you got into the scrape, and what sort of a scrape it was."

"Go ahead," added the revenue officer, "I reckon it will be interesting."

"I trust you will find it so," replied the other, holding the muzzle of his brandy flask an inch from his lips as he spoke, and then taking a hearty draught, "ahem—hem, for I think I shall tell it," he added, returning his flask to its pocket.

There was a unanimous expression of satisfaction at this declaration, and after the bustle, occasioned by a general following of the gentleman's example in the respect of preventing the cholera, had subsided, and fresh cigars had been lighted all round, the back seat passenger commenced as follows:—

CHAPTER II.

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

In the month of August, a year ago last summer, it so happened that I had a single matter of professional business to do, requiring my presence for a few days, at a term of the State Circuit Court, held in a quiet country shire-town, in New England. This village is one of those ancient places, that, having been settled among the earliest in the colonies, maintained for many years after the Revolution, their rank as large and important towns, gave their names to the counties within whose limits they lie, are mentioned with distinction in the gazetteers published fifty years ago, and, despite of the lapse of time, which has brought to them no increase, the rapid growth of new cities and villages, and the march of improvement generally, still continue to retain the courthouse of the county a conspicuous place, even on modern maps, and many of the family names, the fashions, customs, manners, and opinions of the olden time.

Though surrounded by railroads, this village, which I shall call Guilford, is inconveniently distant from any station-house. The discreet husbandmen, its early settlers, more regardful of its agricultural than its commercial interests, laid its foundation miles away from the river,—and there it stands, looking to-day very much as it did a half-century ago, I doubt not; its long street of old, white houses marking the line where the broad alluvial plains begin to swell into the hills that form the western side of one of the most fertile and beautiful river-valleys in the world.

I had, as I have said, a single case pending before the Circuit Superior Court of Guilford county. It was an issue of law, to be tried by the judge alone, and had been assigned for trial, for the first day of the term. So I concluded to take the mail-stage, which went down to Guilford in the afternoon of the Saturday previous, and not wait for the steamboat on Monday morning, which would leave me four miles from the Court House, and on the wrong side of the river at that. I was to have for a fellow-passenger, Judge Walker, whose assigned turn it was, to hold the term at Guilford. I had found the Judge sojourning at the same hotel in the city, at which I put up. We were old acquaintances, of course; his professional duties having often to be discharged in my own remote county.

We had finished our dinner, and stood talking together on the portico of the

hotel, smoking, and waiting for the porter to bring down our luggage, when the Guilford stage drove up. It was a neat little, yellow coach, with a team of four, compactly built, bob-tailed, black horses, driven by the owner and proprietor in his own proper person; a clean shaven, rosy-gilled, fat little fellow, good humored as a kitten, and independent as any other Yankee in the world, who at once accosted my companion.

"Good afternoon, Judge," said he; "ef yer goin' to Gifford in yer vikkle, jest say the word—Whoa-hup! Stand still, boys!"

"I am going, Colonel," replied the Judge: "this gentleman and myself are only waiting for our baggage. How's your family, Colonel?"

While this dialogue was going on, and our military be-titled driver was enlightening the judicial dignitary as to the welfare of his domestic circle, and sarcastically bewailing his inability to return appropriately, the complimentary inquiry of the latter; and while the twain were discoursing about divers other matters, until the appearance of the sweating porter, with one trunk on his shoulder and another in his hand; I was making a rapid inspection of the passengers who were already in the coach.

On the front seat, bolt upright, sat a spruce-looking, red-and-white complexioned, dark-haired and dark-whiskered young gentleman, trimly dressed in a linen sack, worn over a black coat and white marseilles vest, with his very red lips sucking the ivory head of a yellow rattan cane. I guessed at once that he was a daguerreotype artist, materially aided in this sagacious conjecture by the appearance of a tripod, which lay helplessly on the roof of the coach, its legs tied together and sticking out of the canvas bag in which its head works were bundled up.

Two ladies sat on the back seat, trying to smother their mirth, and not laugh outright at something funny they knew, before the crowd of gentlemen on the hotel piazza. They had drawn down their veils as the coach stopped. But it was too late. The eyes of the lady, on the hither side, had given me my—in fine, gentlemen, had done for me.

Don't laugh, gentlemen: you can't tell what may happen to yourselves some time. I used to ridicule the notion of falling in love at first sight. The thing, to be sure, is of rare occurrence. It don't often happen. A man runs about the same risk of it, that he does of being struck o'lightning. Indeed, if he has not the true mettle in him, he is safe. But electricity

sometimes does hit a man, and so does love at the first sight of the object of it; and this was a case in point of the latter sort. After all, I am wrong as to the fact, but the theory holds good, notwithstanding, as you shall hear if you will give attention.

"Come," said the Judge, giving me a push, "what the deuce is the matter with you? Here's the porter been holding the door open these five minutes, and the Colonel is getting impatient. Throw away your cigar, and come on."

I obeyed—that is to say, I followed the Judge to the sidewalk, gave the porter the red-hot stump of my cigar, and threw half a dollar into the gutter. In a moment more I was sitting by the side of the spruce young man, encountering the quizzical look of the Judge, who sat on the middle seat opposite me, his portly form almost eclipsing the beautiful young lady. They were both beautiful, but every body will know which I mean.

The coach stopped once more before it left the city, to take on board, at his residence, Mr. Richard Cranston, a lawyer, my senior by some five years; whose large practice, extending throughout the State, had given me an opportunity to become well acquainted with him in my own county, and was now taking him down to Guilford, to try, among other issues, the case in which I was engaged, against me.

"Here you are then, Lovel," cried he, as he settled himself into the vacant seat beside the Judge: first casting a rapid glance at the ladies, and then nodding at me. "Rushing into danger, eh? Why, I shall have your scalp at my belt by this time on Monday, my indiscreet young friend."

"Or I yours at mine," I retorted, secretly nettled. The presence of the ladies made me sensitive.

"Oh! no danger of that, not the least," returned Cranston, taking off his Panama, and rubbing the bald spot, like a priest's tonsure, in the middle of his thick brown curls. "No scalp-lock on the crown to lay hold of, you see! I should have made a glorious Indian fighter, Judge, eh? Billy Bowlegs would be nonplussed if he should try to get a trophy off from my head. By the by, talking of scalps, have you heard what happened to Green, last term of our County Court? No! Well, I'll try to give you a faint description. Green, you know, Judge, but Lovel perhaps don't, has the sobriquet of Sandy Green given him by the bar, because, in the first place, his name is Alex-

ander; and, secondly, his complexion, hair, eyebrows and eyelashes, are of the color of Bristol-brick. He is mightily ashamed of his hair, however, and a year or two ago had his head shaved, bought a curled, black wig, and has been the meanest looking man ever since—he's unparalleled—and he has no second. There was a chap stopping at the City Hotel one day—a Dwarf, not over four feet high, hump-backed, with a shrewd monkey face, most horribly scarred and pitted with the small-pox. Green was going by, and the fellow, who was in the portico smoking, hailed him. 'Hillo, stranger!' said he, 'hold on, I want to see you.' So Green stopped, and the Dwarf looked at him curiously. 'I win,' said he, 'I rather think so.' 'Think what?' asked Green. 'Never mind,' said the dwarf, 'come in, come in and take a drink.' Sandy never refuses such an invitation; so in they went and liquored, and the day being warm, Sandy took off his hat to wipe his forehead. His new friend clapped his hands. 'By dash,' said he, 'I've found him.' 'Found whom?' asked Sandy. 'Found you,' cried the Dwarf. 'What do you mean?' said Green, who is mighty afraid of being put upon. 'What's your business?' asked the stranger. 'A lawyer, sir,' replied Sandy, with dignity. 'Good!' cried the Dwarf! 'I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll go out to Cincinnati, and win a suit for me; and I'll pay all expenses.' 'But if I don't win it?' asked Sandy, 'what then?' 'By dash, I know you will,' exclaimed the stranger, positively. 'But what is the suit?' persisted Green. 'Well, I'll tell you,' replied the Dwarf, around whom a crowd had collected. 'I'm courting a girl in Cincinnati, and she's willing to have me, for I'm rich; but she says she hates to have the name of being the ugliest man's wife in the United States. I told her that there might be a man uglier than I; and she said if I could find one, she would marry me, and not without. I've travelled all over the country for six months, and was just about going home in despair, when, thank God, I saw you. Will you go, stranger?' But hold on—that's not the story. Green is, of course, rather touchy on the subject of hair, and is amazingly given to pathetic eloquence. He was trying a breach of promise case against me last term. It was his closing turn for the plaintiff, and he was just winding up with great effect, high-faluting about blighted hopes, withered hearts, blasted affections, peace of mind for ever fled, and all that—jury much affected—the foreman, an old fellow, with a family

of six marriageable and unmarried daughters, looking with the spirit of a father, intent and stern, first at Green and then at my client, who sat behind me, chewing tobacco vehemently, and sweating like a trooper: the youngest jurymen, a spooney, just old enough to be in love and on a jury, all in tears. Sandy was picturing the plaintiff's agony when she found herself jilted; how she wrung her hands—and here he rubbed his fists like a washerwoman; how she beat her bosom—and if his vest hadn't been well padded, he would have knocked himself speechless; and how she tore her raven locks—and in his suiting the action to the word, may I be translated if his wig didn't come off in his hands and tumble on the floor, from which it got kicked into a spittoon. I never saw such a looking head in my life. It looked like the desert of Sahara. Perhaps Sandy didn't submit his case to an intelligent and enlightened jury of his countrymen in just about a minute from that time. It saved my client fifteen hundred dollars. I did not tell him so, though, but took all the credit myself, of course."

"Were not the bench and bar convulsed with laughter, sir?" inquired the daguerreotype gentleman, with a propitiatory manner, and evidently desirous of mixing in the conversation.

"Why, sir, as to that," returned Cranston, coolly surveying his interrogator, "I must say that the bar laughed consumedly; but the bench—you know Judge Bell, I presume, sir."

"Why, not particularly—in fact, I may have met him in society—but, I do not now recollect it."

"Just so," said Cranston. "Well, sir, Judge Bell, you must know, is a very serious man, in a word as grave as a judge, as my friend Walker, here, for example. There is a tradition that he was never known to laugh but once, and then—"

"What then?" persisted the artist, after a pause.

"Why sir," said Cranston, leaning forward in a confidential way, "the courthouse clock stopped immediately, and held up its hands in astonishment."

The spruce gentleman forthwith relapsed into profound silence, and betook himself to sucking the head of his cane.

After getting out of the city we took the river road, which was, for a part of the way, a continuous village street. Sometimes, where the winding stream swept with a broad curve around a bend, the straighter road would leave it for a while, and run directly across the peninsula, between rows of maples, and high rail fences

inclosing orchards, and fertile fields and meadows, and then, meeting it again, we could ride for miles over a smooth, gravelly beach, where the mimic waves came lapping and rippling with a gentle murmur, and left upon the narrow strand a long ribbon of yellow foam.

On one hand the green sloping meadow banks on the farther shore, dotted with white cottages and ancient farmhouses peeping out from beneath the broad, dense shade of mighty, overhanging elms, and the blue sky, flecked here and there with light, fleecy clouds, slowly sailing across it, were mirrored in the surface of the placid river. On the other hand spread for many a mile the broad fertile and populous plain, upon which the farms of the first settlers of this garden of New England were collected, two hundred years ago. Sometimes we passed a reach in the river, where a fleet of sloops lay almost becalmed; those downward bound, with sails hanging in idle folds from their lowered gaff-peaks, floating lazily with the slow moving current, the crews of others, keeping time with a monotonous sleepy sounding chant, disturbing with their long sweeps the glassy, still water nearer the shore. Sometimes we climbed a little hill, and from its green summit saw, scattered widely over the plain, the spires of twenty churches, rising above the glistening roofs of the village houses that clustered about them. Then we would descend into a shady valley, and cross upon a rustic

bridge, a limpid, shallow brook hastening to lose itself in the neighboring river, and brawling over a bed of white and gray pebbles, between low banks, fringed with alders, osiers and willows.

It would be hard to say which were the most enchanting, the smiling landscapes through which we travelled, or the features of the charming lady on the back seat of the coach. I think, however, that the latter received the greater share of my attention. I may as well say, in this place, for the purpose of distinguishing them, that *the* lady was very fair, with glossy brown hair, and dark gray eyes of the shade one is apt to mistake in daylight for deep blue, and by moonlight for hazel. So much I could see through her tormenting veil. Her companion was a very handsome, showy brunette, with dark hair, and large, black, languid, lustrous eyes.

They seemed to enjoy themselves right heartily, looking at the scenery, and carrying on by themselves a cosy, merry, low-toned conversation, except when interrupted by Cranston or the Judge, who occasionally presumed, the one on his baldness and impudence, and the other on his prematurely gray locks and gold spectacles, to address them, or to point out for their regard some remarkable or picturesque object in the varying landscape.

As for the daguerreotype man and me, we looked on wistfully and bashfully, and said nothing.

(To be continued.)

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE

WITHIN this lowly grave a Conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies,
Ivy and amaranth, in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart;

But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
 Gentlest, in mien and mind,
 Of gentle womankind,
 Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;
 One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
 Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
 Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
 Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand which moulders here
 Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
 And armies mustered at the sign, as when
 Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East,—
 Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
 And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
 Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
 The victory to her who fills this grave;
 Alone her task was wrought,
 Alone the battle fought;
 Through that long strife her constant hope was staid
 On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of Sorrow with a look
 That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
 And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took,
 Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
 Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
 And calmly broke in twain
 The fiery shafts of pain,
 And rent the nets of passion from her path.
 By that victorious hand despair was slain.
 With love she vanquished hate and overcame
 Evil with good, in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
 Glory that with the fleeting season dies;
 But when she entered at the sapphire gate
 What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!
 How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
 And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!
 And He who, long before,
 Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
 The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
 Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat;
 He who returning, glorious, from the grave,
 Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;
 Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
 Oh gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
 Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.
 Brief is the time, I know,
 The warfare scarce begun;
 Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
 Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee;
 The victors' names are yet too few to fill
 Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory,
 That ministered to thee, is open still.

LITERARY PIRACY.

Letters on International Copy-right. By H. C. CAREY, author of "Principles of Political Economy," &c. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1853.

WE have at last a formal, if not formidable treatise on anti-copy-right, by a writer who treats the subject in a candid and gentlemanly manner, and who, though he argues scientifically in favor of robbery, does it on philosophical principles, and in a benevolent spirit, and not in that sordid tone which has distinguished all the arguments that we have hitherto heard from the opponents of international copy-right. The difference between Mr. Carey and the other gentlemen whose cause he espouses is, that while they seem to have been influenced by no better motive than that of personal aggrandizement, he is apparently a disinterested believer in the benevolence and justice of the measure which he advocates. He is, therefore, all the more dangerous, as an opponent, and the more entitled to consideration. Mr. Carey is a retired publisher, and the author of some remarkable essays on political economy; he is the antagonist of the Ricardo school of political philosophers, an advocate of high protective duties, and a fluent and forcible writer. We are very glad to meet him as an antagonist on the subject of copy-right, for he can make the most of his subject, and we are quite sure that no other writer will present it in a stronger light, or more happily illustrate his theory by the extent and variety of the facts which he has brought to bear upon the question. His pamphlet appears at a most opportune moment, too, when the subject of international copy-right has assumed an importance which it has never had before, from the circumstance of the administration having declared itself in favor of a total abolition of the small duty now imposed on printed books. Mr. Carey could hardly have had such an event in his mind, or the anticipation of it, and its too probable influence upon the interests of our native literature, or he would never have raised his voice, we imagine, on the side of the anti-copy-right advocates. The great bugbear in the eyes of Mr. Carey is centralization, and the fatal facility which a reduction of duties on printed books, even with the counter-acting effect which an international copy-right law would exert, in making London the metropolis of the United States, must

be plain enough to so shrewd a thinker as Mr. Carey. He endeavors to prove, and we think successfully, that the union of Scotland and Ireland with England has destroyed the national literature of those two countries, and transferred the producing power in literature which once manifested itself so strongly in Dublin and Edinburgh, to London.

"Seventy years after the date of the Union, Edinburgh was still a great literary capital, and could then offer to the world the names of numerous men, of whose reputation any country of the world might have been proud: Burns and McPherson; Robertson and Hume; Blair and Kames; Reid, Smith, and Stewart; Monboddo, Playfair, and Boswell; and numerous others, whose reputation has survived to the present day. Thirty-five years later, its press furnished the world with the works of Jeffrey and Brougham; Stewart, Brown, and Chalmers; Scott, Wilson, and Joanna Baillie; and with those of many others whose reputation was less widely spread, among whom were Galt, Hogg, Lockhart, and Miss Ferrier, the authoress of *Marriage*. The *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine* then, to a great extent, represented Scottish men and Scottish modes of thought. Looking now on the same field of action, it is difficult, from this distance, to discover more than two Scottish authors, Alison and Sir William Hamilton, the latter all 'the more conspicuous and remarkable, as he now,' says the *North British Review* (Feb. 1853), 'stands so nearly alone in the ebb of literary activity in Scotland, which has been so apparent during this generation.' McCulloch and Macaulay were both, I believe, born in Scotland, but in all else they are English. Glasgow has recently presented the world with a new poet, in the person of Alexander Smith, but, unlike Ramsay and Burns, there is nothing Scottish about him beyond his place of birth. 'It is not,' says one of his reviewers, 'Scottish scenery, Scottish history, Scottish character, and Scottish social humor, that he represents or depicts. Nor is there,' it continues, 'any trace in him of that feeling of intense nationality so common in Scottish writers. London,' as it adds, 'a green lane in Kent, an English forest, an English manor-house, there are the scenes where the real business of the drama is transacted.'"

"The *Edinburgh Review* has become to all intents and purposes an English journal, and *Blackwood* has lost all those characteristics by which it was in former times distinguished from the magazines published south of the Tweed.

"Seeing these facts, we can scarcely fail to agree with the review already quoted, in the admission that there are 'probably fewer leading individual thinkers and literary guides in Scotland at present, than at any other period of its history since the early part of the last century,' since the day when Scotland itself lost its individuality. The same journal informs us that 'there is now scarcely an instance of a Scotchman holding a learned position in any other country,' and farther says, that 'the small number of names of literary Scotchmen known throughout Europe for eminence in literature and science is of itself sufficient

to show to how great an extent the present race of Scotchmen have lost the position which their ancestors held in the world of letters."⁶

"The London Leader tells its readers that 'England is a power made up of conquests over nationalities;' and it is right. The nationality of Scotland has disappeared; and, however much it may annoy our Scottish friends † to have the energetic Celt sunk in the 'slow and unimpressible' Saxon, such is the tendency of English centralization, every where destructive of that national feeling which is essential to progress in civilization.

"If we look to Ireland, we find a similar state of things. Seventy years since, that country was able to insist upon and to establish its claim for an independent government, and, by aid of the measures then adopted, was rapidly advancing. From that period to the close of the century, the demand for books for Ireland was so great as to warrant the republication of a large portion of those produced in England. The kingdom of Ireland of that day gave to the world such men as Burke and Grattan, Moore and Edgeworth, Curran, Sheridan, and Wellington. Centralization, however, demanded that Ireland should become a province of England, and from that time famines and pestilences have been of frequent occurrence, and the whole population is now being expelled to make room for the 'slow and unimpressible' Saxon race. Under these circumstances, it is matter of small surprise that Ireland not only produces no books, but that she furnishes no market for those produced by others. Half a century of international copy-right has almost annihilated both the producers and the consumers of books.

"Passing towards England, we may for a moment look to Wales, and then, if we desire to find the effects of centralization and its consequent absenteeism, in neglected schools, ignorant teachers, decaying and decayed churches, and drunken clergymen with immoral flocks, our object will be accomplished by studying the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*.‡ In such a state of things as is there described there can be little tendency to the development of intellect, and little of either ability or inclination to reward the authors of books. In my next, I will look to England herself."

Precisely such an effect as has been produced in Dublin and Edinburgh Mr. Carey predicts for this country, in the event of the passage of an international copy-right law which shall give to Englishmen the right to control their publications in this country; an opinion in which we wholly differ from him; but his argument becomes fearfully powerful, and the state of things he anticipates, an absolute certainty in the absence of all duties and all copy-right. Nothing can save the literary interests of this country, and all the national interests connected with them, from utter destruction, but the passage of an international copy-right law, if the duties are to be abolished on foreign books, and there seems but little doubt that such will be the case. We may then give ourselves up as literary dependents, and fall into the ranks with Edinburgh and Dublin, and

acknowledge Paternoster Row to be our common intellectual centre. England now furnishes the greater part of our mental food, and it will then furnish the whole, excepting such as can be gathered from the daily newspaper.

But Mr. Carey is so entirely mastered by his idea of centralization, and sees so clearly the whole world whirling in a maelstrom with London for its centre, that he can hardly see in any of the movements of social policy any thing else. This idea neutralizes itself by making itself self-destructive, not only does it swallow up all its surroundings, but it swallows itself. Mr. Carey proves that centralization is as destructive to its own centre as to the objects within its influence.

"Centralization enables Mr. Dickens to obtain vast sums by advertising the works of the poor authors by whom he is surrounded, most of whom are not only badly paid, but insolently treated, while even of those whose names and whose works are well known abroad many gladly become recipients of the public charity. In the zenith of her reputation, Lady Charlotte Bury received, as I am informed, but £200 (\$960) for the absolute copy-right of works that sold for \$7 50. Lady Blessington, celebrated as she was, had but from three to four hundred pounds; and neither Maryat nor Bulwer ever received, as I believe, the selling price of a thousand copies of their books as compensation for the copy-right.§ Such being the facts in regard to well-known authors, some idea may be formed in relation to the compensation of those who are obscure. The whole tendency of the 'cheap labor' system, so generally approved by English writers, is to destroy the value of literary labor by increasing the number of persons who must look to the pen for the means of support, and by diminishing the market for its products. What has been the effect of the system will now be shown by placing before you a list of the names of all the existing British authors whose reputation can be regarded as of any wide extent, as follows:—

Tennyson,	Thackeray,	Grote,	McCulloch,
Carlyle,	Bulwer,	Macaulay,	Hamilton,
Dickens,	Allison,	J. S. Mill,	Farraday.

"This list is very small as compared with that presented in the same field five-and-thirty years since, and its difference in weight is still greater in number. Scott, the novelist and poet, may certainly be regarded as the counterpoise of much more than any one of the writers of fiction in this list. Byron, Moore, Rogers, and Campbell enjoyed a degree of reputation far exceeding that of Tennyson. Wellington, the historian of his own campaigns, would much outweigh any of the historians. Malthus and Ricardo were founders of a school that has greatly influenced the policy of the world, whereas McCulloch and Mill are but disciples in that school. Dalton, Davy, and Wollaston will probably occupy a larger space in the history of science than Sir Michael Faraday, large even as may be that assigned to him.

"Extraordinary as is the existence of such a state of things in a country claiming so much to abound in wealth, it is yet more extraordinary that we look around in vain to see who are to replace even those

⁶ North British Review, May, 1853.

[†] April, 1852, art. "The Church in the Mountains."

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[‡] See Blackwood's Magazine, Sept. 1855, art. "Scotland since the Union."

[§] This I had from Capt. Maryat himself.

when age or death shall withdraw them from the literary world. Of all here named, Mr. Thackeray is the only one that has risen to reputation in the last ten years, and he is no longer young; and even he seeks abroad that reward for his efforts which is denied to him by the 'cheap labor' system at home. Of the others, nearly, if not quite all, have been for thirty years before the world, and, in the natural course of things, some of them must disappear from the stage of authorship, if not of life. If we seek their successors among the writers for the weekly or monthly journals, we shall certainly fail to find them. Looking to the Reviews, we find ourselves forced to agree with the English journalist who informs his readers that 'it is said, and with apparent justice, that the quarterlies are not as good as they were.' From year to year they have less the appearance of being the production of men who looked to any thing beyond mere pecuniary compensation for their labor. In reading them, we find ourselves compelled to agree with the reviewer, who regrets to see that the centralization which is hastening the decline of the Scottish universities is tending to cause the mind of the whole youth of Scotland to be

"Cast in the mould of English universities, institutions which, from their very completeness, exercise on second-rate minds an influence unfavorable to originality and power of thought."—*North British Review*, May 1853.

"Their pupils are, as he says, struck 'with one mental die,' than which nothing can be less favorable to literary or scientific development."

Like most men who ride a hobby Mr. Carey makes his nag centralization carry too heavy a load, and it breaks down under the weight of argument he imposes upon it. Where there is free intercourse between nations, centralization becomes a necessity, and, not only a necessity, but a blessing; there is but one way to prevent it, and that is by non-intercourse. The centralizing influences of England, which are felt so balefully all over India, have not yet been perceived by the Japanese; but the time is near at hand when they too will begin to understand that they are in the circle of a maelstrom of which Jeddo is not the centre. It remains for us United Statesers to determine whether this great absorbing centre shall be on this side of the Atlantic or the other, whether it shall be London, Paris, New-York, St. Louis or San Francisco. At present it is divided between London and Paris. London is the intellectual and financial centre, and Paris is the centre of art and fashion. There is no reason why New-York, or some other American city, should not become the great centre of finance, fashion, literature and art, but a good many why it should. And, in fact, such a destiny can only be delayed, and not prevented by unwise legislation. The superiority of mind over matter will hardly be questioned, and wherever the mind of the world centres itself, there all the material interests are sure to follow. We

have, thus far, in spite of our splendid opportunities, prevented the United States from becoming the intellectual centre of the universe, by perversely violating the great law of national and individual prosperity, which gives to every producer the right to control the productions of his own labor. We deny to the foreigner the right of property on our own soil, in his intellectual productions, whereby we inflict as great an injury on our own literary producers, as we should upon our manufacturers of calicoes, if we permitted an indiscriminate robbery of foreign manufactured goods of the same kind. The cases are precisely analogous. But, hitherto the full effects of this evil have not been felt, because the duty on foreign books has, to a certain extent, though a very limited one, acted as a protection to the native literary producer. But this small protection is now about to be destroyed, and the ruin of the literary interests of the nation must inevitably follow unless we have the counteracting effects of copy-right to foreigners.

Mr. Carey very consistently attacks the principle of copy-right in all its bearings: he not only argues against international copy-right, but all copy-right; and if some of his arguments are not very forcible, we are bound to concede to them the merit of great originality. We must also give him the praise of discarding that mean and despicable argument against copy-right, which many of its opponents have so industriously exploited, that acting justly would prove too costly. These sentiments are most creditable to Mr. Carey, although we regret to notice that he insensibly falls into the line of argument which he denounces in another part of his book.

"Evil may not be done that good may come of it, nor may we steal an author's brains that our people may be cheaply taught. To admit that the end justifies the means, would be to adopt the line of argument so often used by English speakers, in and out of Parliament, when they defend the poisoning of the Chinese people by means of opium introduced in defiance of their government, because it furnishes revenue to India; or that which teaches that Canada should be retained as a British colony, because of the facility it affords for the violation of our laws; or that which would have us regard smugglers, in general, as the great reformers of the age. We stand in need of no such morality as this. We can afford to pay for what we want; but, even were it otherwise, our motto here, and every where, should be the old French one: '*Fais ce que doy, adieu que pourra*'"—Act justly, and leave the result to Providence. Before acting, however, we should determine on which side justice lies. Unless I am greatly in error, it is not on the side of international copy-right."

Mr. Carey states his argument against

copy-right after the following fashion, which is not original with him, except in the manner of expressing it.

"For what then is copy-right given? For the clothing in which the body is produced to the world. Examine Mr. Macaulay's *History of England*, and you will find that the body is composed of what is common property. Not only have the facts been recorded by others, but the ideas, too, are derived from the works of men who have labored for the world without receiving, and frequently without the expectation of receiving, any pecuniary compensation for their labors. Mr. Macaulay has read much and carefully, and he has thus been enabled to acquire great skill in arranging and clothing his facts; but the readers of his books will find in them no contribution to positive knowledge. The works of men who make contributions of that kind are necessarily controversial and distasteful to the reader; for which reason they find few readers, and never pay their authors. Turn, now, to our own authors, Prescott and Bancroft, who have furnished us with historical works of so great excellence, and you will find a state of things precisely similar. They have taken a large quantity of materials out of the common stock, in which you, and I, and all of us have an interest; and those materials they have so re clothed as to render them attractive of purchasers; but this is all they have done. Look to Mr. Webster's works, and you will find it the same. He was a great reader. He studied the Constitution carefully, with a view to understand what where the views of its authors, and those views he reproduced in a different and more attractive clothing, and there his work ended. He never pretended, as I think, to furnish the world with any new ideas; and, if he had done so, he could have claimed no property in them. Few now read the heavy volumes containing the speeches of Fox and Pitt. They did nothing but reproduce ideas that were common property, in such clothing as answered the purposes of the moment. Sir Robert Peel did the same. The world would now be just as wise had he never lived, for he made no contribution to the general stock of knowledge. The great work of Chancellor Kent is, to use the words of Judge Story, but a new combination and arrangement of old materials, in which the skill and judgment of the author in the selection and exposition, and accurate use of the materials, constitute the basis of his reputation, as well as of his copy-right. The world at large is the owner of all the facts that have been collected, and of all the ideas that have been deduced from them, and its right in them is precisely the same that the planter has in the bale of cotton that has been raised on his plantation; and the course of proceeding of both has, thus far, been precisely similar; whence I am induced to infer that, in both cases, right has been done. When the planter hands his cotton to the spinner and the weaver, he does not say, 'Take this and convert it into cloth, and keep the cloth;' but he does say, 'Spin and weave this cotton, and for so doing you shall have such interest in the cloth as will give you a fair compensation for your labor and skill, but, when that shall have been paid, *the cloth will be mine.*' This latter is precisely what society, the owner of facts and ideas, says to the author: 'Take these raw materials that have been collected, put them together, and clothe them after your own fashion, and for a given time we will agree that nobody else shall present them in the same dress. During that time you may exhibit them for your own profit, but at the end of that period the clothing will become common property, as the body now is. It is to the contributions of your predecessors to our

common stock that you are indebted for the power to make your book, and we require you, in your turn, to contribute towards the augmentation of the stock that is to be used by your successors.' This is justice, and to grant more than this would be injustice.

"Let us turn now, for a moment, to the producers of works of fiction. Sir Walter Scott had carefully studied Scottish and border history, and thus had filled his mind with facts preserved, and ideas produced by others, which he reproduced in a different form. He made no contribution to knowledge. So, too, with our own very successful Washington Irving. He drew largely upon the common stock of ideas, and dressed them up in a new, and what has proved to be a most attractive form. So, again, with Mr. Dickens. Read his *Black House*, and you will find that he has been a most careful observer of men and things, and has thereby been enabled to collect a great number of facts that he has dressed up in different forms, but that is all he has done. He is in the condition of a man who had entered a large garden, and collected a variety of the most beautiful flowers growing therein, of which he had made a fine bouquet. The owner of the garden would naturally say to him: 'The flowers are mine, but the arrangement is yours. You cannot keep the bouquet, but you may smell it or show it for your own profit, for an hour or two, but then it must come to me. If you prefer it, I am willing to pay you for your services, giving you a fair compensation for your time and taste.' This is exactly what society says to Mr. Dickens, who makes such beautiful literary bouquets. What is right in the individual, cannot be wrong in the mass of individuals of which society is composed. Nevertheless, the author objects to this, insisting that he is owner of the bouquet itself, although he has paid no wages to the man who raised the flowers. Were he asked to do so, he would, as I will show in another letter, regard it as leading to great injustice.

The error of Mr. Carey is in supposing that the copy-right is granted for the ideas and facts contained in a book, instead of the "clothing," as he calls it, in which they are embodied. No book contains any thing essential to the welfare of mankind, which any man may not use for his own benefit. Any body may collate every essential fact contained in "Bancroft's History" or "Kent's Commentaries," make a book of them, using his own style of expression, and obtain a copy-right for them. The author of a book enjoys no monopoly, such as the owner of a field of wheat does; every body may use it, profit by it, improve upon it, and reproduce it in another shape in spite of him. But the owner of the wheat retains for ever and to all time, absolute control and monopoly over his property. Mr. Carey says that the authors of books do nothing more than make use of ideas which are the common property of mankind, and therefore they are not entitled to ownership in the form in which they present them to the world. But, it is the form only which they claim the right of property in, and, unless that right be granted to them, the ideas themselves, and the

LITERARY PIRACY.

Lectures on International Copyright. By H. G. CAREY, author of "Principles of Political Economy." Am. Philadelphia: A. Hart, 1893.

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"Centralization swallows Mr. Dickens in which case comes by advertising the works of the poor authors by whom he is surrounded, most of whom are not only badly paid, but harshly treated, while even of those whose names and whose works are well known abroad many gladly become recipients of the public charity. In the south of her reputation, Lady Charlotte Bury received, as I am informed, but £300 (\$900) for the absolute copy-right of works that sold for \$7 50. Lady Blessington, celebrated as she was, had but from three to four hundred pounds; and neither Maryat nor Bulwer ever received, as I believe, the selling price of a thousand copies of their books as compensation for the copy-right. Such being the facts in regard to well-known authors, some idea may be formed in relation to the compensation of those who are obscure. The whole tendency of the 'cheap labor' system, so generally approved by English writers, is to destroy the value of literary labor by increasing the number of persons who must look to the pen for the means of support, and by diminishing the market for its products. What has been the effect of the system will now be shown by placing before you a list of the names of all the existing British authors whose reputation can be regarded as of any wide extent, as follows:—

Tennyson, Thackeray, Grote, McCulloch, Carlyle, Bulwer, Macanlay, Hamilton, Dickens, Alison, J. S. Mill, Farraday.

"This list is very small as compared with that presented in the same field five-and-thirty years since, and its difference in weight is still greater in number. Scott, the novelist and poet, may certainly be regarded as the counterpoise of much more than any one of the writers of fiction in this list. Byron, Moore, Rogers, and Campbell enjoyed a degree of reputation far exceeding that of Tennyson. Wellington, the historian of his own campaigns, would much outweigh any of the historians. Malthus and Ricardo were founders of a school that has greatly influenced the policy of the world, whereas McCulloch and Mill are but disciples in that school. Dalton, Davy, and Wallaston will probably occupy a larger space in the history of science than Sir Michael Farraday, large even as may be that assigned to him.

"Extraordinary as is the existence of such a state of things in a country claiming so much to abound in wealth, it is yet more extraordinary that we look around in vain to see who are to replace even these

* North British Review, May, 1853.

† See Blackwood's Magazine, Sept. 1853, art. "Scotland since the Union."

‡ April, 1853, art. "The Church in the Mountains."

§ This I had from Capt. Maryat himself.

when age or death shall withdraw them from the literary world. Of all here named, Mr. Thackeray is the only one that has risen to reputation in the last ten years, and he is no longer young; and even he seeks abroad that reward for his efforts which is denied to him by the 'cheap labor' system at home. Of the others, nearly, if not quite all, have been for thirty years before the world, and, in the natural course of things, some of them must disappear from the stage of authorship, if not of life. If we seek their successors among the writers for the weekly or monthly journals, we shall certainly fail to find them. Looking to the Reviews, we find ourselves forced to agree with the English journalist who informs his readers that 'it is said, and with apparent justice, that the quarterlies are not as good as they were.' From year to year they have less the appearance of being the production of men who looked to any thing beyond mere pecuniary compensation for their labor. In reading them, we find ourselves compelled to agree with the reviewer, who regrets to see that the centralization which is hastening the decline of the Scottish universities is tending to cause the mind of the whole youth of Scotland to be

"Cast in the mould of English universities, institutions which, from their very completeness, exercise on second-rate minds an influence unfavorable to originality and power of thought."—*North British Review*, May 1853.

"Their pupils are, as he says, struck 'with one mental die,' than which nothing can be less favorable to literary or scientific development."

Like most men who ride a hobby Mr. Carey makes his nag centralization carry too heavy a load, and it breaks down under the weight of argument he imposes upon it. Where there is free intercourse between nations, centralization becomes a necessity, and, not only a necessity, but a blessing; there is but one way to prevent it, and that is by non-intercourse. The centralizing influences of England, which are felt so balefully all over India, have not yet been perceived by the Japanese; but the time is near at hand when they too will begin to understand that they are in the circle of a maelstrom of which Jeddo is not the centre. It remains for us United Statesers to determine whether this great absorbing centre shall be on this side of the Atlantic or the other, whether it shall be London, Paris, New-York, St. Louis or San Francisco. At present it is divided between London and Paris. London is the intellectual and financial centre, and Paris is the centre of art and fashion. There is no reason why New-York, or some other American city, should not become the great centre of finance, fashion, literature and art, but a good many why it should. And, in fact, such a destiny can only be delayed, and not prevented by unwise legislation. The superiority of mind over matter will hardly be questioned, and wherever the mind of the world centres itself, there all the material interests are sure to follow. We

have, thus far, in spite of our splendid opportunities, prevented the United States from becoming the intellectual centre of the universe, by perversely violating the great law of national and individual prosperity, which gives to every producer the right to control the productions of his own labor. We deny to the foreigner the right of property on our own soil, in his intellectual productions, whereby we inflict as great an injury on our own literary producers, as we should upon our manufacturers of calicoes, if we permitted an indiscriminate robbery of foreign manufactured goods of the same kind. The cases are precisely analogous. But, hitherto the full effects of this evil have not been felt, because the duty on foreign books has, to a certain extent, though a very limited one, acted as a protection to the native literary producer. But this small protection is now about to be destroyed, and the ruin of the literary interests of the nation must inevitably follow unless we have the counteracting effects of copy-right to foreigners.

Mr. Carey very consistently attacks the principle of copy-right in all its bearings: he not only argues against international copy-right, but all copy-right; and if some of his arguments are not very forcible, we are bound to concede to them the merit of great originality. We must also give him the praise of discarding that mean and despicable argument against copy-right, which many of its opponents have so industriously exploited, that acting justly would prove too costly. These sentiments are most creditable to Mr. Carey, although we regret to notice that he insensibly falls into the line of argument which he denounces in another part of his book.

"Evil may not be done that good may come of it, nor may we steal an author's brains that our people may be cheaply taught. To admit that the end justifies the means, would be to adopt the line of argument so often used by English speakers, in and out of Parliament, when they defend the poisoning of the Chinese people by means of opium introduced in defiance of their government, because it furnishes revenue to India; or that which teaches that Canada should be retained as a British colony, because of the facility it affords for the violation of our laws; or that which would have us regard smugglers, in general, as the great reformers of the age. We stand in need of no such morality as this. We can afford to pay for what we want; but, even were it otherwise, our motto here, and every where, should be the old French one: "*Fais ce que doy, adieu que pourra*"—Act justly, and leave the result to Providence. Before acting, however, we should determine on which side justice lies. Unless I am greatly in error, it is not on the side of international copy-right."

Mr. Carey states his argument against

copy-right after the following fashion, which is not original with him, except in the manner of expressing it.

"For what then is copy-right given? For the clothing in which the body is produced to the world. Examine Mr. Macaulay's *History of England*, and you will find that the body is composed of what is common property. Not only have the facts been recorded by others, but the ideas, too, are derived from the works of men who have labored for the world without receiving, and frequently without the expectation of receiving, any pecuniary compensation for their labors. Mr. Macaulay has read much and carefully, and he has thus been enabled to acquire great skill in arranging and clothing his facts; but the readers of his books will find in them no contribution to positive knowledge. The works of men who make contributions of that kind are necessarily controversial and distasteful to the reader; for which reason they find few readers, and never pay their authors. Turn, now, to our own authors, Prescott and Bancroft, who have furnished us with historical works of so great excellence, and you will find a state of things precisely similar. They have taken a large quantity of materials out of the common stock, in which you, and I, and all of us have an interest; and those materials they have so re clothed as to render them attractive of purchasers; but this is all they have done. Look to Mr. Webster's works, and you will find it the same. He was a great reader. He studied the Constitution carefully, with a view to understand what where the views of its authors, and those views he reproduced in a different and more attractive clothing, and there his work ended. He never pretended, as I think, to furnish the world with any new ideas; and, if he had done so, he could have claimed no property in them. Few now read the heavy volumes containing the speeches of Fox and Pitt. They did nothing but reproduce ideas that were common property, in such clothing as answered the purposes of the moment. Sir Robert Peel did the same. The world would now be just as wise had he never lived, for he made no contribution to the general stock of knowledge. The great work of Chancellor Kent is, to use the words of Judge Story, but a new combination and arrangement of old materials, in which the skill and judgment of the author in the selection and exposition, and accurate use of the materials, constitute the basis of his reputation, as well as of his copy-right. The world at large is the owner of all the facts that have been collected, and of all the ideas that have been deduced from them, and its right in them is precisely the same that the planter has in the bale of cotton that has been raised on his plantation; and the course of proceeding of both has, thus far, been precisely similar; whence I am induced to infer that, in both cases, right has been done. When the planter hands his cotton to the spinner and the weaver, he does not say, 'Take this and convert it into cloth, and keep the cloth;' but he does say, 'Spin and weave this cotton, and for so doing you shall have such interest in the cloth as will give you a fair compensation for your labor and skill, but, when that shall have been paid, the cloth will be mine.' This latter is precisely what society, the owner of facts and ideas, says to the author: 'Take these raw materials that have been collected, put them together, and clothe them after your own fashion, and for a given time we will agree that nobody else shall present them in the same dress. During that time you may exhibit them for your own profit, but at the end of that period the clothing will become common property, as the body now is. It is to the contributions of your predecessors to our

common stock that you are indebted for the power to make your book, and we require you, in your turn, to contribute towards the augmentation of the stock that is to be used by your successors.' This is justice, and to grant more than this would be injustice.

"Let us turn now, for a moment, to the producers of works of fiction. Sir Walter Scott had carefully studied Scottish and border history, and thus had filled his mind with facts preserved, and ideas produced by others, which he reproduced in a different form. He made no contribution to knowledge. So, too, with our own very successful Washington Irving. He drew largely upon the common stock of ideas, and dressed them up in a new, and what has proved to be a most attractive form. So, again, with Mr. Dickens. Read his *Bleak House*, and you will find that he has been a most careful observer of men and things, and has thereby been enabled to collect a great number of facts that he has dressed up in different forms, but that is all he has done. He is in the condition of a man who had entered a large garden, and collected a variety of the most beautiful flowers growing therein, of which he had made a fine bouquet. The owner of the garden would naturally say to him: 'The flowers are mine, but the arrangement is yours. You cannot keep the bouquet, but you may smell it or show it for your own profit, for an hour or two, but then it must come to me. If you prefer it, I am willing to pay you for your services, giving you a fair compensation for your time and taste.' This is exactly what society says to Mr. Dickens, who makes such beautiful literary bouquets. What is right in the individual, cannot be wrong in the mass of individuals of which society is composed. Nevertheless, the author objects to this, insisting that he is owner of the bouquet itself, although he has paid no wages to the man who raised the flowers. Were he asked to do so, he would, as I will show in another letter, regard it as leading to great injustice.

The error of Mr. Carey is in supposing that the copy-right is granted for the ideas and facts contained in a book, instead of the "clothing," as he calls it, in which they are embodied. No book contains any thing essential to the welfare of mankind, which any man may not use for his own benefit. Any body may collate every essential fact contained in "Bancroft's History" or "Kent's Commentaries" make a book of them, using his own style of expression, and obtain a copy-right for them. The author of a book enjoys no monopoly, such as the owner of a field of wheat does; every body may use it, profit by it, improve upon it, and reproduce it in another shape in spite of him. But the owner of the wheat retains for ever and to all time, absolute control and monopoly over his property. Mr. Carey says that the authors of books do nothing more than make use of ideas which are the common property of mankind, and therefore they are not entitled to ownership in the form in which they present them to the world. But, it is the form only which they claim the right of property in, and, unless that right be granted to them, the ideas themselves, and the

facts of history will never be collected together in a manner available to the world. If you kill the goose, it will lay no more golden eggs; and, if you take from the author the means of living by his labor, his labor must cease, and the tribe of authors must become extinct.

Another of Mr. Carey's arguments against the right of an author to his own productions is, we believe, original with himself; at least we have never seen it urged in the copy-right controversy. Because Leibnitz, Descartes, Newton, Humboldt, and Bowditch were not enriched by their beneficent scientific labors, he would deny the right of such triflers as Irving, Dickens, Scott, and Cooper to the remuneration for their writings which the world has been so happy to make them in return for the pleasure which they have afforded. Mr. Carey insists that the agriculturist shall not be paid for his pears and pomegranates, because another agriculturist has failed to make a fortune out of a potato-field. The force of this reasoning we have not been able to appreciate. But, Mr. Carey shall himself state his own case:

"The whole tendency of the existing system is to give the largest reward to those whose labors are lightest, and the smallest to those whose labors are most severe; and every extension of it must necessarily look in that direction. *The Mysteries of Paris* was a fortune to Eugene Sue, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has been one to Mrs. Stowe. Byron had 2,000 guineas for a volume of *Childe Harold*, and Moore 8,000 for his *Lalla Rookh*; and yet a single year should have more than sufficed for the production of any one of them. Under a system of international copy-right, Dumas, already so largely paid, would be protected, whereas Thierry, who sacrificed his sight to the gratification of his thirst for knowledge, would not. Humboldt, the philosopher *par excellence* of the age, would not, because he furnishes his readers with things, and not with words alone. Of the books that record his observations on this continent, but a part has, I believe, been translated into English, and of these but a small portion has been published in this country, although to be had without claim for copy-right. In England their sale has been small, and can have done little more than pay the cost of translation and publication. Had it been required to pay for the privilege of translation, but a small part of even those which have been translated would probably have ever seen the light in any but the language of the author. This great man inherited a handsome property, which he devoted to the advancement of science, and what has been his pecuniary reward may be seen in the following statement, derived from an address recently delivered in New-York:—

"There are now living in Europe two very distinguished men, barons, both very eminent in their line, both known to the whole civilized world; one is Baron Rothschild, and the other Baron Humboldt; one distinguished for the accumulation of wealth, the other for the accumulation of knowledge. What are the possessions of the philosopher? Why, sir, I heard a gentleman whom I have seen here this afternoon, say that, on a recent visit to Europe, he paid his re-

spects to that distinguished philosopher, and was admitted to an audience. He found him, at the age of 84 years, fresh and vigorous, in a small room, nicely sanded, with a large deal table uncovered in the midst of that room, containing his books and writing apparatus. Adjoining this was a small bed-room, in which he slept. Here this eminent philosopher received a visitor from the United States. He conversed with him; he spoke of his works. 'My works,' said he, 'you will find in the adjoining library, but I am too poor to own a copy of them. I have not the means to buy a full copy of my own works.'"

"After having furnished to the gentlemen who produce books more of the material of which books are composed than has ever been furnished by any other man, this illustrious man finds himself, at the close of life, altogether dependent on the bounty of the Prussian government, which allows him, as I heard, less than five hundred dollars a year. In what manner, now, would Humboldt be benefited by international copy-right? I know of none; but it is very plain to see that Dumas, Victor Hugo, and George Sand, might derive from it a large revenue. In confirmation of this view, I would ask you to review the names of the persons who urge most anxiously the change of system that is now proposed, and see if you can find in it the name of a single man who has done any thing to extend the domain of knowledge. I think you will not. Next look, and see if you do not find in it the names of those who furnish the world with new forms of old ideas, and are largely paid for so doing. The most active advocate of international copy-right is Mr. Dickens, who is said to realize \$50,000 per annum for the sale of works whose composition is little more than amusement for his leisure hours. In this country, the only attempt that has yet been made to restrict the right of translation is in a suit now before the courts, for compensation for the privilege of converting into German a work that has yielded the largest compensation that the world has yet known for the same quantity of literary labor.

We are constantly told that regard to the interests of science requires that we should protect and enlarge the rights of authors; but does science make any such claim for herself? I doubt it. Men who make additions to science know well that they have, and can have, no rights whatever. Cuvier died very poor, and all the copy-right that could have been given to him or Humboldt would not have enriched either of them. *Laplace* knew well that his great work could yield him nothing. Our own Bowditch translated it as a labor of love, and left by his will the means required for its publication. The gentlemen who advocate the interests of science are literary men, who use the facts and ideas furnished by scientific men, paying nothing for their use. Now, literature is a most honorable profession, and the gentlemen engaged in it are entitled not only to the respect and consideration of their fellow-men, but also to the protection of the law; but in granting it, the legislator is bound to recollect, that justice to the men who furnish the raw materials of the books, and justice to the community that owns those raw materials, require that protection shall not, either in point of space or time, be greater than is required for giving the producer of books a full and fair compensation for his labor."

We may as well remark, *en passant*, that the absurd story about Humboldt is all trash; his works intended for popular reading have been very popular, and he has reaped great profits from them, and he is about the most independent author

in existence, so far as his pecuniary circumstances are concerned.

The argument of Mr. Carey against international copy-right is not very clearly stated, but the fear of centralization is the pervading thought in his mind while discussing the subject. He contends that:

"England is fast becoming one great shop, and traders have, in general, neither time nor disposition to cultivate literature. The little proprietors disappear, and the day laborers who succeed them can neither educate their children nor purchase books. The great proprietor is an absentee, and he has little time for either literature or science. From year to year the population of the kingdom becomes more and more divided into two great classes; the very poor, with whom food and raiment require all the proceeds of labor, and the very rich who prosper by the cheap labor system, and therefore eschew the study of principles. With the one class, books are an unattainable luxury, while with the other the absence of leisure prevents the growth of desire to purchase them. The sale is, therefore, small; and hence it is that authors are badly paid. In strong contrast with the limited sale of English books at home, is the great extent of sale here, as shown in the following facts: Of the octavo edition of the Modern British Essayists, there have been sold in five years no less than 50,000 volumes. Of Macaulay's *Miscellanies*, 3 vols. 12mo., the sale has amounted to 60,000 volumes. Of Miss Agular's writings, the sale, in two years, has been 100,000 volumes. Of Murray's *Encyclopedia of Geography*, more than 50,000 volumes have been sold, and of McCulloch's *Commercial Dictionary*, 10,000 volumes. Of Alexander Smith's *Poems*, the sale, in a few months, has reached 10,000 copies. The sales of Mr. Thackeray's works have been quadruple that of England, and that of the works of Mr. Dickens counts almost by millions of volumes. Of *Bleak House*, in all its various forms—in newspapers, magazines, and volumes—it has already amounted to several hundred thousands of copies. Of *Bulwer's* last novel, since it was completed, the sale has, I am told, exceeded 35,000. Of *Thiers's* French Revolution and Consulate, there have been sold 32,000, and of *Montagu's* edition of *Lord Bacon's* works 4,000 copies.

"If the sales of books were as great in England as they are here, English authors would be abundantly paid. In reply it will be said their works are cheap here because we pay no copy-right. For the payment of the authors, however, a very small sum would be required, if the whole people of England could afford, as they should be able to do, to purchase books. A contribution of a shilling per head would give, as has been shown, a sum of almost eight millions of dollars, sufficient to pay to fifteen hundred salaries nearly equal to those of our secretaries of State. Centralization, however, destroys the market for books, and the sale is, therefore, small; and the few successful writers owe their fortunes to the collection of large contributions made among a small number of readers; while the mass of authors live on, as did poor Tom Hood, from day to day, with scarcely a hope of improvement in their condition."

And, therefore, because England does not sufficiently reward her authors, and because we read their books more than

their own countrymen do, are we absolved from all necessity of paying them for the use of their property. This is the extent of Mr. Carey's argument, so far as we have been able to master it.

We regret very much that he leaves the Prince of Denmark out of his play of Hamlet; for, after all, the main question is untouched in his letters, and that aspect of the subject which bears the most important feature for us, he does not present to us. What is the legitimate effect of the competition now waged between our own authors, and the unpaid authors of Europe? If the "cheap labor" of England has such a deadly influence upon our manufacturing prosperity as Mr. Carey contends, what must be the effects of the unpaid labor with which our literary men are brought in direct competition? They are well known; and Mr. Carey himself exhibits them in a very startling manner in the statistics he furnishes of the republication in this country of foreign books, all of which might as well have been produced here. But, the great evil of our being dependent, and mental vassals of England, is not so much that it transfers the labor market from this country to Europe, and confers the reputation upon foreigners which our own people might enjoy; but it places the whole mind of the nation at the mercy of foreigners, and permeates the mental constitution of our people, with thoughts, sentiments, ideas, and aspirations foreign to our true interests and detrimental to the growth and expansion of American ideas and democratic sympathies. No better argument could be brought forward to sustain the claims of international copy-right than the formidable display which Mr. Carey makes of the statistics of original publications in this country, intended by him to serve as a proof that no protection is needed by our authors.

"Every body *must* learn to read and write, and every body *must* therefore have books; and to this universality of demand it is due that the sale of those required for early education is so immense. Of the works of Peter Parley it counts by millions; but if we take his three historical books (price 75 cents each) alone, we find that it amounts to between half a million and a million of volumes. Of Goodrich's *United States* it has been a quarter of a million. Of Morse's *Geography and Atlas* (50 cents) the sale is said to be no less than 70,000 per annum. Of Abbot's *histories*, the sale is said to have already been more than 400,000, while of Emerson's *Arithmetic and Reader* it counts almost by millions. Of Mitchell's several geographies it is 400,000 a year.

"In other branches of education the same state of things is seen to exist. Of the Boston Academy's *Collection of Sacred Music*, the sale has exceeded 600,000, and the aggregate sale of five books by the

same author has probably exceeded a million, and the price of these is a dollar per volume.

"All these make, of course, demand for books, and hence it is that the sale of Anthon's series of classics (averaging \$1) amounts, as I am told, to certainly not less than 50,000 volumes per annum, while of the *Classical Dictionary* of the same author (\$4) not less than 80,000 have been sold. Of Liddell and Scott's *Greek Lexicon* (\$5), edited by Prof. Drisler, the sale has been not less than 25,000, and probably much larger. Of Webster's 4to. *Dictionary* (\$6) it has been, I am assured, 60,000, and perhaps even 80,000; and of the royal 8vo. one (\$3 50), 250,000. Of Bolmar's French school books not less than 150,000 volumes have been sold. The number of books used in the higher schools—text-books in philosophy, chemistry, and other branches of science, is exceedingly great, and it would be easy to produce numbers of which the sale is from five to ten thousand per annum; but to do so would occupy too much space, and I must content myself with the few facts already given in regard to this department of literature."

"Of all American authors, those of school-books excepted, there is no one of whose books so many have been circulated as those of Mr. Irving. Prior to the publication of the edition recently issued by Mr. Putnam, the sale had amounted to some hundreds of thousands; and yet of that edition, selling at \$1 25 per volume, it has already amounted to 144,000 vols. Of *Uncle Tom*, the sale has amounted to 295,000 copies, partly in one, and partly in two volumes, and the total number of volumes amounts probably to about 450,000.

	Price per vol.	Volumes.
Of the two works of Miss Warner, Queechy, and the Wide, Wide World, the price and sale have been	\$ 83	104,000
Fern Leaves, by Fanny Fern, in six months	1 25	45,000
Reveries of a Bachelor, and other books, by Ik Marvel	1 25	70,000
Alderbrook, by Fanny Forester, 8 vols.	50	33,000
Northup's Twelve Years a Slave	1 00	20,000
Novels of Mrs. Hentz, in three years	63	98,000
Major Jones's Courtship and Travels	50	31,000
Salad for the Solitary, by a new author, in five months	1 25	5,000
Headley's Napoleon and his Marshals, Washington and his Generals, and other works	1 25	200,000
Stephens's Travels in Egypt and Greece	87	80,000
Stephens's Travels in Yucatan and Central America	2 50	60,000
Kendall's Expedition to Santa Fe	1 25	40,000
Lynch's Expedition to the Dead Sea, 8vo.	3 00	15,000
Ditto Ditto 12mo.	1 25	8,000
Western Scenes	2 53	14,000
Young's Science of Government	1 00	12,000
Heward's Life of John Quincy Adams	1 00	30,000
Frost's Pictorial History of the World, 3 vols.	2 50	60,000
Sparks's American Biography, 25 vols.	75	100,000
Encyclopedia Americana, 14 vols.	2 00	230,000
Griswold's Poets and Prose Writers of America, 3 vols.	3 00	21,000
Barnes' notes on the Gospels, Epistles, &c., 11 vols.	75	800,000

	Price per vol.	Volumes.
Aiken's Christian Minstrel, in two years	62	40,000
Alexander on the Psalms, 3 vols.	1 17	10,000
Bulst's Flower Garden Directory	1 25	10,000
Cole on Fruit Trees	50	18,000
" Diseases of Domestic Animals	53	34,000
Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees	1 50	15,000
" Rural Essays	3 80	8,000
" Landscape Gardening	8 50	9,000
" Cottage Residences	2 00	6,250
" Country Homes	4 00	3,500
Mahan's Civil Engineering	3 00	7,500
Leslie's Cookery and Receipt-books	1 00	96,000
Gayot's Lectures on Earth and Man	1 00	6,000
Wood and Bache's Medical Dispensatory	5 00	60,000
Dunglison's Medical writings, in all 10 vols.	2 50	50,000
Pancoast's Surgery, 4to.	10 00	4,000
Rayer, Ricord, and Moreau's Surgical Works (translations)	15 00	5,500
Webster's Works, 6 vols.	2 00	48,800
Kent's Commentaries, 4 vols.	3 38	34,000

"Next to Chancellor Kent's work comes Greenleaf on Evidence, 8 vols., \$16 50; the sale of which has been exceedingly great, but what has been its extent, I cannot say.

"Of Blatchford's General Statutes of New-York, a local work, price \$4 50, the sale has been 3,000; equal to almost 80,000 of a similar work for the United Kingdom.

"How great is the sale of Judge Story's books can be judged only from the fact that the copy-right now yields, and for years past has yielded, more than \$3,000 per annum. Of the sale of Mr. Prescott's works little is certainly known, but it cannot, I understand, have been less than 160,000 volumes. That of Mr. Bancroft's History has already risen, certainly, to 80,000 copies, and I am told it is considerably more; and yet even that is a sale, for such a work, entirely unprecedented.

"Of the works of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bryant, Willis, Curtis, Sedgwick, and numerous others, the sale is exceedingly great; but, as not even an approximation to the true amount can be offered, I must leave it to you to judge of it by comparison with those of less popular authors above enumerated. In several of these cases, beautifully illustrated editions have been published, of which large numbers have been sold. Of Mr. Longfellow's volume there have been no less than ten editions. These various facts will probably suffice to satisfy you that this country presents a market for books of almost every description unparalleled in the world."

If such a gratifying array of facts can be made under the present system, what might we not expect, if our native authors were not brought into direct competition with the pirated works of foreigners, and the mental demands of our people were answered by our own writers!

To what cause must we attribute the startling facts, that, in this country, where the taste for music is universal, where there are more pianofortes manufactured than in any other part of the world, and where musical artists receive the highest rewards, we cannot boast of one musical composer of eminence? that where, next

to France, we most liberally support theatrical establishments, we cannot boast of one dramatic author? that where we pay more than any other people for artistic finery, we can boast of no ornamental artists, and import nearly every thing that ministers to our love of art? To what cause must we, or can we, attribute these anomalous facts but to the want of a law which shall secure to the composer, the ornamentalist, and the dramatist a right of property in the products of genius and industry? English manufacturers had the shrewdness to see that while they enjoyed the privilege of robbing French artists of their designs, they could never have a class of designers of their own, and that the French manufacturers would always excel them in the novelty and elegance of their ornamental goods. The English government, therefore, gave a copy-right to French artists in their designs for calico patterns, and all other ornamental work, and immediately there was a perceptible improvement in British ornamental manufactures; under the healthful influence of their registry law, their manufacturing interests have continued to improve, and their ornamental artists to increase. Under the operation of the law which prevented an American citizen from owning a foreign built vessel, the art of ship building has flourished among us until we now stand at the head

of all the world in that great branch of manufacturing industry. John Ruskin, who is good authority on such a subject, pronounces a ship the most beautiful and no blest of all the works of man's ingenuity; and, if we can excel all the world in the greatest of all the arts, what is to prevent our attaining to equal excellence in the lesser arts of composing operas, writing dramas, and designing calico patterns and paper hangings? If we can build our own ships, why cannot we write our own books? There is no other reason, than the absence of an international copy-right to protect our intellectual labors from the destructive competition of—not cheap labor, but pirated manufactures.

When we commenced writing this article we had only the newspaper reports of the measure proposed by the administration in relation to the duty on books; we find, since, that it is proposed to admit free of duty only editions printed previous to 1830, which, of course, would not have the disastrous effects we have anticipated from an entire reduction of all duties on books and periodicals. It is proper to add, too, that Mr. Carey's Letters are addressed to Senator Cooper of Pennsylvania, in opposition to the international copy-right treaty with Great Britain, which was sent to the Senate by President Fillmore.

PUNS AND PUNSTERS.

TO sneer down puns is quite the mode, nowadays. Dr. Johnson's alliterative antithesis between the punster and the pickpocket is in every one's mouth. Not only serious persons, but true jovial jokers join in the onslaught. Whoever lets fall a pun, is bound, in good breeding, to be ashamed of it. Dictionary-makers, in echo of the popular voice, define a pun as a "play upon words," "a low and vulgar species of wit," &c.

In this single point, writers on the nature of wit and humor agree as far as philosophers ever can. Addison abuses puns roundly. Hazlitt damns them with faint praise. Campbell begs pardon for descending so low as to mention them. And even Sydney Smith, in some youthful lectures, must needs have his fling at what he was all his life making. That

the prince of modern punsters should affect to despise his subjects, should put weapons into the enemy's hands, and completely falsify Swift's saying, "that they only deride puns who are unable to make them," was a blow too much.

To tilt against such champions seems a little presumptuous. But to the true knight, what matters the odds? The more desperate the better, if so be he show pluck.

To cross spears, however, at once; what, as far as any exists, is the main charge against puns? Under what pretext do self-appointed judges condemn them to transportation for life into the Botany Bay of false wit? "Punning is the wit of words," says Sydney Smith, says the lexicographer, says the general voice. That simple remark, with the quo-

tation from Johnson, is thought to settle the question, though the Great Bear of literature, it must be remembered, did not condemn puns in the large, but only puns on men's names.

What now is meant by the wit of words? In one sense all wit, spoken or written, is such; for without words it could not exist. This, of course; but more is true of wit and humor. Amusing ideas have more or less merit, create more or less pleasure, according as they are domiciled in good or bad words and phrases. A story which is, in one person's mouth, melancholy as a price-current, in another's will be provocative of infinite mirth. What is meant by murdering a good joke, missing the point, and kindred expressions? Clearly the want of the best words in the best places. Give an ordinary man the facts and ideas of a scene of Dickens, or a hit of Sheridan, or Swift; let him perceive, as far as possible, without the author's words, its full force, and see what he will make of it. Whoever tries the experiment will admit that words have something to do with all pleasantry!

With poetry the case is the same. It would be the easiest thing in the world to spoil many lines in Milton, Wordsworth, or Byron, by changing a word or a phrase for its apparent synonyme. Nor is this "*felicitas*" of language the least excellence of any good prose. And, in conversation, though the same thoughts are in a dozen heads, the one who expresses them best wins the attention. "On a word," says Landor, "turns the pivot of the intellectual world." Words, without doubt, are the great means of literary or colloquial success. The difference between men is less in their ideas than in their power of bringing them out.

Nowhere is this truth more striking than in wit and humor. How much finish, and force, and graphic power, does choice language give! It brightens and points the witticism. It excites a pleasing surprise and concentrates it into flashes. It raises and poises the attention, and brings it to bear at the precise moment, with the precise force required. It makes every form in which Protean wit shows itself just the type of its species, whether its excellence lies in delicacy, or strength, or grotesqueness. In wit, if any where, words are the "incarnation of thought." Without the wit which lies in *them*, what a scurvy appearance would that of ideas make!

It is not apparently intended to attribute this crowning grace and super-excellence

in a high degree to puns. "The wit of words," says Sydney Smith, "is miserably inferior to the wit of ideas." From this we should gather that the pun, in his judgment, is the wit of words as such, viewed simply as unmeaning characters or sounds.

That wit should live on such chaff, at first blush, seems unlikely. But, while we ponder the subject, ragged troops of acrostics, anagrams, rebuses, charades, &c., limp and shuffle into the mind. But, though these come under the newspaper head of Wit and Humor, they have but slight claim to the name. Marianne may be silly enough to be gratified that the initial letters of eight lines of rhyme should spell her name; but what pleasantry is there in the fact, unless, indeed, in the tableau which fancy creates of the poor poet cudgelling his brains by the hour? As for the tribes of anagrams, charades, riddles, and such small deer, we heartily wish they were lost tribes. The Sphinx and Solomon made the only good ones extant. Modern ones smell of the lamp. The humor of most of them resembles that of a mathematical problem—showing ingenuity and exercising one's wits, but not over and above amusing.

A trifle better is the wit of double rhymes, which, by their odd sound, tickle the ear hugely. We are tempted to read and re-read them, as we are to awaken and re-awaken a lusty echo. In alliteration, too, the wit lies wholly in the sound.

Little more, we confess, can be said, for quasi-puns, quibbles, lame of a limb, mere word-catching, funny neither in themselves, nor in the circumstances under which they appear, simple proofs that syllables pronounced alike are sometimes spelt differently, lifeless entities in the power of any one to make, and of no one to laugh at. On the same level stands a large class of puns (and other jests as well), which are in their dotage, their meaning all oozed out, but haunting certain minds like ghosts. We have a friend who never fails to greet us with a pun on our name. We do not account him a marvel of humor. But why confound the pun proper with its poor relations? It is not, of necessity, a mere clashing of sounds. It is as legitimate a vehicle of wit, as any other. The difference lies, not in its essence, but in the means of infusing its essence into the mind; and it is this means, which has thrown it into disgrace. Mankind always judge a great deal by costume, and the dress of a pun, any beggar can purchase. Still it may

clothe a royal soul. A good pun cannot fail to contain some wit of ideas; that men are only too apt to fix their minds on the words does not alter the fact; for that is their custom in all matters, nor does Sydney Smith deny our position. "A pun," says he, "should contain two distinct meanings. In the notices which the mind takes of these two sets of words" (i. e., of their meanings), "and in the surprise which that excites, the pleasure consists." Resemblances in words as to sound, apart from their meaning, neither surprise nor please; we meet with such every day without the faintest smile. In puns, as in other facetiæ, the humor hangs on the more or less surprising resemblances in ideas.

A pun is like the old god Janus—the expressions on the two faces contrasting very funnily. Sometimes it is even an ideal Cerberus, uttering a "leash of thoughts" at once.

It grieves us much to see puns meet with such shabby treatment as they do, when we think what rich and delicate humor, what sharp or crushing wit—nay, what true pathos has spoken through them. Take one of Lamb's puns as an instance. He is chatting with a party of his friends over his glass. Disturbed by a dog howling without in the storm, some one benevolently proposes to let him in, "Why," stutters Lamb, "grudge him *his whine and water*?" A most palpable pun; but is the wit wholly in words? Does the whole force of the jest lie in the *double entendre*, between two words or two phrases? Is it not rather a complete web of humor, strand crossing strand, thread twisted with thread? The provoking seriousness of rebuke; the queer reconciling of opposites; the sudden surprise; the jingling together of extreme ideas; the transcendently hospitable inhospitality—these and more go to make it irresistible. The dog were no gentleman, if he was not, after that, quite content with his position.

A very serious diplomatist, describing a picture of the animals leaving the ark, spoke of the strange effect produced by the little ones going first, and the elephants waddling in the rear. "Ah, no doubt," said Canning, "the elephants, wise fellows, staid behind to *pack* up their *trunks*." Is it the expression which amuses one here, or the thoughts expressed, the picture sketched? It is so natural to be delayed by trunk-packing, and the notion of trunk grows so readily out of that of elephant, that there is a momentary confusion in the mind—now a

forgetting of the nominative, now of the verb; a whimsical perplexity as to what was done and how; and a surprising succession of dissolving views of the scene in the ark. Puns would not seem then to be always mere word-wit.

This could, however, be proved by the testimony of their bitterest maligners. They belie their own theory by inadvertently quoting puns among their examples of true wit. Thus Sydney Smith, in this very lecture from which we have quoted so much, repeats with approbation, the remark of Voltaire, that "the adjective is the greatest *enemy* of the substantive, though it *agrees* with it in gender, number, and case." The point of the antithesis is as plain a pun as ever skipped on two legs. So Hazlitt gives, as the "finest example of metaphorical wit," Sheridan's bon mot on Mr. Addington's keeping his seat after Pitt had retired from the cabinet: "He (Pitt) remained," said Sheridan, "so long on the treasury bench, that, like Nicias in the fable, he left the sitting part of the man behind him." Metaphorical or not, the pun is not to be questioned. In common minds the confusion of ideas on this subject is still more striking. We asked a man once who was abusing puns, what he thought the best joke in a collection of good sayings. To our surprise, he selected an old and poor pun. Into such inconsistencies those are apt to fall, who would prove the pun "*vox et præterea nihil*." They forget that the adjectives, good, bad, better, and worse, apply to distinctions among puns as well as among other pieces of pleasantry. They argue, like those who would forbid the manufacture of paper, because it is often covered with worthless ideas. They commit a mistake, the opposite of that of the old painter: by supposing the curtain to be the picture itself.

Thus much speculatively in answer to the charge against puns. But after all, the use of criticism is not to tell us whether we ought to be pleased, but rather why we are pleased. The pleasure caused by a pun will, we presume, be as great, whether the wit be proved to lie in words or ideas. Theories go hang when a good joke comes round. Who stops to inquire whether what makes him laugh is true or false wit? Who cares from what source the pleasantry flows? The laugh answers all questions.

What is the world's practical opinion of puns? Who, in the first place, have sanctioned them by their example? Passing over the many wise, thoughtful,

gentle, and true souls, who live by their humor embodied in books or floating in tradition, great names are not few. Cæsar was the chronicler of Cicero's puns. Burke was a notorious punster. Homer's pun on "outis" appears to have heartily amused the old blind bard. Even Dr. Johnson, the most inveterate of pun-haters, was more than once guilty, and of very petty crimes, too. Whenever wisdom dismounts from her high stool, with a mind to have a good time, she falls to making puns.

Spite of all that is said—and has been for so many years—puns still hold their own. Round college grates, they are always going off, like chestnuts roasting in the embers: at grave college suppers, graduates of many years standing forget care and dignity in a brisk pun, and a quick gush of laughter. Now and then the pun pops up its head from the stagnant level of the toasts and speeches of a political dinner. In the best society, where the pickpocket rarely appears, two-edged words continue to cut through the conventional crust. A knack at punning is invaluable to a social being. Who cannot call to mind some pun which started a circle from the stupor of silence; or gave a new turn to a compliment, or a remark on a threadbare subject; or turned the flank of a troublesome conversation; or gave a keen edge to truth or its quietus to falsehood; or, above all—there's nothing like it for that—reminded a dignitary that he was human? Not only by the domestic fireside, not only on silk-and-broadcloth evenings, are puns frequent companions, but they even venture into the office or the counting room. They seem afraid to go nowhere. As they came into the world with language, so they seem to be as universal. And, we may rest assured that so long as language retains its present character, so long as fun and jollity are kind enough to stay on earth, puns will continue to be made and punsters to run at large. Nor are we quite ready yet to give up punning. Wit gives too keen a relish to life, for us to part easily with any species. We do not enjoy life any too much. Isaak Walton's neighbor, who was "too busy to laugh," lives next door to many Americans. Make him laugh, by hook or by crook, and you bless him. Well says Horace Smith: "The gravest bird is an owl, the gravest beast is an ass, and the gravest man is a blockhead."

What a Godsend is laughter! The fountain of youth and happiness, the comfort in trouble, the defence against coun-

terfeits of all sorts, the great safeguard and crown of life! To say all at once, in Lamb's words, "a good laugh clears the air."

No: we cannot dispense with the pun. In every way in which wit can do good, it does it. To imposture it is the very spear of Ithuriel. Gravity and sulkiness make way for it; and smiles are its retinue. A single pang of pain removed, a single thought of pleasure given, would make us slow to banish the cause. And when we think of some puns, so full of sweet and kindly humor, as to have been to more than one in care and trouble, like a glimpse of blue sky or of flowers to a weary and worn needle-woman—we may well welcome the author of such to our homes.

But he who can, must not be confounded with him who will, make puns. The potential is a great deal better than the infinitive mood among punsters. What shall we say of the wag proper, the witting, the joker of small jokes, the man who, feeling bound to keep up a character by ill luck foisted upon him, is always driving his yoked syllables into notice? "It is good," says that most entertaining of writers, old Thomas Fuller, "to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting." The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing school to dance before her. "Pish," said the queen, "it is his profession; I will not see him." She liked it, not where it was a master-quality but where it attended on other perfections. The same may be said of jesting. The truth is, the mere dancer does not dance like a gentleman nor the mere punster pun like a wit. Who would not rather have seen Epaminondas playing on the harp, than Dionysius, his master? One can distinguish between accomplishments where they serve for relaxation and where for the main business of life.

Keeping this distinction in mind, we can see whence the notion has arisen that any one can make puns, and that brainless men are the most likely to make them. But we must not forget that it is one thing to pun and quite another to pun well. By a constant perusal of Joe Miller and of those parts of the spelling book where words of a similar sound congregate, by confining the attention to syllables and to the cold relations between ideas they suggest, one may make puns and after sufficient explanation convulse the ladies. Like success will follow like devotion in other species of wit and humor.

To a certain point by care and assiduity, any one, we suppose, at all quick, may rise. At all quick, we say; for, it is to be observed, that if men seemingly brainless are in the habit of letting puns loose, it is not in consequence of their want of brains. By no means; nothing good, nothing decently bad ever came from that. Another cause must be at work; usually, what brains there are club together in the business of jesting. This is not difficult, as the partners are few and weak. From the same reason, this class of persons are apt to have their wits about them, and by practice increase their natural agility in leaping from one odd thought to another. Besides, an out of the way manner and a reputation support them through many failures. The process is similar by which skill in any other species of pleasantry is obtained; for we cannot think that weak minds take to punning alone, or chiefly.

Natural or acquired quickness of wits must have something to do with success in punning; else why are puns so frequently spoiled in the repetition or so slowly taken? How few ladies can at once take a good pun! Even the wives of auctioneers and of constant jokers, after years of practice, can do little more than laugh in the right place at the old family jests.

Can any thing be said in favor of the poor punsterling who carries on his trade in season and out of season, in place and out of place? He is witty only now and then; he is a bore; he has no undercurrent to buoy up his bubbles; he is a mere air tube, and one of the most useless of beings. Should he not be forbidden society? What place can he fill in talk which is well known to be of so high a character? What noble thoughts and fancies, what bright flashes of wit and humor leap from mind to mind, when people meet to dine or dance, who that goes does not know! In the communion of gifted souls, vast secret stores of learning and reflection are drawn forth. What an impulse and exhilaration are given to the whole man! Nothing is said merely for the sake of saying something. No one feels that the pressure of tight shoes on the feet is trifling compared with that of dire necessity on the brain. Whatever is to be said flows from the lips with ease and nature, and is the best of its kind. If the solid phalanxes of thought march off for a moment, it is to make way for such light-armed repartees as darted between Beatrice and Benedict. There is no commonplace, or empty chat about fashions, or sentimental twaddle. The round, round, round of the dance, the gushes of

music with which it chimes in, are the ethereal counterpart of the rich and varied conversation. Here, of course, the room of the punster is better than his company. He interrupts; he gives a vile turn to the subject; he calls one down to the common earth; he picks one's pocket of the bright or sensible thing he was just pulling out. Away with him! Rich, graceful, handsome, in the fashion or not—away with him!

But while we eject these intruders, we must not forget that there are others, who, in somebody's judgment, deserve, no doubt, little better treatment. Followers of the solemn nonsense, that stalks, hooded and cowed, through the world; purveyors of dry and trivial facts; flutterers, who live on moonlight and flowers; constant riders on any hobby—let every one anathematize whom he will; and who is safe? No! society is a joint-stock company, to which each one contributes his best. Variety is its charm. And, in this view of the matter, who can say more for himself than the puniest punsterling? Who feels that he has a right to cast the first stone?

If our conversation is so much wiser and wittier than his, the merit is not ours. And to what purpose did nature endow us with minds whose courts are thronged with noble thoughts and fancies; to what good end did she clothe our thoughts with thunder and make our fireside circle a council of the gods, if we are so zealous to hunt him down who lives, intellectually, by punning? It is unworthy of a man to wish to extract the charm from any one's existence. The fruit which the tree of life in each man's garden bears, though sour and displeasing to another's taste, is the fruit of fruits to him. What business have we to destroy it? With our numerous and choice flocks and herds, why need we go about to kill the one ewe lamb of the punsterling?

In conclusion, as the least charitable thing that can be said, we will say of the punster what Thomas Carlyle writes of quite another class of persons. "How knowest thou, may the distressed novel-wright exclaim, that I, here where I sit, am the foolishlest of existing mortals; that this my long-ear of a fictitious biography shall not find one and the other, into whose still longer ears it may be the means, under Providence, of instilling somewhat? We answer, none knows, none can certainly know; therefore, write on, worthy brother, even as thou canst, as it has been given thee." Pun on, worthy brother, even as it has been given thee.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

Manuscript corrections from a copy of the fourth Folio of Shakespeare's Plays.—We have here a newly printed pamphlet containing some amendments of Shakespeare's text, edited, as we infer, from the initials beneath the preface, by Mr. Josiah P. Quincy, of Boston, an ardent admirer, and a diligent and accomplished student of the great poet. Of the amendments themselves, had we space to speak of them, we should say very much what the editor has said in his introduction; regarding the fact, that they are in manuscript, and near two centuries old, is but slight evidence that Shakespeare wrote as the annotator suggests. Shakespeare has undoubtedly suffered, and vastly more than most authors, from the blunders of copyists and printers. We are entitled to assume that he never wrote absolute nonsense; and where by a simple and natural change, such nonsense may be converted into sense, and more especially where a slight alteration may be made "by which," to borrow the language of the editor, "some striking and characteristic felicity of expression may be obtained from language turgid or obscure," the inference is fair that the poet wrote as a poet and a man of sense would have written. But emendations like these derive little authority from the antiquity of their date. They may be made as well now as formerly, except, perhaps, that a critic living nearer to the period in which Shakespeare wrote, may be supposed to be better acquainted with the forms of expression peculiar to that age.

The editor thinks the trifling character of some of the emendations argues that the maker of them copied from a source which he supposed to be purer than the received text. We are rather disposed to believe that the nature of these changes show them to be the work of a man who thought too much of grammar and invented himself the alterations, from a belief that they were actual improvements, and from a supposition that Shakespeare paid more regard to the rules of grammar than he actually did. The following instances will illustrate the views both of the editor and ourselves in this respect. In the third Scene of the second Act of "As you like it," the common text has

"When service should in my old limbs lie lame."

Here is a fine metaphor—the abstract noun "service" being used instead of the

concrete, and yet in the sense of the concrete. It suggests the natural picture of an old servant lying quite lame amid the scenes of his former activity; but the correction turns the passage into prose. How natural for a poet to use the metaphor, and for a narrow grammarian to correct him. So in the same speech the correction has "hot and rebellious liquors to my blood," instead of "in my blood." Now we think the poet, not bearing in mind that there was any such thing as grammar, but regarding only the *thought*, wished to represent the hot and rebellious liquors as commingling with the blood, and thus weakening and corrupting it; but the critic, dwelling more on the *language*, recollected that "apply" should be followed by "to" instead of "in."

Emendations like the ones now in question, derive no *authority*, except from one or both of these two considerations,—first, that they are actually obtained from *purer sources* than the received text; or secondly, that they are the original suggestions of a *consummate critic*. In the present case we have no evidence respecting them, save what they themselves afford, and they must therefore be judged upon their face. Now the sound rule of criticism is that they must stand or fall together. We cannot reject some and admit others. They do not show that they come from a *purer source*, unless they *all* show it. They do not show that they are the work of a *consummate critic*, unless they *all* show it. And on these principles we are disposed to think that they show neither.

Still we are glad to see this collection. It is an agreeable addition to the "Curiosities of Literature." And we are also glad to see that the editor himself entertains the proper notion of them. He has not alarmed the readers of Shakespeare by a boisterous "Eureka!" We do not desire to see these emendations swelling and disfiguring the volume we daily read, but are willing to have them in a corner of our library where we may recur to them for the sake of employing the moments of curious leisure.

A Memoir of the late Rev. William Croswell, D.D., by his Father.—This interesting memoir of the late Dr. Croswell commences with this deeply touching and remarkable passage: "The reader is presented, in this work, with an unwonted spectacle: a bereaved and sorrowing parent appears before the public as the

biographer of a dear departed son! At the age of threescore and ten, this parent, admonished by a severe visitation of sickness, devoted as much time as his pressing duties would permit to the arrangement and preparation of his own manuscripts for the final inspection and revision of this very son. And now, with a trembling hand and aching heart, the parent, relying on the mercy and help of God, undertakes to gather up the materials, and prepare a record of his Son's life." The memoir thus prepared may serve as a model for such compositions; for, although the subject furnishes little that is exciting or of absorbing interest, yet the manner in which the record of the good man's life is set before us, and his character developed with the accidents of his career, strikes us as being most happily and admirably done; and, considering the circumstances of the biographer, we wonder at the fidelity and beauty with which the sacred duty has been fulfilled.

—Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, of Boston, have just issued new editions of Rev. W. G. Eliot's excellent "*Lectures to Young Men*" and "*to Young Women*." They are marked chiefly by judicious moderation in tone, and by a sympathy with the wants and feelings of the class to whom they are addressed, which will make them more serviceable than any mere felicities of expression. Another work from the Boston press of a similar character is "*Lectures to Young Men*," by Rev. R. W. Clark. Mr. Clark is of a different complexion, theologically, from Mr. Eliot: he is somewhat more vehement and reformatory, more of a "*son of thunder*," and more wide awake. His book is also likely to do good service in the community. J. P. Jewett & Co., are the publishers.

—A large and increasing body of amiable mystics, who may be found nowadays among all religious sects, will be gratified by the perusal of a selection of passages from Fenelon and Madame Guion, which have been translated from the French by James W. Metcalf. They are published by M. W. Dodd, of New-York, under the title of "*Spiritual Progress, or Instructions in the Divine Life of the Soul*."

"*Busy Moments of an Idle Woman*," is a pleasant collection of brief stories, bearing the impress of the Appletons. The anonymous author is a lady, and writes with the customary grace and facility of expression which belong to her sex.

—B. B. Mussey and Company, of Boston, have issued in handsome style "*Passages from the History of a Wasted*

Life, by a Middle-aged Man." This middle-aged gentleman is none other than the author of "*Pen and Ink Sketches*:" a cleverly written work in the manner of George Gilfillan, abounding in preposterous yet entertaining reminiscences of eminent English literary society. The book before us is a series of tales of the utilitarian school, in which the writer endeavors to show the evils of intemperance by his own unhappy experience, as well as that of others. They are characterized by a graphic and effective power of narrative, but still produce a degree of tedium in the reader, as is always the case where the writer's desire for artistic excellence is neutralized by a zeal to accomplish some more engrossing design.

—Mr. Scribner has published two books lately, by young American authors, or at least of the younger brood, which we notice together, not from any affinity or analogy that we have discovered in them, but because they may be taken as types of two very distinct phases of the literary character. *The Blood Stone*, by C. DONALD M'LEOD, has the merit of good grammar, and very amiable and tender feeling, but beyond these qualities, which we do not by any means under-estimate, we can say little in behalf of the book, which lacks motive and distinctness. There are some common incidents in the childhood of a feeble boy rather pleasantly narrated, and one or two little descriptions of an old country house in the suburbs of New-York, which have a certain degree of fidelity and thin humor to recommend them; but, as they lead to nothing, and have no particular meaning, they amount to nothing. The boy, who narrates his childish reminiscences with sufficient particularity and clearness, when a young man goes to Germany to study, and then becomes very indistinct and misty. He marries a young German girl, whose brother is murdered by a club of which he is a member; he is the father of a child which dies, and he returns to New-York, and lives with his mother and sister. These are the chief incidents of the *Blood Stone*, which is so called because a blood stone is the badge of the society to which he belonged. It is a purposeless book, without any positive quality, and fairly enough represents a certain phase of cultivation which results in nothing but harmlessness, and never generates a healthy or a startling thought. A very different kind of book is the volume of *Letters from up the River*, by the Rev. F. W. SHELTON, the genial and most Christian rector of St. Bardolph's, wherever that may be. The actual point up

the river whence these sunshiny letters emanated, is that picturesque landing called Fishkill, opposite Newburgh, on the Hudson. Like many of the best books that have been published, the contents of this volume were not designed for publication in book form; they were what they profess to be, real letters from up the river, conveying news of no more important personages than Shanghai hens, and chronicling no more important events than the domestic accidents of a country parson. But these are important enough subjects for the embellishments of genius, which always loves to stoop to a humble theme; Dean Swift could write charmingly upon a broomstick, and the heel of an old shoe supplied a theme for Cowper; it is only swaggering talent that seeks to elevate itself by getting astride the shoulders of a lofty subject, where it shows like the dwarf on the giant's back. Mr. Shelton has a rich vein of pure comic humor, without the slightest alloy of satire or irony. His style is tender, graceful and quaint, and his humor is of that genial and sympathetic quality which sinks into the mind of the reader, without ruffling the placidity of his temper. The letters were originally published in the Knickerbocker Magazine, and they are prefaced with a characteristic dedication to the editor of that old and popular favorite. Mr. Shelton has not the slightest taint of affectation, but writes with the honest unreserve of a private correspondent, and makes all his readers feel as if they were the personal friends to whom he addressed himself. We are very well aware that advice to authors is an ill-bestowed commodity; but we cannot refrain from suggesting to the author of the Blood Stone, that he should eschew humor, and to the author of Up-river Letters that he eschew every thing else.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.—The literary gauds which expand their flowers in the holidays have almost become an extinct tribe; but there are a few of the better class which have blossomed this season, and among them is WEBBER'S *Wild Scenes and Song Birds*, whose twenty illustrations are most richly and beautifully printed in polychrome; the birds and flowers are exquisitely drawn and colored after nature by Mrs. Webber, and the text, by her husband, the celebrated Hunter-naturalist, is full of romantic poetry, and an intelligent love of nature. It is one of the prettiest gift-books we have seen, and one of the most intrinsically valuable. The *Homes of American Statesmen*, published as a companion volume to the Homes

of American Authors, is a much handsomer volume than that popular and elegant work, and is as full of interest for the American reader. The illustrations are more numerous, and the general style of the work more striking and beautiful than the first volume. The tinted paper on which it is printed has a very rich and beautiful effect, giving it the appearance of an antique work with all the luxury and elegance of modern type and delicacy of modern illustration.

—To a traveller who goes to England with the knowledge of its literature, history, and people, a month is as good as a year, for the purposes of book making; and Mr. HENRY T. TUCKERMAN has made a very readable and pleasant volume out of his observations in the "Mother Country" during that short period. His *Month in England*, recently published by Redfield, may be read with pleasure even by Englishmen themselves, for the first impressions are every thing with a traveller, and, let them remain as long as they will in a country, it is the first month that furnishes the materials for the book.

—Few studies or investigations are more interesting than that of the antiquities of a place with which we are familiar, and Mr. D. T. VALENTINE, the worthy clerk of the common council for so many years, has furnished us an almost inexhaustible topic, in his "*History of the City of New-York*." It is not a voluminous work, and yet it traces, with much clearness, the progress of the metropolis, from its earliest beginnings to its present florid development, giving us many rare and curious items, not of external events merely, but of the inhabitants of the island—their names, occupations, family circumstances, and various personal fortunes. This narrative, which makes no great literary pretensions, is yet simple and animated, and is illustrated throughout by old maps, engravings, and town views, that are exceedingly valuable. Thus, we have an outline of the city in 1642, when the present Maiden Lane was quite in the woods; a ground plan of the fort, which was the first permanent structure in the island; a view of the New Netherlands, and the surrounding country, in 1656; representations of several of the principal buildings, taken at the close of the same century; and again, an actual survey of the city in 1755. In the letter-press we have also, besides the more strictly historical parts, biographical and local sketches, lists of early grants and deeds, names of attorneys,

physicians, and schoolmasters, between 1695 and the revolutionary war, estimates of the value of houses and lots, and many other curious particulars. Mr. Valentine's long familiarity with the city records has enabled him to bring together a mass of the most interesting information, for which he deserves the thanks of every Gothamite.

— *Dictionary of English and French Idioms, illustrating by phrases and examples the peculiarities of both Languages, and designed as a supplement to the ordinary Dictionaries now in use*, is the self-explaining title of a valuable work for the French student, from Professor Roemer, of the Free Academy. It supplies the want which every one interested in acquiring the French language has experienced, of some manual to show the relative force of idioms; which is an absolute necessity to every one who would speak that most universal tongue with elegance and ease. The accomplished scholarship of Professor Roemer certifies the great skill with which he has done the work. His own practical familiarity with the languages is the best possible guaranty of his fitness for the task. We have examined his work with care, and have no hesitation in saying that there has been no more useful manual laid before the public.

— It is scarcely five years since a certain Indian territory was organized, at the West, and now we have before us a volume relating to it, called "*Minnesota and its Resources*." The author, Mr. J. W. BOND, appears to have travelled over the whole region he describes, and to be minutely familiar with every part. He assures us of the complete accuracy of all his facts and statements, so that they may be relied upon by emigrants who may be attracted to the new country by his glowing descriptions of its natural beauties and prospective wealth. After referring to the early history of Minnesota, and giving a general geographical view of its leading peculiarities and its agricultural advantages, he enters into an account of the principal towns, facilities of travel, Indian tribes, physical resources, &c., and concludes with a vision of what the territory is destined to become in the course of a few years. We say vision, and not dream, for we can discover no reason for doubting his prophetic truth. The work closes with some lively "sketches by a camp-fire," being notes of a trip from St. Paul to the Selkirk settlement on the Red River of the North, with a description of Prince Rupert's Land. As

a whole the work is one that contains a great deal of useful information, not to be had elsewhere, and brought together with skill and taste.

— We have been attracted to a little book of receipts, called the "*Invalid's own Book*," not because we had any special need for such a work, but because, on opening it, our eyes rested on some capital recipes for the preparation of Sherry Cobbblers, Mint Juleps, Rum Punch, and other "emulsions and drinks of a more nutritive nature." It is none of your thin and sallow disciples of the Maine Law that could have recommended such "strengthening draughts" for the invalid; nor does the writer mean to stint the convalescent as to quantity. Here, for instance, is the large outline of a milk punch: "Steep the rinds of eighteen lemons in a quart of rum, three days, close covered. Add three more quarts of rum, with the juice of the lemons, five quarts of water and five pounds of sugar. To these add two quarts of boiling milk. Let the whole stand two hours, closely covered. Strain it through a jelly bag, and bottle it for use, add a few bitter almonds." It cannot be said that there is "an intolerable deal of sack" as in Falstaff's bill, but there is certainly no stinginess as to the rum, considering it is meant for the sick.

— "*The Flower of the Family*," a book for girls, by the author of Little Susie's Six Birthdays, is an excellent tale, well adapted to the class and purpose for which it is intended, reminding one of Miss Sedgwick's little works of the same kind, truthful, gentle, and full of good sense and morality. It exhibits the struggles of an intelligent but poor family, in their attempts to get on in the world, and is well conceived and executed.

— Mr. SIMMS, who has been one of the most prolific and brilliant of our romance writers, is issuing a new and revised edition of his works. His "*Yemassee*," one of the first and among the best also of his romances, leads the way, with a brief but graceful dedication to Dr. Dickson of South Carolina, in which the author states the changes he has made in it, and justifies its general accuracy. It will be speedily followed by the author's romances of the Revolution.

— Miss CAROLINE CHESEBRO's tale, of the "*Little Cross-Bearers*," is a picturesque and touching narrative, quite ingenious in its plot, and well-managed in respect to the moral impression it seeks to convey.

— A picture of noble virtue and disinterestedness is given in Mrs. LEE's account

of the life of a well-known negro of this city, *Pierre Toussaint*, whose devotion to his former mistress, as well as to every good cause, makes him a worthy subject of biography. It is rare that we find so much courtesy, gentleness, benevolence, good sense and honesty mingled in the same character, as was exhibited by this humble slave, under all circumstances of a trying and checkered life. It is a great service to his race, and a lesson to all men, to have recorded his simple story.

— Under the title of "*Spiritual Visitors*," the author of "*Musings of an Invalid, &c.*" takes advantage of the current spiritual theories, to introduce the departed of all ages that they may discourse of the affairs of the present time. In other words, his book is a new "*Dialogues of the Dead*," or a new "*Imaginary Conversations*," not remarkably brilliant, but still with some lively and agreeable passages in it, rare contrasts and ludicrous conceits. If the veritable "*rappers*" would only converse with half as much good sense and wit as these ghosts of Whimsiculo, their *seances* would be far more entertaining and profitable.

— It is really a contribution of no small value to English literature, this translation of GRIMMS' "*Kinder und Haus Märchen*," or Household Stories. Books for children are rarely written well,—legends and fairy tales least of all. But the Germans appear to have a knack in addressing the young, while none among them appear to have been more successful than the brothers Grimm. Their popular series has become the leading and standard publication of the kind in their own country, read by every body young and old, illustrated by the best artists, adapted by the playwrights for dramas, and even annotated by ponderous professors. In respect to the translation, we can say, that it is generally excellent, preserving the simplicity and spirit of the original, and as much of the quiet humor of the style, as a difference in the idioms of the two languages would allow. We cheerfully commend it to our young friends.

— Dr. Hickock's treatise on "*Moral Science*" exhibits a profound and accurate acquaintance with its subject, a rare clearness of statement, and a ready command of precise and cogent terms. It is comprehensive in plan and liberal in tone, but it is not entirely satisfactory to us in its distribution of topics. Why are politics always treated as a mere subordinate branch of moral science? From the time of Paley down to that of President Way-

land and Dr. Hickock, we find all the disquisitions of moral science including politics as a part of it which is unphilosophical. Politics is a science by itself, having its own distinct and definite objects, its own method, and its own scope and sphere. It involves simply the relations of men to each other, as they are organized into a state, and the fundamental idea of it is Justice or Equity; while moral science, as it is called, involves the moral qualities of actions, and has for its fundamental idea, Duty. Politics, therefore, relates to questions of social organization and civil administration, but moral science to questions of personal relation and life. We are firmly convinced that as long as the science of politics is not allowed an independent and substantive existence of its own, there will be no correct theory of legislation, nor a really good government. By complicating it with other subjects the minds of men are confused in regard to its proper means as well as ends.

— All lovers of good eating—what a numerous class it is!—know of Brillat-Savarin's famous book, called the "*Physiologie du Goût*," and will be pleased to learn that an American edition of it has been prepared by Mr. FAYETTE ROBINSON. It was among the earliest of those French works which treated gastronomy as a fine art, and we cannot recall any that has appeared since, more alive with vivacity, and more sparkling with wit. Its author was a member of nearly all the learned societies of France, and served in a great many legislative and legal capacities; he was a man, too, of eloquence, of character, of wide political influence; but nothing that he ever said or did is likely to give him so general and lasting a reputation as his brilliant *jeux d'esprit* on the art of eating. His personal history, by the way, was full of adventure and vicissitude, for after being a member of the Constituent Assembly, President of the superior Civil Court of Aix, Justice of the Court of Cassation, Mayor of Bellay, &c., he was driven into exile during the Reign of Terror, came to the United States, where he taught the languages in Boston, Philadelphia, Hartford, and New-York, and played the first violin at the Park Theatre,—and then finally returned to France to become a distinguished politician again, as Secretary of the General-in-Chief of the armies of the Republic, and as Commissary of the Department of the Seine and Oise.

— There are few authors of the present day who write with more earnestness of conviction than the Rev. CHARLES KINGS-

LEY, Rector of Eversley in England, but better known as the author of *Alton Locke*. His mastery of language, his liberal and kindly spirit, his boldness in facing the most difficult questions of social life, his keen perception of character, and his occasional eloquence, give an originality and power to his books that place them among the best of the day. *Hypatia*, his last, is worthy of his fame. It is an attempt to describe, by means of a story, the struggle of the Church of the fourth century, against its own internal temptations and the overwhelming corruptions of the Pagan world. *Hypatia*, the heroine, was that celebrated female philosopher of the Eclectic School, whose extensive learning, elegant manners, and tragic end, have rendered her name memorable. She was the daughter of Them, a mathematician of Alexandria, who, discovering her extraordinary genius, had her taught in all the sciences and arts of the time. The reputation she soon acquired caused her to be invited as a preceptress to the school in which Ammonias, Hierocles, and other distinguished philosophers had presided. There, her vast erudition and graceful address won her a world of admirers, so that her house became the intellectual centre of Alexandria. Orestes, the governor, was among her friends, but she was bitterly opposed by Cyril, the patriarch of the Church, and, getting involved in the disputes which raged between the two dignitaries, she was one day assaulted by the adherents of the latter, torn almost limb from limb, and committed in that mangled condition to the flames.

It will be seen that the time and the subject allow the author a wide scope and an admirable opportunity for the exercise of his imagination, and we need scarcely say that he has made the best use of his learning. The life of those stormy days is brought vividly before us; the characters of the monks, the Jews, the heathen leaders, the philosophers, and the true Christians, are strongly contrasted; the deep religious questions involved are treated with masterly vigor and penetration, while the artistic effects are wrought out with exquisite beauty. In his exhibitions of the profligacy, the cruelty, and the selfishness of the era, he spares neither the Church nor the world; nor does he fail, at the same time, in showing the infinite superiority of the Christian doctrine to all schemes of philosophy, both as a purifying faith and a sustaining principle. There is a terrible pathos in some of the incidents too, which imparts a thrilling interest to the book as a mere narrative,

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though its abounding merits lie, we think, in the vivid portraiture.

—The French have had the monopoly of books relating to the captivity of Napoleon in St. Helena, and have given such sketches of the conduct of the British jailor, Sir Hudson Lowe, as suit their prejudices. But Sir Hudson, it seems, suspicious of the representations that would be made of him, was cautious enough to preserve the material for his vindication. His memoranda, letters, and documents have been published by Mr. WILLIAM FORSYTH, and put quite another face on the question of treatment received by the French Emperor at the hands of his captors. The book is certainly a good defence of the calumniated Sir Hudson,—who figures so conspicuously and ludicrously in the melodramas of the minor theatres of the Boulevards, as some of our readers may have seen.

—*The Religions of the World and their Relations to Christianity*, is the title of a small volume of discourses, preached as a part of the Boyle Lectures, by FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, the distinguished Professor of Divinity in King's College, London, who has recently been removed from his post on account of his heretical opinions on the subject of the eternal duration of punishment. He had doubts on the subject, and as the rulers of the University had not, they gave him good reason for believing in the eternity of intolerance in this world, let the case be as it may in the next. Professor Maurice's work is a short, but intelligent and original discussion of the principles of Mahometanism, Hindooism, the old Persian, Greek, and Roman faiths, and Judaism, and of their bearings upon the establishment of a pure and uncorrupted form of Christianity. There is a remarkable liberality in the tone of these lectures, as well as an unusual clearness and elevation of thought.

The author first attempts, and with much success, to discriminate the fundamental idea of each of the great forms of religion, and to account for the chief features they have developed. He finds that in each of these systems, at least in its purest form, the religious want of the soul has reached some glimpse of its real object. In opposition, then, to most religionists, he reverences a base of reality in false faiths. In equally marked opposition to a late form of disbelief, which regards all religions as the mere theological drapery with which certain moral emotions clothe themselves—he discovers that the sentiment towards an infinite spiritual objec-

tive is precisely the elemental base and power of all theology, and any thing but an outward form. Here, however, though his aim is just, he does not seem to be quite master of his topic. Having settled what the false faiths are—he arrays them in honest collation with Christianity—thus discovering the true character of the revelation in Christ: and by fixing the amount of the element common to them and it, traces the way by which the one high, pure faith may enter powerfully through its points of contact into religions apparently the most alien.

From this he derives just judgments not only of the excellence of Christianity, but of the working of those characteristics which it shares with other religions; noting by their experience the tendency to excess or defect, and the same elements of ours.

—So much has been said of the eccentricities and independence of Abernethy, that we are surprised no good biography of him has been printed. Mr. GEORGE MACILWAIN has tried to supply the deficiency in his *Memoirs of John Abernethy*, which besides giving an account of his life, presents a view of his lectures and writings; but his execution of the last is not the most successful. He is, in fact, strangely dull for one having so lively a subject in hand. Still he has managed to preserve some of the anecdotes of the famous Doctor's rudeness of manner, a few of which we extract. Abernethy, it seems, would sometimes offend (not so much by the manner as by the matter) by saying what were very salutary but very unpleasant truths, and of which the patient perhaps only felt the sting. There was a gentleman, an old fox-hunter, who abused Abernethy roundly; but all that he could say against him was: "Why, sir, almost the moment I entered the room, he said: 'I perceive you drink a good deal' (which was very true). Now," added the patient, very *naively*, "suppose I did, what the devil was that to him!"

Another gentleman of considerable literary reputation, but who, as regarded drinking, was not temperate, had a most unfortunate appearance on his nose, exactly like that which accompanies dram-drinking. This gentleman used to be exceedingly irate against Abernethy, although all that could be gathered from him amounted to nothing more than this, that, when he said his stomach was out of order, Abernethy said: "Aye, I see that by your nose," or some equivalent expression.

"Mr. Abernethy," said a patient, "I

have something the matter, sir, with this arm. There, oh! (making a particular motion with the limb,) that, sir, gives me great pain." "Well, what a fool you must be to do it then," said Abernethy.

Of the humorous stories with which he sometimes relieved the painful details of the history and treatment of disease, here is a characteristic specimen:—

"Few old pupils will forget the story of the Major who had dislocated his jaw.

"This accident is a very simple one, and easily put right; but having once happened, is apt to recur on any unusual extension of the lower jaw. Abernethy used to represent this as a frequent occurrence with an hilarious Major; but as it generally happened at mess, the surgeon went round to him, and immediately put it in again. One day, however, the Major was dining about fourteen miles from the regiment, and in a hearty laugh out went his jaw. They sent for the medical man, whom, said Abernethy, we must call the apothecary. Well, at first he thought that the jaw was dislocated, but he began to pull and to show that he knew nothing about the proper mode of putting it right again. On this the Major began to be very excited, and vociferated inarticulately in a strange manner; when, all at once, the doctor, as if he had just hit on the nature of the case, suggested that the Major's complaint was on his brain, and that he could not be in his right mind. On hearing this, the Major became furious, which was regarded as confirmatory of the doctor's opinion; they accordingly seized him, confined him in a strait-waistcoat and put him to bed, and the doctor ordered that the barber should be sent for to shave the head, and a blister to be applied 'to the part affected.'

"The Major, fairly beaten, ceased making resistance, but made the best signs his situation and his imperfect articulation allowed, for pen and paper. This, being hailed as indicative of returning rationality, was procured; and as soon as he was sufficiently freed from his bonds, he wrote:—'For God's sake, send for the surgeon of the regiment.' This was accordingly done, and the jaw readily reduced, as it had been often before. 'I hope,' added Abernethy, 'you will never forget how to reduce a dislocated jaw.'"

—LEIGH HUNT's *Religion of the Heart* is not well received by the orthodox writers in England, because it seeks to substitute for the established liturgy a new one, in which the prayers and reflections are said to be more sentimental than devout.

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, the veteran, now, of English prose writers, has just issued what he terms, *The Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, embracing many of his late political disquisitions and other miscellanies. It will be probably republished in this country by Ticknor & Co. of Boston.

—The second volume of ALISON's *History of Europe* is out. It brings the narrative down to the time of Louis Napoleon. We may have a word to say of it when it gets on this side of the water.

—HUFELAND's *Art of Prolonging Life*,

one of the best essays extant on the subject of health,—full of sound sense, professional learning, and wise observations,—has been retranslated, and published under the editorship of Erasmus Wilson. Hufeland was not only an excellent physician, but a discerning and upright man, understanding completely what he undertook to write about, and writing about it with simplicity, directness and taste.

—*Christ in History*, by ROBERT TURNBULL, D.D. Attempts to grasp and reduce to a divine scheme the wild outlines of history are characteristic, and will be yet more so, of modern philosophical culture. A theory of the whole story of man has become one of the most legitimate and fascinating aims of thought, and promises (indeed has in part realized) rich results. Dr. Turnbull's book contains a Christological Theory of History. He finds Christ as an actual and also formal want in the religious thinking and aspiration of the old world,—he finds this want partially realized, and the gift broadly promised in and through a selected people, all the first stage of man's experience, thus pointing to, and preparing for an incarnation of the Divine. He finds this accomplished in the advent—all need, in the grandest manner, met in Christ. From that point, to which all history had converged, it now radiates, and the whole future will be but the chronicle of the gradual passage, through all obstacles, of the spirit of the revealed God into the life of the nations. This scheme is, of course, not at all new, nor is it original in the manner of its treatment—the somewhat affected titles and some of the minor forms of thought excepted. There is, too, a want of singleness of purpose—the author sometimes using his subject as a thread to string his thoughts and reading upon as to the history and proofs of religion in general. Still the book exhibits much learning in a very interesting direction,—and has much respectable thinking. Indeed, the author seems to have aimed at a most liberal self-culture, and has been willing to let in on his scheme all the latest and highest thought.

MUSIC.

Manager Maretzek has kept his promise. He has given us *Le Prophète* with all the strength of his company and resources. Its production is the great operatic event of the year; and it can no longer be said that our manager is of those who promise so superbly, that performance would be entirely inadequate to the expectation. It would be pleasant to string a necklace of handsome super-

latives, and hang it round the managerial neck upon this occasion. He has deserved well of the public by his energy, and care, and unremitting diligence in getting up the *Prophet*. It was the last great musical triumph in Europe; very much had been said about it: the fame of Viardot Garcia, as *Fides*, had crossed the sea; it was known that Roger, promoted from the *Opera Comique*, had succeeded at the Grand opera, upon the production of *Le Prophète*; that in fact he had "created" the part of Jean, the *Prophet King*. Catharine Hayes had sung *Ah! mon fils*; and Jullien had played the *Coronation March*; in fact, we could all talk more or less knowingly about Meyerbeer's last great opera. Nay, some of us had even been in Paris upon the night it was brought out; had seen the excitement of that gay metropolis, the mounted guards, the hurrying crowds; and sitting comfortably after dinner, at the great corner window of the *Maison Dorte*, had seen the long line of equipages rolling to the temple of the Muses.

It is painfully clear that we are not saying how *Le Prophète* was done at Niblo's. But we have struck the key-note of an unavoidable criticism by what we have already said. This opera was the work of many years of a nervous care, and a practical sagacity, unequalled in a composer. Meyerbeer's fame in Paris, the scene of the triumph of *Robert Le Diable*, and *Les Huguenots*, was colossal. He had not produced any thing for many years, except an operetta sung by Jenny Lind, in Vienna. As time passed, the prestige of his two great operas constantly increased. The public, which is a chameleon in Paris, by the rapidity of its changes, could not help adding their imaginations to their memorials and to their hopes. The success of *Robert* was conceded to be the greatest upon record. It was sustained by *Les Huguenots*; and unavoidably, a standard of expectation almost beyond possible fulfilment existed in the Parisian mind. For many months, the signs of preparation were discernible. Then came the revolution, and threatened to send the Muses after the Bourbons. But no sooner was peace partly assured, than the attention to the opera recommenced; and finally it was produced with all the force of the Grand opera, artistic, scenic, instrumental, Terpsichorean, and whatsoever other force there may be in a theatre.

Le Prophète was composed with the magnificent resources of the Grand opera constantly in view: great importance, and

essential importance, was attached to them. For, whether consciously or not, Meyerbeer's operas do not depend solely upon the musical interest and development, but upon many accessories of the libretto, so to speak; upon the opportunity of great scenic display; in fact, upon an appeal to the eye as well as to the ear, in a degree not consonant with our idea of pure opera.

The first and permanent impression of *Le Prophète*, at Niblo's, was therefore inadequacy. It was evident that unusual care had been taken, that money had been spent, scenes painted, and choruses drilled. We have seen enough of Mr. Maretzek's hard working in the preparation of an opera to infer how much he must have suffered and exercised during the rehearsals of this work. We felt this all the time. We saw that he was doing his best; that the company, excepting Stefanone, were never in better tune; and that if success could be achieved by deserving it, the opera would remunerate the Manager both with honor and profit. But success cannot be achieved upon that condition. The performance was only a good attempt. It was a faint reminiscence of the original thing in Paris. It is perfectly true that we had no right to expect a rival of the Grand opera at Niblo's; but it is also perfectly true that when you know the best, you cannot devote much enthusiasm to the pretty good. If it is praise to say that it was very good for New-York, or for Niblo's, or for the capital at command, then we say all that, for it is true. But with a stage not half large enough, with an orchestra ditto, and chorus ditto, with a ballet that is no ballet, and scenery which attempts all that it could not perform, with every thing, except the singing, taken with great reservation, how can there be much praise of that, which, to be perfect, requires stage, orchestra, chorus, ballet and scenery of the finest kind?

For instance, the fourth act is the coronation in the Cathedral of Munster. The coronation march peals through the opening of the act, while the procession enters and occupies the edifice. This effect must be complete or it is ludicrous. Nothing is so difficult as a decent procession or crowd upon the stage. Now at Niblo's the low columns suggest a vault, there is no sense of loftiness; and the space is entirely destroyed by the rising series of railings directly across the Cathedral, from column to column, so that there is no more of the plane of the stage exposed, and suitable for the proper action, than when the tent

curtains are drawn in the previous act. We have all an idea of a cathedral, whether we have seen one or not, and part of that idea is the conviction that the whole floor of such a building is not occupied by transverse railings or partitions of some kind. And we know farther when processions enter such edifices they do not countermarch across what is intended to represent the great nave. "They manage these things better in France." An immense stage-area; a high springing series of columns; a thronging procession enters (and entered when we saw it) at the front and moved back into the church; the whole resulting in an impression of a vast cathedral crowded with a glittering multitude,—these were the peculiarities of this act there. What shall we say of our procession? When Shakespeare, says, "alarum, enter an army," the action and interest of the play depend very little upon the fact, and three men in buckram answer the purpose of suggestion. But Meyerbeer's *alarum* and *army* is a distinct part of the play. It is an essential effect; and is fairly to be judged as such. The same objection lies against this act, which is true of the whole;—it was inadequate. We do not use a harsher word, because the evidence of good intention was so plain. And yet to say that one of Meyerbeer's operas was inadequately done, is to go near condemning it.

Or consider the skating ballet with the beautiful music; and the dancing in the last act. Or had we better *not* consider it but pass on?

It is pleasant to turn to the singing; Salvi was never so resolutely good. To witness his energy, his care, his conscience, tended much to weaken our remembrance of his infamous murder of *Don Ottavio* upon the same boards. He conceives his character admirably, and in his great scene, in the fourth act, where he makes his mother disown him, he was at the height of his power. So when he sings his *romanza* in the second act there was a purity, pathos, and breadth in his voice and style which justly charmed the audience, and drew down as hearty applause as we have ever heard in the theatre. The exquisite *morceau* of the last act, the half-frenzied lyric, was rendered with a grace and melody that assured us of the artist's great power. There is a strain in the air which recalls the conclusion of *La ci darem* from *Don Giovanni*. Altogether, we must consider Salvi's *Jean* as his finest part. Our only quarrel would be with his costume, which is unnecessarily unhandsome when he is the inn-keeper.

The three Anabaptists, Marini, Rosi, and Vietti, were admirable. Their tall spectral figures gliding in, always at the right moment, black messengers of fate, and prophetic of tragedy, are, of themselves, one of those sombre effects which please the melodramatic imagination of the composer. It was well suggested in the *Tribune*, that there is something akin to the three witches in Macbeth, in these grim apparitions. They moved and sang with great unanimity; and although there is no very *taking* music attached to their rôle, they are closely listened to and applauded.

Of the ladies we would rather not speak, and have, therefore, delayed so long, putting them in the rear of the gentlemen. The truth is, that the musical rôle of *Fides* is, in much of the opera, in the very worst part of Steffanone's voice. It sounds husky and uncertain, and what is much worse, it was shockingly out of tune, whenever we heard her in the opera. Her acting in the great scene is very fine, although the situation is much too prolonged. Bertucca as *Bertha* was only tolerable. This lady is rarely forgetful enough of herself, and yet we will ascribe to a natural nervousness and sympathy with her husband's effort, the evident uncertainty and inadequacy of her performance. Yet she, too, did well in the duet. The choruses were very good and execrably bad. At one point we feared the representation must pause, they were so entirely astray. Each one was singing his own tune in his own key. But the opening chorus was done firmly and with vigor.

As for the music itself, we feel as we always feel about Meyerbeer. It is learned, and elaborate, and quaint, and grave, and skilful, and imposing, but it is destitute of melody and passion. The Coronation March is glittering and martial. *Jean's* romanza is a tender strain. *Ah! mon fils!* is painfully artificial, and the grand aria is not individual. It is such music as prodigious talent, unwearied industry, and profound science can produce. But George Sand is the only person we have ever known to profess great enthusiasm for it. In her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, she speaks rapturously of the music of *Robert*, which had then recently appeared. But George Sand's world is Paris, and her standards are Parisian. Where are the haunting melodies; where are the sweet and subtle harmonies afterward vaguely remembered like the palaces we saw in the sunset; where is that permanent sense of an addition to life and human

experience after the curtain falls upon the scenery and the dancing girls,—Where?

The first Philharmonic Concert of the season took place in the Metropolitan Hall. It was, as usual, a great success. This orchestra is now so well trained to the performance of the best music, that we could wish their concerts were more frequent and at lower rates. Jullien has demonstrated that the "many headed" have ears for Mendelssohn and Beethoven, as well as for the *Prima Donna* and *Yankee Doodle*. The Philharmonic in its high prices rather perpetuates the tradition of the London Philharmonic, a high rate and an exclusive audience. Those are the Scylla and Charybdis upon which most of our operatic enterprises have failed.

In the foreign musical gossip, there is really nothing to notice but the new French singer, Mademoiselle Cabal, of whom Hector Berlioz speaks well. It is certainly time for a new singer; but every fresh one is hailed in Paris with such stunning thunders of applause, that, at this distance, we cannot hear the voice itself, and when the applause has subsided, so, also, we sadly discover, has the voice. The London papers wonder, with a sneer, that the advertisement for the leasing of the New-York Academy of Music, should appear there, and inquire sullenly, "Are there no Yankees who can manage it?" Soft, gentle sirs! There are plenty; but it does not seem unwise when you have built a house for a particular purpose, to search the world for the very best person to take care of it. It is our way. If a Frenchman, or German, or Italian, or even an Englishman, can do better by the interests of music in this country, than a native, let him manage the new opera-house. If you prefer to close your opera-houses under the auspices of bold Britons, rather than keep them going under the direction of foreigners, do it by all means. But why, as usual, expect us to suffer because you are sore?

FINE ARTS.

Powell's Painting of De Soto. We have received the following communication from Mr. Powell in reference to his "great national painting," which we very cheerfully publish, although it is giving rather more of our space to the subject than we can well afford, or we think it of sufficient importance to demand; but Mr. Powell thinks we have not done him justice in our remarks on his painting, and we are quite willing that the public who have not seen his picture, and who never may, should hear what he has to urge in its defence.

The national painting of Mr. Powell is from a subject selected by a committee of Congress. Drawings of various subjects were submitted, and the committee composed of Mr. Pierce of Maryland, John Y. Mason and Jefferson Davis of the Senate, and John Quincy Adams, Mr. Preston, of Virginia, and T. Butler King on the part of the House of Representatives; they unanimously agreed that the subject should be the Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto. The commission was given to Mr. Powell by an almost unanimous vote of Congress—unanimously, by the Senate, and 198 out of 212 votes in the House. He is not a western man, although considered a western artist from the fact that he received his first encouragement from the citizens of Cincinnati. He was born in New-York, and has resided here since 1840. He studied with Henry Inman, and was his favorite pupil. In 1848 he went to Italy, and studied under the best masters for three years, when he returned to New-York, bringing with him several composition pictures, among which were "Salvator Rosa among the Brigands," and "Columbus before the Council at Salamanca"—the latter painting was very much admired, so much so, that among others, Washington Irving having examined it carefully, wrote a letter to the library committee of Congress, greatly praising its artistic merits. The exhibition of this picture in the library of the Capitol, during the session of Congress, for 1848-49, secured the commission for the present painting.

The sum of forty thousand dollars was originally appropriated by Congress for the purpose of procuring four historical pictures painted by native American artists, to fill the four vacant panels of the Rotundo of the Capitol. Chapman, Weir, Vanderlyn, and Inman received these commissions—Mr. Inman died before completing his subject on canvas: he had received the sum of six thousand dollars. In the contrast with Mr. Powell, the sum of six thousand dollars was awarded in addition to the unexpended portion of the former appropriation of ten thousand dollars. The artist has already received eight thousand dollars, which sum he has expended in producing the work just finished. The residue is to be paid on the delivering of the work. Mr. Huntington, who was a pupil of Professor Morse, offered to complete the picture of Boone's Emigration to Kentucky, begun by Inman, for the sum of four thousand dollars.

In regard to the historical accuracy of the painting by Mr. Powell we give quotations from Bancroft's United States, Irving's Conquest of Florida, The Portuguese Relation (published in 1557), The Account of Luis Hernandez de Biedma who was present in the expedition of De Soto (published in 1544), and The History by Garcilasso de La Vega.

When De Soto returned to Spain from Peru, and the design was published that an expedition of exploration to Florida was definitely fixed upon, then the most extravagant ideas were entertained. To use the language of Mr. Bancroft: "No sooner was the design of a new expedition published in Spain than the wildest hopes were indulged. How brilliant must be the prospect since even the conqueror of Peru was willing to hazard his fortunes and the greatness of his name! Adventurers assembled as volunteers, many of them of noble birth and good estates. Houses and vineyards, lands for tillage and rows of olive trees in the Aljarafe of Seville, were sold, as in the times of the Crusades, to obtain the means of military equipment. The port of San Lucar of Barameda was crowded with those who hastened to solicit permission to share in the enterprise. Even soldiers of Portugal desired to be enrolled for the service. A muster was held. The Portuguese ap-

peared in the glittering array of burnished armor, and the Castilians brilliant with hopes were very gallant with silk upon silk."

Mr. Irving, in his Conquest of Florida, on the same subject, remarks, "As De Soto was one day in the gallery of his house at Seville, he saw a brilliant band of cavaliers enter the court-yard, and hastened to the foot of the stairs to receive them. They were Portuguese hidalgos led by Andres des Vasconcelos. Several of them had served in the wars with the Moors on the African frontiers, and they had come to volunteer their services. De Soto joyfully accepted their offer. A muster being called of all the troops, the Spaniards appeared in splendid and showy attire, with silken doublets and cassocks pinked and embroidered. The Portuguese, on the contrary, came in soldier-like style in complete armor.

They arrived on the coast of Florida and disembarked in the year 1539. After many months of wandering they reached the Mavilla—now Mobile. Here they had a disastrous battle with the Indians, and a fire that occurred at the time, destroyed "the curious collections De Soto had made." In March, 1541, just previous to the discovery of the Mississippi, De Soto demanded of the chief of the Chickasaws two hundred Indians to carry the baggage of the company, at the same time taking possession of their village. The demand was refused, and in the darkness of a stormy night they were assailed by the infuriated savages who set fire to the houses. The Spaniards were taken completely by surprise. De Soto, "who always slept in his doublet and hose that he might be prepared for such emergencies, clasped on his casque, drew on a surcoat of quilted cotton three fingers in thickness, the best defence against the arrows of the savages, and seizing buckler and lance, mounted his horse and charged fearlessly into the midst of the enemy." It seems to be a misapprehension that De Soto and his followers lost all their clothing by this fire, from the quotations we have given. Some of them, however, did lose their wearing apparel, lives were lost, and horses and swine consumed. The skins of wild animals were afterwards used by those who had lost their clothing; and Irving, in his "Conquest of Florida," thus speaks of the manner in which the "wild ivy" happened to be used. "Besides being unceasingly harassed by the enemy, they suffered bitterly from the cold, which was rigorous in the extreme, especially to men who had to pass every night under arms with scarce any clothing. In this extremity, however, they were relieved by the ingenuity of one of the common soldiers; he succeeded in making a matting, four fingers in thickness, of a long kind of grass or dried ivy, one half of which served as mattress and the other half was turned over as a blanket."

In about ten days after the fire at Chiezen, De Soto discovered the Mississippi River. Here again we quote the language of Mr. Bancroft. "De Soto was the first of Europeans to behold the magnificent river which rolled its immense mass of waters through the splendid vegetation of a wide alluvial soil. The lapse of three centuries has not changed the character of the stream; it was then described as more than a mile broad, flowing with a strong current, and by the weight of its waters forcing a channel of great depth. The water was always muddy, trees and timber were continually floating down the stream. The arrival of the strangers awakened curiosity and fear. A multitude of people from the western bank of the river, painted and gayly decorated with great plumes of white feathers, the warriors standing in rows with bows and arrows in their hands, the chiefs sitting under awnings as magnificent as their artless manu-

facturers could weave, came rowing down the stream in a fleet of two hundred canoes, seeming to the admiring Spaniards 'like a fleet army or galleys;' they brought gifts of fish and leaves made of the persimmon. At first they showed a desire to offer resistance, but soon becoming conscious of their relative weakness, they ceased to defy an enemy they could not overcome, and suffered injury without attempting open retaliation."

From this quotation it is not to be inferred that De Soto and his followers were in a forlorn condition. They still retained sufficient martial array to intimidate the hostile savages by whom they were surrounded. They built boats large enough to convey seventy or eighty men and five horses in each, across the river, which was described by Biedma as being a league in width. Mr. Irving thus speaks of a religious ceremony on the banks of the Mississippi. It seems that the cacique of the Indian tribe, accompanied by his principal subjects, came into the presence of De Soto, and said, "As you are superior to us in prowess, and surpass us in arms, we likewise believe that your God is better than our god. These you behold before you are the chief warriors of my dominions. We supplicate you to pray to your God to send us rain, for our fields are parched for want of water." De Soto replied, that he would pray to the God of the universe to grant their request. Immediately he ordered his chief carpenter, named Francisco, to fell a pine tree, and construct it into a cross. "They formed it of a perfect cross, and erected it on a high hill on the bank of the river. The cacique walked beside the governor, and many of the warriors mingled with the Spaniards. Before them went a choir of priests and friars chanting the litany, whilst the soldiers responded." They formed a procession, and as they passed they knelt down before it whilst prayers were being offered up. It was estimated that from fifteen to twenty thousand Indians witnessed the scene. The equipment of the Spaniards must have been almost perfect to inspire awe to so formidable an army of hostile savages.

Mr. Powell in his *De Soto*, has represented the Indians offering their gifts of corn, fish, and game, while in the right-hand corner of the painting is the erection of the cross as an incident connected with the event. De Soto himself rides a magnificent horse—a portrait of the battle horse of Abd-el-Kader. The artist was permitted access to the Imperial stables at St. Cloud, by Louis Napoleon, and painted it from life. All the principal figures in the picture were painted from living models, and the costumes, arms, &c., were copied from those used in the middle of the sixteenth century by the Spaniards.

In regard to the fine horses, represented in the picture, the artist was compelled to use the best models by the historical account of them given in "Irving's Conquest of Florida," as will be seen by the following incident. On the arrival of De Soto at Cuba, on his way to Florida, "he found a beautiful horse, richly caparisoned, waiting for him, and likewise a mule for Donna Isabella, which were furnished by a gentleman of the town" (Santiago). He was escorted to his lodgings by the burghers on horses and on foot, and all his officers and men were hospitably entertained by them, some being quartered in the town and others in their country houses. For several days it was one continued festival; at night there were balls and masquerades, by day tilting matches, bull fights, contests of skill in horsemanship, running at the ring, and other amusements of a chivalrous nature. The young cavaliers of the camp vied with each other and with the youth of the city in the gallantry of their equipments, the elegance and novelty of their devices,

and the wit and ingenuity of their motions. What gave peculiar splendor to these entertainments was the beauty, spirit, and excellence of the horses. The great demand for these noble animals for the conquests of Mexico and Peru, and other parts, rendered the raising of them one of the most profitable sources of speculation in the islands. The island of Cuba was naturally favorable to them, and as great care and attention had been given to multiply and improve the breed, there was at this time an uncommon number, and of remarkably fine qualities. Many individuals had from twenty to thirty horses in their stables, and some of the rich had twice that number on their estates.

The cavaliers of the army had spared no expense in furnishing themselves with the most superb and generous steeds for their intended expedition. Many individuals possessed three or four, caparisoned in the most costly manner, and the governor aided liberally with his purse such as had not the means of equipping themselves in suitable style. Thus freshly and magnificently mounted and arrayed in their new dresses and furnished armor, the cavaliers made a brilliant display, and carried off many of the prizes of gold and silver, and silks, and broadens, which were adjudged to those who distinguished themselves in these chivalrous games.

In these, no one carried off the prize more frequently than Nuño de Tobar, the lieutenant-general. He was, as has been said, a cavalier of high and generous qualities, who had gained laurels in the conquest of Peru. He appeared on these occasions in sumptuous array, mounted on a superb horse of silver gray, dappled, and was always noted for the gracefulness of his carriage, his noble demeanor, and his admirable address in his management of lance and steed.

At this time there was on a visit to the governor in the city of Santiago a cavalier upwards of fifty years of age, named Vasco Porcalo de Vaqueiro. He was of a noble family and of a brave and galliard disposition, having seen much hard fighting in the Indies, in Spain and Italy, and distinguished himself on various occasions. He now resided in the town of Trinidad in Cuba, living opulently and luxuriously upon the wealth he had gained in the wars, honored for his exploits, loved for his social qualities, and extolled for his hearty hospitality.

This magnificent cavalier had come to Santiago with a pompous retinue, to pay his court to the governor, and witness the festivities and rejoicings. He passed some days in the city, and when he beheld the array of gallant cavaliers and hardy soldiers assembled for the enterprise, the splendor of their equipments, and the martial style in which they acquitted themselves in public; his military spirit again took fire, and forgetting his years, his past toils and troubles, and his present ease and opulence, he volunteered his services to De Soto to follow him in his anticipated career of conquest. He was magnificent in all his appointments—camp, equipage, armor, and equipments; having caught the gay and braggart spirit of his youthful companions in arms. He arrived with him a great train of Spanish, Indian, and Negro servants, and a stud of thirty-six horses for his own use, while with the open-handed liberality, for which he was noted, he gave upwards of fifty horses as presents to various cavaliers of the army."

From these quotations we are led to believe that the followers of De Soto were the flower of Spanish chivalry.

The painting of Mr. Powell is in strict keeping with the spirit of that age. In regard to the anatomy of the figures, Robin de Paris, and other distinguished anatomists, have pronounced the anatomy of his

figures faultless. The greatest artists of the old world have complimented him on the vigorous execution and artistic finish of the painting.

Mr. Powell is not quite correct in all his facts; the commission to paint the picture was not given to him with quite such unanimity as he states: the resolution instructing the Library Committee to contract with him to paint a picture for the vacant panel of the Rotundo, was tacked on the civil and diplomatic appropriation bill on the last day but one of the twenty-ninth Congress, and passed amid the hubbub and confusion which always attend the close of Congress, by a vote of 89 to 48, according to the Congressional Globe, and not, as Mr. Powell states, by a vote of 198 out of 212. Great opposition was made to it, and it could hardly have been passed under other circumstances. Judge Campbell of this city, and Mr. Ingersoll of Philadelphia, proposed an open competition that should give all the artists in the country an opportunity to compete for the work, by sending in cartoons of designs, from which a committee should choose the one that was best adapted to the purpose. This method, which would have been honorable to Congress, beneficial to the nation, and just to our native artists, was, in the excitement of the moment, disregarded, and the work was intrusted to the discretion of Mr. Powell, who, by the terms of the resolution, had full power to choose his own subject. We do not wonder at his attempting to throw the blame of De Soto on the Library Committee; if they chose the subject, so much the worse for them; but then the artist himself should have protested against it, as being neither suitable in itself, nor adapted to his capacities. The work itself is proof that he was unequal to it; and his historical summary confirms our objections to his manner of treating the subject. We have found no reason to change the opinion, which we originally formed of the picture, and the decisions of all intelligent people who have since seen it fully justifies what we said of it. Those who would form a correct opinion as to the historical fidelity of Mr. Powell's representation of the scene which he has attempted to delineate, should read Theodore Irving's history of the Conquest of Florida, and they will be able to judge of the possibility of such a pageant as that represented by Mr. Powell, having been seen on the banks of the Mississippi when

De Soto found himself there after two years' wandering through the forests and swamps of the wilderness. According to his own showing he has introduced an incident into his picture, the raising of the crucifix and blessing it, which did not occur until some time after the chief event described took place, and which would have been physically impossible as he has depicted it. The picture is, in fact, in every respect bad, and is unworthy of being placed in the national capitol. We had always understood that the commission was given to the artist on sectional grounds, on the supposition that he was a Western man; the resolution too was introduced into the House of Representatives by Mr. McDowell of Ohio, and it was carried as a Western measure. As the vote was passed on the 2d of March, 1847, it could not have been in consequence of the exhibition of his picture of Columbus in 1848-49, as he states. As to the letter of Mr. Irving alluded to by Mr. Powell, in praise of the picture of Columbus, we do not see what it has to do with the business. Mr. Irving is not a likely person to interfere in a case of this kind, unless solicited in a manner which rendered it difficult for him to decline. Mr. Powell should be content with having received the commission and painted the picture; he shows a very uncomplimentary distrust of his own performance in endeavoring to fight his critics with his pen instead of his pencil. If his De Soto be worthy of praise, it will soon disarm censure if left to itself. If it had been a private work, we should not have deemed it entitled to our notice; but being a "great national painting," and public property, we could not ignore it; and, as we were compelled to notice it, we could not do less than speak candidly of it. We wish it had been better. If "the greatest artists of the Old World have complimented him on the vigorous execution and artistic finish of the painting," all we have to say about it is, that the greatest artists of the Old World are very great wags; and, if it be true, as has been stated by some of the gentlemen who have undertaken the defence of Mr. Powell's painting, that the artists of Paris took their pupils to study the anatomy of De Soto, it must have been for the same reason that the Spartans permitted their children to see the antics of their drunken Helots.